

THE METROPOLITAN.

THE CORALLINES.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c.

IN THREE PARTS—PART SECOND.

The Disclosure.

OF all things insatiable, the heart of man is the most insatiate. The "one thing more" is the ever-growing curse, and a curse the more bitter to him who thinks that he has everything else. Has any one ever said sedately, soberly, and truly, twice in his life, "I have now all my wishes realised?" This the wise man cannot say, for such is the fallibility of human happiness, that he knows that the blessings for which he is grateful may be disguised miseries; the philanthropist cannot say it—the cry of poverty, the wail of misery, and the groan of pain, must ever check the exulting speech.

"The one thing more" was the bane of Sir Hugh Eustace's happiness. He panted to exclaim for once in his life, "I have now all my wishes realised;" and this vain attempt at the impossible had involved him in so much moral guilt, that he now despaired of ever making the triumphant avowal, even in a very limited sense. In early life he had loved, and in his love was most happy; the object of his attachment was his social equal, but he wanted something more than the staid and virtuous happiness of wedded love—he strove for the wild bliss of sacrifices—he obtained it—he degraded the object of his adoration, and then loathed the degradation that he had produced. Had he been content to have been virtuous, and to have left his victim so, his lot would have been an enviable one.

We will hurry over this past and great fault of his early life—a fault that he guiltily and sternly made irreparable. He fought two duels with the relatives of the lady, one of which proved all but fatal to his opponent, and then the vengeance of man appeared to have found him inapproachable. So he was left to his conscience and his God. He deserted her whom he had ruined, and his unseen offspring, and closed his heart, as he supposed, for ever, against all those emotions

that at once soften and ennoble the man, and which make him more fit for that heaven, of which, by their means, he gains a foretaste on earth.

After this, Sir Hugh Eustace courted the hard and more glittering realities of life for his end and aim, and the mere pleasures of the senses for his enjoyments. He was a gallant leader in the battle, and a boon companion at the table, a sceptic to all the sweeter affections, and at the same time a scoffer at mortal and immortal love. He believed neither in woman's worth below, nor in heaven above. In coolly assenting to the established creed of his country, he believed that he had done enough for religion.

Such was the person who was now alone with the young, beautiful, and mysterious being who had so strangely made itself a passenger in the gallant frigate which he commanded. They were alone in the after-cabin, and though almost in contiguity with more than three hundred souls, no cavern of the desert could have afforded them a more isolated privacy. As Sir Hugh Eustace led the timid and trembling creature to a sofa, believing it to be woman, there was in his look the triumphant and passionate glance, so heartless and yet so bright, that tells of a soul that is steeped in sensuality. He gazed greedily into her large and holy blue eyes, placed his arm round her waist, and gently pressing her to his side, spake. How she trembled, shivered, and froze in that revolting embrace!

"And is it," said the bold bad man, "to *mes beaux yeux* that I am indebted for this little romantic adventure?"

She struggled to free herself from his encircling arm; her face, her forehead, and her neck changed from a pure white to a flush of living scarlet; she attempted speech, but a suffocating gurgle in her throat was alone audible; at length, flinging up her arms, she uttered one wild shriek, and the next moment her complexion was as livid as that of the sometime dead. She had fainted.

The whole of this took place so instantly, that Sir Hugh Eustace found he had what appeared to him to be a corpse in his arms, before the libertine smile had left his countenance. It was horrible. He cowered within himself for very shame. A moment's reflection convinced him that there was some dreadful secret connected with this almost miraculous adventure, and it was this that prevented him immediately summoning one of his servants. In this perplexity he lifted the still inanimate body, and placed it gently on the sofa. He then hurried on deck, and beckoning the surgeon to him, they both hastened to the cabin, and to the relief of the sufferer.

"I rely on your secrecy and your honour, Mr. M'Quillet," said the captain, with an agitation that he had not felt for years. "My mind is oppressed with sickening misgivings. I feel that there is some connexion between me and this apparently lifeless body, but of what nature I am totally at a loss to conceive. I have been your friend, M'Quillet, be you; in your turn, mine."

During this hurried speech the surgeon was employed in the usual methods of recovering the patient, but without success. His countenance grew anxious as he bade Sir Hugh Eustace assist him in moving the dress from the throat and chest of the sufferer. When

the neckerchief was withdrawn, and the front of the jacket opened, as was more than suspected, the beautiful bust of a woman of about eighteen years of age was discovered. Whilst the surgeon perceived nothing more than a model of feminine beauty, a mark struck the proud Sir Hugh that wrung his bad heart with agony, and made him pallid with apprehension and horror. It was nothing more than a violet-coloured stain upon the left breast, that shadowed forth distinctly a heart. Nearly twenty years before he had often fondly and rapturously kissed a mark precisely similar, and in precisely the same place, on a bosom as young and as beautiful as the one, that had so fearfully ceased heaving, before him. The master of the battle and the storm now trembled like a startled child. An ominous fear stole over him, and he too would willingly have taken refuge from the tumult of his painful feelings in unconsciousness. But still the unknown did not revive.

"This syncope is dreadfully prolonged," said M'Quillet. "Pray, Captain Sir Hugh Eustace, have the kindness to send for one of my assistant surgeons. It is necessary that we bleed immediately."

"By no manner of means, my dear doctor. I will assist you—I will—I must do all that is necessary. As yet, none must know of this."

"But you seem, pardon me, Sir Hugh, so agitated. However, you have but to get a basin, and hold it as steadily as you can. There, I am now ready. Thank God, the blood flows freely!"

With his eyes wistfully bent on the features of the female, and kneeling before her, Sir Hugh intently watched for the signs of recovery. At length, the breathing became regular; she opened her eyes, and fixing them on him with a mingled and mournful expression of fondness and fear, she tremulously yet distinctly exclaimed, "My father!"

Prepared as was the captain for something dismal and startling, this appeal totally unnerved him. He was so shaken and unmanned that in his agitation he let fall the basin, and his person was stained, and his feet dabbled in the blood of one who had just announced to him that she was his child.

"Regard me not," said the captain to the surgeon; and he made a dreadfully ghastly attempt at a smile. "I am a little moved at the suddenness of this appeal—at its improbability—at its impossibility. On my honour, doctor, I never saw this person before—never heard of her—never dreamt of her;" and then continuing with increased energy, "But have a care of her, dear, dear doctor, let her be very precious in your sight; see, her colour returns. She smiles—that smile—avenging God! I bow to your just infliction. Smile on poor sufferer—though it is now a torture to me, I will become accustomed to it. Do not speak; attempt it not."

"Indeed, you must not yet talk, my young friend," said M'Quillet, with all the kindness of a parent, to his patient.

"Yes, yes, the doctor is a good man—you will soon be well, and then you shall tell me all. Poor, poor maiden, you have strangely thrown yourself on my protection—you shall, henceforth, never want it; and though I am not, certainly, most certainly, am not your

father, in all honour, in all tenderness, I will be a good one to you, now and for ever."

The tears stole rapidly from under the closed eyelids of the young female; the gush was so abundant that the delicately-tinted cheeks were deluged with them, and trickling from thence they saturated the collar of the rough canvass shirt which she wore. This weeping with all her heart and all her soul drew the attention of Sir Hugh, and stooping over her passive countenance, he endeavoured to dry them up with his handkerchief, whilst M'Quillet was binding up the blooded arm.

Taking advantage of this, the female quietly drew from her bosom a small cross, set with diamonds, and first placing it on her own lips as a token of silence and secrecy, she slipped it, unperceived by the surgeon, into the hands of the captain. He gazed upon it for a moment, then concealing it in his vest, he stooped more closely over the female; a single tear mingled with hers, and their lips met in the chaste and holy kiss of filial and parental love. This last act was not unnoticed by the doctor—a prudent man, who held his peace. But the effect of this kiss upon his patient was wonderful. Her countenance became radiant with an intensity of happiness that mortal features could never have been supposed to express, and thus, lapped in the bliss of her own emotions, she fell into profound sleep.

They immediately assisted her into the captain's cot, and, leaving her to her repose, they repaired to the fore-cabin. For some time the two officers stood opposite to each other; the man of medicine, quiet, grave, and taciturn—the man of war, excited, irritable, and eager for speech, yet at a loss for words. At length, still trembling with emotion, he seated himself, and intimating with his hand that M'Quillet should do likewise, he exclaimed, "You saw me kiss the poor girl."

"Not precisely, Captain Sir Hugh Eustace. I could not testify upon oath to that same, in any court of justice."

"Well, well, my good cautious doctor; but you saw her put something in my hand."

"I cannot, Sir Hugh, aver as much."

"Come, come, M'Quillet—you must have observed my agitation."

"It did not come within the line of my duty."

"Pooh, pooh—what did you see? what did you hear? what did you remark?"

"Just so much as my good friend and superior officer wished—no more, no more, on the faith of a Scottish gentleman, and the honour of an M.D."

"She is no daughter of mine, doctor—no relation—no connexion—no acquaintance, till I saw her this morning—I knew not of her existence."

"All of which, Sir Hugh, I most firmly believe."

"Why, then, the girl is nothing to me. There is, certainly, a touch in her features, a turn in her smile—that smile!—that have interested me much, deeply, very deeply. So we will use her well, doctor—we will, kindly and most honourably."

"It is nobly resolved—she is dangerously beautiful."

"Yes, and throwing herself so trustingly, so romantically on my protection. Men think me a stern and cruel man."

"I beg leave most humbly to differ with you."

"They do—they do, doctor, and more ashore than afloat; but I will protect that girl from all injury, from all insult. She appealed to me as her father. You heard her—never shake your head—you did—my heart has acknowledged the appeal; she shall be to me as a child, even before I know her story. I swear it."

"It is altogether amiable and right."

"And that I may be her friend, you must be my friend. I trust you, doctor. Come, man, we'll try the old East India madeira. I have some excellent Paté Périgord, and that with Stilton and anchovies will help us out with our lunch, and with some plan to keep this affair as quiet as possible."

During the repast that followed, which on the part of the medical gentleman was by no means a light one, the plan of operations for the present was adopted, and in the space of an hour Frank Fly-lightly and Mr. Flood, the first lieutenant, were sent for. As Frank carried weight, we must not be surprised that Mr. Flood arrived before him. The captain threw all the sternness of his character into his countenance, and regarding his lieutenant, without asking him to be seated, thus addressed him.

"Mr. Flood, I had imagined that, in commanding his Majesty's ship *Amelia*, I commanded one of the best disciplined frigates in the service."

"I hope, Sir Hugh Eustace, that nothing has occurred to make you alter your opinion—at least in my department," answered this officer most deprecatingly.

"Your department, sir! And thus it is, blame is shuffled off from hand to hand; responsibility goes about the deck begging for a master, and in the mean time occurrences take place that are bad enough to stigmatize the ship."

Mr. Flood looked all humility, and seemed to stand in much greater fear before his captain than if he had been placed before a loaded two-and-forty pounder, and then, with due hesitation, asked to what his commander alluded.

"To what do I allude, Mr. Flood? In the first place, to your special pleading about departments. Are you not, as my first lieutenant, my eyes, my tongue, my two hands? Is not the safety and the whole well-being of the ship, under me, committed to your care; and you talk to me of departments—a very pretty professional idea."

"With all submission," said the very visibly alarmed lieutenant; "with all the intuition of an angel, with the eyes of Cerebus, and the watchfulness of Argus——"

"The watchfulness of Cerebus and the eyes of Argus would have been more appropriate," said the seated doctor M'Quillet to the standing first lieutenant, quietly sipping his madeira.

"Though Sir Hugh is my superior officer, you are not, Doctor M'Quillet, and, let me observe to you, I think this interruption very ill placed. With all respect to Captain Sir Hugh Eustace, I tell you

sir, that I will not permit my inferior to take me to task ; and, sir, damn the eyes of Argus, and your own too. Sir Hugh Eustace, I humbly beg your pardon, but the doctor is enough to provoke a saint."

"Two hundred and two eyes embraced in one damnation," said the doctor ; "really this is cursing on a grand scale ; how many bushels, think you, might they make together ?"

"And it is in direct violation of an important article of war, this profane swearing," resumed the captain, "and certainly no excuse or extenuation for your neglect of duty. Learn to keep your temper, Mr. Flood, and let me hear your defence."

"I stand corrected, Sir Hugh. But may I be permitted to ask if Doctor M'Quillet, who is sitting there so superciliously, were to administer a wrong pill, a thing likely enough to happen, whether you would make me responsible for the man's death, Sir Hugh ?—which would be still more likely to happen, if he administered anything at all."

"That is a nice point. I don't think I could bring that home to you. What do you say, doctor ?" said the captain.

"Merely, Sir Hugh, that Mr. Flood has supposed an impossible case," replied M'Quillet, helping himself to another glass of wine, and coolly observing the first lieutenant through the transparent liquid.

"But people do die, and dinners are badly cooked, and wads are sometimes out of order, and a rope now and then lubberly spliced ; but, with all deference, Sir Hugh Eustace, whilst boatswains, carpenters, gunners, cooks, and *doctors*, are served out to the navy, the first lieutenant should not be blamed for these minutiae."

"Whence got he the word, minutiae ?" mumbled the doctor ; "Don't know the meaning of it, I'll answer for it."

"I will not be hard upon you, Mr. Flood," said the captain. (At this moment Frank Flylightly entered, all fear and perspiration.) "But you shall confess that I have good right to complain when I state to you the predicament in which you have placed me. I will not blame you, because that man suffered a person to come on board clandestinely"—(here the man alluded to trembled violently)—"that is, if you please, one of the minutiae. But I must severely censure and deeply deplore the discipline of that ship in which a stranger can be secreted for so long a time, with the knowledge only of the rascal who first smuggled him on board and afterwards concealed him. It is a yard-arm business, I can tell you."

All eyes were turned upon poor Frank. Heavy as he was, he knew that the yards were stout enough, and there were ropes on board strong enough, to do his business.

In reply to the captain, the first lieutenant began to say "that he would make inquiry, he was much surprised," &c. &c.

"Well, well," said Sir Hugh, unbending a little in his deportment ; "I don't wish to commence this voyage disagreeably ; at least with my officers. I dare say justice will be satisfied with hanging up that mountain of flesh ; he will thus die for his country, and be of service to her as an example to evil-doers. Really, the character that he has taken on board in direct violation of his duty, of written orders, and

articles of war, is a very suspicious one—is he not, doctor?—one much older than he appears to be. He is evidently well educated, and should he turn out to be a spy, in what a situation we are placed! We must not permit him to have any the least communication with any one on board. Where did you stow him, Flylightly, before he made his appearance on the quarter-deck?”

“Please your honour, I’ll never do a kind action again; but the boy looked so pitiful like, so I took him below, and got him some decent clothes, for his land-going rig, the little of it that he had, was torn and drenched; and then, as I messes forward, he warn’t observed much in the darkness of the lower deck, for he was lying about most of the time among the bags and chestesses, and if any one did see him they took him only for one of the ship’s boys—don’t think, Sir Hugh, fifty people on board have seen his face.”

“So much the better,” said Sir Hugh; “but the question now is what we must do with him. I can tell you, from his manners and his whole deportment, that I suspect him to be a person of some distinction; and, since the mischief is done, we must now make the best of it. I shall treat him some way in the manner of a state-prisoner. I will not have him either talked about or talked to. As to speaking to, or noticing him, let every one beware of that, Mr. Flood. Those midshipmen, more curious than magpies—only let me catch one of them taking a cross-jack look at this stranger! Let the young gentlemen know this, and stand clear. You may retire, Mr. Flood. You understand my wishes on this disagreeable matter—let them be obeyed.”

“Ay, ay, Sir Hugh,” said the first lieutenant, retiring, with inaudibly-uttered imprecations upon fat, sleepy look-outs, and impudent little blackguard boys who steal aboard ships in middle watches.

“Now are you not a pretty fellow—a beauty of a boy, you Flylightly,—to involve us all in this scrape? We must put you in irons until we arrive at some station where there may be sufficient ships to try you by a court-martial, and then you’ll swing.”

“As to the swinging, your honour, Sir Hugh, if it is to be my lot, why, I’ll take it like a man, seeing as how it ’ll be nothing for which I’m ashamed, or that ’ll bring disgrace upon the ship; but pray, Sir Hugh, don’t ’ee put me in bilboes—I couldn’t ’scape if I tried,—and sitting still hour after hour, and day after day, my own flesh would soon suffocate me.”

“The man is quite correct in his notions, Sir Hugh,” said the doctor; “though how he came to be so profound in physiology is the mystery. Don’t you think that you have sufficient power vested in you to tuck him up at once, and the occasion would justify it? Consider, Sir Hugh, the torture of the poor wretch for so many weeks before we can dispose of him in a regular manner. It will be quite a mercy to the poor fellow—only see how much he is now suffering.”

“Thank ’e, Doctor M’Quillet, for that ere same mercy, but I’d rather be ’scused having any of it. I’ll live as long as I can, just to obsarve what’ll happen next. An old woman once told me, that you can die when you like, but you can only live as long as you can, and so I will, if you please, sir; and I don’t much think Sir Hugh will put

me in irons either. If his honour had but seen how pitiful the poor half-drowned lad looked when he begged mercy of me, I almost think as how he'd adone the same."

"Say no more, Flylightly, say no more—we must all do our duty. I won't put you in irons yet. You must be discreet."

Sir Hugh then rang for his steward, and bade him take the obese seaman into his berth, give him a glass of grog, use him well, but not permit him to have communication with any person whatever.

In accordance with the plan settled between the captain and the surgeon, the carpenter and his crew were ordered immediately to build a small and convenient cabin round the foremost starboard gun in the fore-cabin. This was done as if by magic. It made a most comfortable and pleasant berth, having a glazed port-hole to admit both light and air. One of the captain's own cots was slung and duly supplied with bedding, and nothing omitted to make the little retreat absolutely luxurious. Three or four hours sufficed to effect all this.

In the mean time, Doctor M-Quillet visited the patient from time to time, of whom he reported most favourably. At length, he intimated to his commander that she was sufficiently recovered to be equal to an interview, and that she wished it.

"We must be as secret as possible, doctor," said the captain, bracing himself up for the meeting, "and on no account must her sex be known or suspected."

"That is perfectly understood. I am silent as a dismissed patient."

The surgeon bowed, and left the captain's presence. Sir Hugh stole on tip-toe into the after cabin, and found the stranger standing respectfully to meet him. She had, with a woman's innate propriety, scrupulously arranged her dress, although it was one that was repugnant to her feelings. She seemed more beautiful than ever, though very pale, from the effects of her late bleeding, and her intense emotions. As Sir Hugh approached, she gracefully slipped upon one knee, and taking his hand, and kissing it, said, "Forgive your child, and bless me, O my father!"

"Come, come, my sweet girl," said Sir Hugh, in a half-bantering tone that was most wretchedly assumed; "young ladies don't find papas, and papas don't acknowledge daughters, in this off-hand way. What makes you suppose that you are my daughter?"

"And then she replied solemnly thus: "If you are Sir Hugh Eustace, of Glen Grove Hall, in the county of Rutland, and a post-captain in his Majesty's navy, of a verity you are indeed my father!"

"I am certainly that Sir Hugh Eustace, my pretty one, but how that should make you suppose yourself to be my daughter I am at a loss to conceive. I was never married."

"So much the more woe upon you and upon us! Sir Hugh Eustace, I have been bred up in a severe school—know, my father, that I am a Christian, not in profession only, but in my very heart and soul. I have come to save you—I have braved much—I have suffered more. They have called me an enthusiast—grave and old men, who should have known better, have whispered about insanity—if faith, and hope, and prayer be madness, then indeed am I mad; but I

see with a light not of this world—I have but two sole guides of conduct—my duty and my God.”

“Calm yourself—this excitement, after all that you have undergone, may bring on fever. Our first business should be to understand each other. Tell me your story—take this wine. Pray you, speak quietly and rationally.”

“I do—I will:—the little that I have to say is soon told. Until seven weeks past I knew of no parent; I had fancied myself an orphan. As such, I was brought up in a christian school, near Clapham, by three pious ladies. For the first years of my infancy the stipend for my board and education was regularly paid, but when I had attained my twelfth year these payments ceased. But my good friends,—my more than parents, would not cast me off, and until seven weeks since I enjoyed with them the greatest of sublunary bliss—a life of charity, of religion, and divine love.”

“Whoever they or you may be, I honour them for it.”

“O you shall do more—much more than this—they have saved your daughter’s soul.”

“What is the name you bear?” said the captain, in dreadful agitation.

“A name that you too well know—Florence Fontbelle Hartley.”

“My heart is crushed—go on, go on—why did I not know this before?” exclaimed Sir Hugh, who now suffered unresistingly his hand to remain between those of Florence, whose eyes, full at once with tenderness and awe, thus fixed upon his countenance, continued to address him.

“I was amidst my pure and loving companions when the three sisters called me away, and placing me in the midst of them, they prayed the Redeemer to vouchsafe to me grace and strength to meet my coming trials. How they suffered—those dear instructresses!—and I prayed also in terror; and then they told me that my mother—that Florence Fontbelle—Captain Sir Hugh Eustace, your Florence Fontbelle,—who was not, but who ought to have been, the wife of your bosom,—was lying in the cells of Newgate, under sentence of transportation.”

“I am punished!—would that I had died yesterday!”

“This Florence Fontbelle—my mother—my poor dear mother—wept over me, but was impenitent. At first she cursed you,—long, and vehemently, and bitterly.”

“The barbed and poisoned arrow has returned to my bosom; I’m wofully stricken.”

“But better and holier thoughts, and then tears, followed—I brought them—I, your daughter—and ere I was torn from her arms, she blessed you—she prayed God to bless you—I heard it—doubt not that it is true—she blessed even you.”

“I am a very wretch!”

“It is six weeks since; and they permitted me to see her, as they told me, for the last time. She was more composed. How magnificent was she in the decay of her beauty! How sublimely grand was the expression of her once angel countenance, when she confessed, for the first time, that she knew that her Saviour lived, and

in His glorious name sent you her forgiveness ! But then she made me vow a vow, and a sinful one my heart tells me it is not. I vowed to her to seek you out, despite of all pain, of all trouble—even to the ends of the earth, or wherever heaves the everlasting ocean, and to do her bidding. I now do it. Thus she bade me—‘Return to him that cross, which he gave me when I was innocent and he honourable—bid him acknowledge you as his daughter. Should he hesitate—should he, who deserted the mother seem inclined to abandon his daughter,—kneel before him, uncover your neck, and show him the stain common to us both ; and if he resist that, pray of God to turn his heart, and leave him.’ Behold, O my father,” said she, kneeling at his feet, and uncovering her bosom, “the sign ! To pray for you I will never cease—leave you I cannot.”

Sir Hugh took her in his arms, and wept over her bitterly.

“Call me your daughter, and bless me !”

“My much-wronged child, may your heavenly Father in his goodness sufficiently bless and reward you—your earthly father cannot.”

Pain and pleasure, the wormwood of sorrow and the sweets of a strange joy, were wonderfully and mysteriously mingled in the bosoms of both. Sir Hugh gazed upon his child as if, by one look, he might make up for the neglect of eighteen years, and she was at once happy and sad. After a long pause, during which they had a little recovered from their distressing emotions, she turned to him with a seraphic smile, and said gently, “My dear father, I have a letter to you from my mother. I have not broken the seal, but I fear me that it is illegible—see how worn and torn it is ; and though I have dried it in the best manner that I am able, the sea-water must have obliterated much of the writing. But do not read it now, father ; you are already too much moved.”

“Give it me, even now, Florence. This bitter ordeal must not be repeated—once, and no more.”

Captain Sir Hugh Eustace turned his countenance from his newly-found daughter, broke the seal of the letter, and perused its contents. The heaving of his manly frame told of the violence of his agitation, but he carefully avoided looking at Florence. At length, placing the letter in his bosom, he exclaimed, “That struggle is over ; one more, and perhaps my mind will find some little repose. It is now my turn to kneel at your feet, Florence ; I do so humbly and contritely, to ask you to give me the pardon of your mother. It is her wish—let me hear it from your mouth—your parent kneels to you.”

Without any false scruples she permitted him to assume the humble posture before her, and she said to him solemnly, “My mother pardons you. Rise, dear father, and kiss me : henceforth let love, duty, and obedience from me to you be the rule of my conduct.”

And then much remained to be explained. She told him that her mother, having once fallen, proceeded in the downward course, until all her family withdrew their countenance from her, and that latterly she had formed a connexion with an artful and a splendid villain, who, having initiated her into all the secrets of swindling upon the grand scale, justice had overtaken them both, and transportation for life had been passed upon the paramour, of seven years upon her mother.

And then she simply and pathetically told him, how she had fainted when she was torn from her mother in the prison, how fever and delirium had succeeded, and how kindly she had been nursed by the ladies at Clapham—and that there much valuable time had been lost. She then related how, when she was sufficiently recovered, her vow to her mother had haunted her, and that she and her friends had sought counsel of the Lord in long prayer, and that it was borne in upon them that she should do all that she could to fulfil it—that they found that the *Amelia* had sailed—that her only chance of her meeting her father was, that the ship might put into some port in the Channel; and that she had, attended by a trusty old lady, followed it on land, along the coast—how they had bribed a smuggler to put her on board—that when they got near the ship he refused to come alongside in the dead of the night, for fear either of being pressed, or perhaps of something worse—that she grew desperate, knowing the ship was on the point of sailing, and that, at her earnest entreaty, he had promised to assist her clandestinely on board—that she had fallen into the sea, and that, at last, she had, she knew not how, for her faithless boatman had deserted her, contrived to climb into the head. She then spoke of her shame at finding she had lost much of her dress, and of the kindness shown to her by the dull and fat Flylightly.

In his turn, Sir Hugh, after bestowing upon her every token of pity and affection, intimated to her, that even under the religious guidance of her three schoolmistresses, she had acted a little rashly. That pious vows were, no doubt, very acceptable things to heaven, but that the best intentions should be carried out by worldly means. That enthusiasm in all things, a seaman's duty excepted, was bad and unsafe.

To all this cold reasoning of Sir Hugh his daughter did not assent. In religious matters she was firm, and she fully believed that it was, in her, a religious duty, at all hazards, and at the sacrifice of all appearances, to fulfil the vow made to her mother, and make known her wishes to him.

"But see, my dear Florence, in what a strange predicament you have placed me. You have, at the risk of your life, smuggled yourself on board this ship. I cannot acknowledge you now, and here, publicly as my daughter. This would expose us both to ridicule. I have not even clothes necessary to your sex. You must still pass here as a lad; and I must make up the best account that I am able."

"O my dear father, it is sinful towards God, all craft and all pretence, that partakes of the nature of bearing false witness. Think of the peril of your eternal soul."

"Florence—my dear Florence, you will drive me mad. I am already suffering most acutely, do not let us embitter our strange union by religious controversy. There is now but one course to follow—you must remain on board here in the strictest incognito, until I am able to place you in some asylum worthy of your own excellence. Wait till we return to England, and I will prove to you, in very act and spirit, a loving and indulgent father."

With her eyes moist with gratitude she kissed his hands, and remained silent.

She was soon installed, with all that was comfortable, in her little berth, but treated in all outward respects as a close prisoner. The sentry at the cabin-door was ordered to consider her as strictly under his charge, and to permit no one to speak with her, excepting the captain, the surgeon, and Frank Flylightly. Affairs took a glorious turn for the latter heavy personage. He was discharged from all duty, excepting that of watching over and attending upon Florence. He was ordered, on pain of countless dozens, never to go into her cabin, and not even to presume to cast his eyes within its door. He was ordered to sling his hammock outside of her berth, and to do all her biddings.

Among the officers she was known as Master Florence, or young Florence, and sometimes as the handsome spy; but she was never allowed to have the least communication with any of them.

At first, close, and beautiful, and mutually beneficial, was the intercourse between the father and daughter. She increased daily in loveliness, and a strange, a new, and ecstatic happiness arose in the breast of Sir Hugh, notwithstanding he had his minutes, and hours, and even days of deep remorse. He had hitherto regarded his connexion with Florence Fontbelle's mother lightly, and even scornfully, as elderly men of the world usually do. He had forgotten her almost totally; and when the remembrance of her intruded itself upon him, it was only as an *affaire de cœur*, common to all men of fashionable life. Had it not been for the duels with, and hostility of, the members of her family, even the little recollection that he had of the transaction would have been much impaired.

When Florence was not in her own private berth, she was usually in the after cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and when their duties called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Flylightly. When she chose to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her heels, watchful as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, free from all interruption, was assigned to her.

Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the perusal of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of thy retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most harassing duty imposed upon me—of all the captains of his Majesty's navy, on me only. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the convicts of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the mutiny had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by the mutineers, and that they were steering away, in high spirits, for some of the Indian islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, and at all sacrifices, to pursue

and capture this vessel, and finish this service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. What horrible thoughts does not this service give rise to!"

"There is the hand of an all-directing Providence in this, my dear father. Do His work that He has set out before you, manfully. You owe my mother the one, the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she sinned. Through you and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

Upon this a long and most distressing altercation ensued, which ended by Florence exclaiming—"My father and my mother should be man and wife!"

"This is too much—leave me."

Florence submissively bent her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew to her own little cabin.

Then began the gallant captain's tumult of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear his misery alone, he sent for his half-confidant, the doctor, and pacing with him across and across the after-cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued.

Sir Hugh—You perceive, my good doctor, that this little saint will preach me into madness, and yet I cannot help loving the beautiful and affectionate puritan.

Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?

Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient. Come, come, give me your true opinion. You know, as well as any man, that the morals and religion which a gentleman professes are not those which govern his conduct.

Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life—I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but as I said, at our time of life, is it not worth the consideration to reflect whether or not we are at all happier for this?

Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long despaired of happiness; the healthful quiet of the mind can be mine no more—and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious men. But I have my gratifications—and to preserve my self-love from wound or hurt is now one of my highest. The mother of the dear enthusiast is utterly lost, infamously degraded. Shall I, with the haughty, the ancient, and the untarnished blood of centuries in my veins, marry,—in the decay of her beauty, and when past the prime of her life, a harlot and a convicted felon—upon scripture authority?

Doctor—If you are to decide the question upon authority, you cannot have a better one.

Sir Hugh—Are you serious, M^cQuillet? This is the very strain in which Florence talks. She has even had the audacity to tell me that I have no right, after my conduct, to hope for earthly happiness, but that I need not despair of it, if I have the courage to repent, do

justice, and make all the reparation in my power. I am baited to death; for when I oppose the little saint with excellent arguments, founded upon common sense, she assumes the look of an reproving angel, and stops my mouth with a quotation from the holy Evangelists.

Doctor—Well, Sir Hugh, it becomes not me to read you a great moral lesson, and there are very few of us, indeed, that go down in ships on the great waters, that have any right to make use of the artillery of the Scriptures to fire upon each other. I am always for temporizing—excepting in very acute medical and surgical cases. You are by no means certain that the lady, whom you have seduced and ruined, is in the revolted ship—if she be there, you are not very likely to meet it—you have the consolation of thinking that she may have died through illness, privations, or have been murdered by the villains—nothing more probable, and, let the worst come to the worse, and that she and you were standing face to face, she might even refuse the reparation of your hand, and prefer the society of the scoundrel who has tempted her on to the very verge of the gallows; for the power of true love in a woman's bosom is miraculous.

Sir Hugh—This is cold comfort, conveyed in very cruel words. I must rid myself of Florence—handsomely provide for her future support—and, in my naval duties, activity, and enterprise, forget both mother and daughter.

Doctor—It is very wisely resolved, Sir Hugh, and I have nothing whatever to say against it—if *you can do it*.

Sir Hugh—We will try, however, and, in the mean time, may God's destroying lightning strike and suddenly send to the bottom of the sea this devoted ship, and spare me the mortification and the pain of capturing her.

The surgeon rose and took his leave, saying to himself, "A very humane tender-hearted skipper this is—here he would consign to destruction from seven to eight hundred persons, many among them knowing not their right hands from their left, in order that he may be spared facing a woman who once tenderly loved him, and who, out of the excess of her love, ruined herself for his sake. And yet, where is there a more honourable man than Captain Sir Hugh Eustace, Knight Commander of the Bath, Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and of the Golden Fleece; wearing three medals for general actions, the feared of men, and the admired of the ladies? He has got himself, however, into a very pretty mess."

For two days, Sir Hugh kept away almost entirely from his daughter, only exchanging with her those salutations that mere politeness required. He shuddered when he considered how much she was, though eminently beautiful, like him, in the expression of her countenance, and he dreaded that she inherited from him, with this physiognomical resemblance, his own inflexibility of purpose. She seemed not to know so much as the nature of fear, and in her conduct to acknowledge no other impulse than that of duty. She received her instructions from above, he his from the world. How, then, was it possible that they should agree?

How long this estrangement would have endured it is not easy to

determine, for it cost Sir Hugh much pain, had not a little incident removed it suddenly. Whenever, for the last two days, he came into the after-cabin, and found there his daughter, he would look kindly upon her and immediately withdraw. She perceived and felt this, and very rightly guessed the cause, and very deeply did she lament it. But the missionary spirit was strong upon her, and the mission so sacred: it was to a loved and honoured, though sinful and a sceptic father—his soul's salvation seemed to depend upon her—and she was determined she would hold no compromise with her holy call. Yet the gushing tenderness of her heart impelled her to caress and soothe, rather than to exhort and reprove—and her path was thorny and most discouraging. Yet she dared not forsake it.

There was a good and a very faithful portrait of the captain, placed in a conspicuous part of the after-cabin. Before this, on the third day of his changed conduct, Sir Hugh found his daughter kneeling, and perfectly absorbed in intense and audible prayer, whilst Frank Flylightly stood blubbing at the door, his heavy and globose cheeks nearly scalded with the profusion of his hot tears. The captain placed his hand upon his shoulder, with an Herculean heave turned round the ponderous mass, then placing one foot and his two hands behind it, he gave it so much motion that impelled it fairly into the middle of the fore-cabin. He then closed the door, and once more found himself alone with Florence. Even the noise of this difficult ejection had not disturbed her, and she prayed on.

That beautiful prayer! It burned upon the father's heart like living coals of fire—it smote his conscience—it was so opposite to the impious wish that two days before he had vented. Never before had he appeared to himself so little, so selfish, and so mean. The language of her heart-offering was pure, and tender, and sublime. It told him how devoutly he was loved, and yet how little that love was deserved.

"If she should be right in her notions of duty and religion, what then am I?" he murmured; "but, right or wrong, I cannot stand this. If I listen longer, I shall feel myself to be utterly contemptible. Florence, look up," and he gently placed his hand upon her head—"this enthusiasm is misplaced, and it displeases me. If you will not preach, my gentle and lovely visionary, I will talk to you—yes, for hours, I could drink in, delighted, the sweet sounds of your voice."

"As braying cymbals, and as tinkling brass, my dear father——"

"You begin ill, Florence. This is the cant of the conventicle. Converse with me rationally—even, if you will, religiously—and I will be most attentive—only let your conversation be in the phrase of polite society."

"I look upon you, father, at once with dread and love. The lark offers up her morning prayer to her God only in the notes that He has given to her. I have none other language than that in which I was taught to praise and pray. Sorry am I that it should offend you; yet, though grieved for myself, I am over much stricken for you."

And I perceive, by the gathering of your countenance, that you think this preaching."

"Well, Florence, you must have your own way, I suppose. I will hear all that you have to say, and then, perhaps, we shall the better understand one another."

END OF PART THE SECOND.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

THE New Year! the New Year! There's gladness in the sound,
An avenue for fair fresh hopes within the words is found;
The flush of youth is over them, and infant thoughts arise,
Embodiments of visions green, and dreamy harmonies!

II.

The New Year! the New Year! There's hope within the words,
And rainbow dreams—far brighter than the wings of tropic birds,—
Are spanning o'er the gladsome earth, and gleaming in the sea,
And waving in the welkin their gonfalons of glee!

III.

The New Year! the New Year! There's terror in the call,
For hopes may die, and doubts spring up, like weeds to cover all;
And fires may flash unholily, and altars rise to sin,
And all the soft and sunny earth be filled with death and sin!

IV.

The New Year! the New Year! There's sorrow in the sound,
For graveyard lights may glare abroad, and spectres stalk around,
And they who love us now so well, may leave us ere we hear
Those words, so full of joy to some, once more fall on the ear!

V.

But let not strain, begun in joy, in sadness sink away,—
There's clouds across yon glorious sun; but mark! where steals a ray
Of gentle lustre o'er the sky, while darkness disappears—
O welcome, welcome sunshine! and farewell, farewell fears!

ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE TURKS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RESIDENCE IN CONSTANTINOPLE."

After reigning twenty-six years over the monarchy he had formed, Osman died of the gout; but the last moments of his life were cheered by the voice of victory, for the important city of Brusa, in Bithynia, fell before the arms of his son Orkan, a prince in every quality worthy of succeeding him. The Ottoman historians, who dwell with excusable prolixity on the character and deeds of this great man, give a long speech which he made from his death-couch to his successor, exhorting him to govern with magnanimity, mercy, and justice, and never to forget that he was a sovereign only to protect the holy cause of Mahomet and Islamism. The great desire of his heart had been to gain possession of Brusa. That city afforded him a tomb; and if his charity had been so active—if, as is related of him, he had been wont to walk through the streets, exclaiming, "Whoever is hungry or thirsty or naked, let him go to my house, and he shall receive all that is needful,"—the poor might have wept round the splendid mausoleum of gold or of silver which was there raised over his remains.*

The general order of descent, or the right of primogeniture, was not attended to in this, the first instance, by the Ottomans; for an elder brother, on account of his attachment to solitude and a contemplative life, was deemed unfit for the activity of the throne, and Orkan was chosen by his father as his successor, and approved by the nation. (A.D. 1326.) He was in the maturity and vigour of manhood when he took the reins of government at Brusa, his splendid conquest and now his capital, which he forthwith began to adorn with mosques, a college, an hospital, and bazaars. He declared his brother Aladdin his vizir, or prime minister, and next to himself in the state; an example not followed by Orkan's successors, who, always suspicious, have regarded their nearest relations as their greatest enemies. At the beginning of his reign, Orkan changed the Seljukian coin for the name and impression of the new dynasty; fixed different dresses to distinguish the citizens from the peasants, the Ottomans from the infidels, (sumptuary laws which still remain in force,) and, to civilize his subjects, invited professors of human and divine knowledge to teach in Brusa. He devoted his attention to the perfecting of the military discipline which his father had only begun. The troops of Osman had consisted of loose squadrons of horse, who were paid only by pillage or the hope of paradise, but Orkan formed and trained a regular body of infantry, and fixed a daily pay for them. A great number of volunteers were enrolled with a small stipend, but with the permission of living at home, when not required on the field of battle. Their rude manners and seditious disposed Orkan to educate the young captives of his sword as the sol-

† "Fu sepolto il suo cadavere in Brusa, in un mausoleo tutto d'oro, o secondo altri autori, tutto d'argento."—Abbondanza, *Dizionario-Storico-Ottomano*.

* Continued from vol. xxv. p. 1.

diers of himself and of the prophet, in whose doctrines he caused them to be educated, (thus laying the first plan of the janissary body, which his son was to complete;) but the Turkish peasants were still allowed to mount on horseback and follow his standard, with the appellation and the hopes of *freebooters*. There was, moreover, a better Turkish cavalry, consisting of those who held lands from the state on the tenure of military service; they formed the corps of Spahis, which still subsists, and they were mounted on horses swift and docile.* Orkan also assigned to the military a particular dress or uniform, and chose white for the colour of their caps or turbans, "because," says the historian, Sad'eddin-Effendy, "this colour being the emblem of felicity, it should be a presage of the future prosperities of the infant monarchy."†

With troops more numerous and better disciplined than his father's, Orkan's career of conquest was brilliant and rapid. The Greek Emperor Andronicus was beaten in repeated battles, the ancient city of Nicomedia was taken, and from the high lands beyond the head of the Nicomedian Gulf, whither he advanced, Orkan could gaze with ardent longing on the walls of Constantinople, and on the narrow sea which divided Asia from Europe. The city of Nice, "the metropolis of Bithynia, so famous for its councils and orthodoxy in the early history of the christian church, was now to be polluted by the preaching of the divinity of the mission of Mahomet." Orkan took it after a siege of two years, during which the Turks provided themselves with such battering-trains as were then in use, and seem even to have invented or improved several engines of war. The generosity of the conqueror retained many of the Greek citizens at Nice, where, on payment of a slight annual tribute, they continued to be governed with comparative justice. The Greek women made widows during the contest he provided for by giving them Turkish husbands. More humane and prudent than many succeeding sultans have been, Orkan gently reconciled a portion of the subjects of the conquered Greeks to his government; he re-peopled places that were least inhabited, and seeing that his extending dominions wanted cultivators, he repaired, by the extreme care he took of the children, the loss of their fathers sacrificed at his conquest. As yet Orkan had made war only on the Greeks and infidel Moguls. Full of his father's maxims, and well read in the Koran, he asserted that Mussulmans ought not to turn their arms against one another, and that the sword of a true believer should never be dipped but in the blood of infidels. This orthodoxy encouraged the soldiers, and made their sultan appear to them as a minister of the decrees of God; but it likewise seemed to forbid Orkan the hope of ever reigning over those countries near him possessed by Mahometan emirs, who had established themselves during the weakness or on the ruin of the Seljukian empire. Fraud, however, obtained what force durst not attempt; at the end of a few years all these states fell to him, and he reigned undisputed sovereign of the whole of Anatolia Proper.‡

* Mr. Mills. The Abbé Mignot.

† See D'Ohsson. Art. *Costume*.

‡ These acquisitions of territory, it must be said, were not completed without recurrence to arms and the spilling of Mussulman blood. But even then religion was

A. D. 1336. The Turks were now possessed of a kingdom whose extent might have satisfied their ambition, whilst its fruitfulness and beauty lulled them to repose. Had the ancestors of Orkan and Osman seen from their Scythian wilds the lovely regions that surrounded Brusa, now their capital, they would have thought them dreams, or scenes of paradise. The city stood at the foot of Mount Olympus, on the edge of a vast and fertile plain. The mountain was covered with magnificent forests, and cut into cool ravines; innumerable sources of crystal water gushed from its feet and flowed by the town, and mineral baths of marvellous efficacy were at a few paces from its walls.* The plain was dotted with fruit trees, and flowers of every hue grew spontaneously on the declivities of the hills. The climate was deliciously temperate, and the necessities, nay, the luxuries of life, abounded on every hand, or could be obtained with small cost of labour. Magnesia, Pergamus, and other great and ancient cities, offered each almost as many advantages as Brusa. Intersected by magnificent mountains productive of the finest forest trees, and rich in unwrought mines, and by rivers, some of which (as the Cayster, the Hermus, the Caicus, and the Sangarius,) industry might have made available for the purposes of commerce, the plains occupied by the Turks were throughout luxuriantly fertile, and in earlier times had supported several densely populated kingdoms, among which we need only mention the Lydian, the Pergamenian, and the Bithynian.

But the Turks could not rest contented with all this, nor was it to be expected they should, if attention were paid to the temptation offered by the debility of the Greek emperors, and the glorious regions that lay still before them; to their natural and original character as erratic hordes, that disposed them rather to increase their territory than to settle and improve what they might already possess; and to their religion, which incessantly impelled them to plant the Mahometan crescent in the land of the Ghiaour.

Orkan was already master of the beautiful line of coast that extends on the Asiatic side of the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora; and at the opposite extremities of this line he was in contact with the two narrow friths, the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, across which, from the enchantment lent by distance, and objects not yet possessed, the shores of Europe must have looked singularly inviting. Add to this, that Brusa, now the capital of the Ottomans, was two, and Nicomedia, their advanced post, but one day's journey from Constantinople, whose advantageous situation they had seen, and with whose wealth they were well acquainted. But the Turks, though now in possession of a coast, were immeasurably removed from the condition of a maritime

enlisted on the side of Orkan. One emir had made war on another, (his own brother!) whom he killed in combat. The powerful sultan had interfered to prevent these scandalous dissensions among the faithful, and the sympathies of the Turks justified him in punishing a fratricide. He besieged the surviving emir in Pergamus, the capital of his little state, soon made him prisoner, and possessed himself of that city and four others in its neighbourhood.

* Tournefort, the traveller, says "*Il semble que Bruse ait été faite exprès pour les Turcs, car le Mont Olympe lui fournit tant de sources, que chaque maison a ses fontaines.*" But the Turks did not bring their taste for baths and fountains with them, but acquired them in the countries they conquered.

people. They had neither vessels, pilots, nor constructors—they even wanted fishing-barks; and the ardent Solyman, who had been commanding and conquering for his father Orkan, with his eyes fixed on the hills of the Thracian Chersonesus, rode in gloomy spitefulness along the edge of the Propontic sea, which seemed to interdict his future progress.*

Here the Turkish historians, who have been followed by the Abbé Mignot, Knolles, and others, confounding some earlier advantages, describe Solyman as having crossed the Hellespont with eighty of his followers on a raft; but his passage (the final passage of the Turks into Europe) was attended with no such romantic circumstances.

A. D. 1347. The degenerate Greeks themselves invited the Turks into Europe, and perhaps gave them ships, or taught them how to build them; for, shortly after Orkan's conquest of Bithynia, the emir of Ionia sailed from the Gulf of Smyrna with an army and fleet to the assistance of the emperor Cantacuzene, who, engaged in a civil war, did not hesitate "to call to his aid the public enemies of his religion and country."† The Ionian emir cast anchor at the mouth of the river Hebrus, and in that expedition, and in another that he undertook in the same cause, he rendered the warlike services required of him; but being recalled from Europe for the defence of his own states, threatened by the Latin Christians, and the gallant knights of Rhodes, he returned to Asia loaded with spoil, recommending his employer to have recourse to one nearer and more powerful than he—to the Ottoman Orkan! But the empire was cursed by a want of patriotism, common to all parties; and Anne of Savoy, who combated for her young son Palæologus, had already concluded a treaty with the Turks; Orkan agreeing to furnish ten thousand horse, and the empress-mother, among other degrading and abominable concessions, permitting the sultan to sell his Christian slaves within the city of Constantinople, or to carry them over into Asia. The interests of Orkan, however, might be better promoted by accepting the invitation of Cantacuzene; and when the Christian emperor consented to his demand of having his daughter Theodora in marriage, Turkish faith did not prevent the sultan from despising his former treaty, and joining his father-in-law with all his forces.

The singular union of Christian and Turkish blood to which we have before alluded—the marriage which now took place—is too remarkable an event, and has been too ably described, to permit that we should dismiss it with a mere mention. A Christian could not consider as legitimate a marriage with one like Orkan, who, indulging to the latitude of the Koran, had already a plurality of wives and

* Knolles and others tell of a visit paid by Solyman to the plains of Troy. Whilst standing amidst the magnificent ruins of the ancient city, (which must have been Alexandria Troas, on the edge of the plain,) he was observed all at once to become silent, abstracted, and melancholy. "My lord and great master," said Ezes-beg, one of his chieftains, "what strange thing is this, that you are so deeply drowned in these your melancholy thoughts?" We expected in Solyman's reply the trite but striking reflection on the instability of human grandeur, but this Turk was probably a stranger to such sentimentalities. "I have been thinking," said the prince, "how I could cross this sea, and get into yonder Europe!"

† Gibbon, cap. lxiv.

innumerable concubines; yet the Greek church connived at this union, and were satisfied, like her father Cantacuzene, with the stipulation—which, strange as it may appear, was faithfully observed by the Mahometan—that the bride should preserve and exercise without restraint the religion of Christ in the harem of the sultan.

A Greek fleet of thirty galleys conveyed Orkan's ambassadors, who were accompanied by a fine body of Turkish cavalry across the Propontis, and landed them at Selybria, where they found the unblushing emperor. The spot fixed for the strange ceremony was a large open plain near the city, and there, in a magnificent pavilion, the empress Irene passed the night with her daughters. "In the morning Theodora ascended a throne, which was surrounded with curtains of silk and gold; the troops were under arms, but the emperor alone was on horseback. At a signal the curtains were suddenly withdrawn, to disclose the bride or the victim (*she was unattended by her own sex*) encircled by kneeling eunuchs, holding hymeneal torches; the sound of flutes and trumpets proclaimed the joyful event; and her pretended happiness was the theme of the nuptial song, which was chanted by such poets as the age could produce. Without the rites of the church, Theodora (*who is described by Turkish writers as the most beautiful of princesses*) was delivered to her barbarous lord."*

As the Greek princess took the road to Brusa, a Turkish army repaired to her father's assistance, and the crescent was introduced into Europe, to decide the quarrels of Christians. It is said that the Ottomans were less barbarous than the savages of Bulgaria and Servia, who were already employed in the destructive civil wars of the Greeks, but still we may shudder at the horrors they perpetrated. The same clause, for permission to sell his Christian prisoners where he list, that formed part of Orkan's treaty with Anne of Savoy, was inserted in his present one with his father-in-law; and "a crowd of Christians, of both sexes and every age, of priests and monks, of matrons and virgins, were exposed in the public market; the whip was frequently used to quicken the charity of redemption; and the indignant Greeks deplored the fate of their brethren, who were led away to the worst evils of temporal and spiritual bondage."†

On the restoration of peace between Cantacuzene and Palæologus, the Ottoman army withdrew to Asia, and these horrors were suspended for a while; but the Turks had been taught the way into Europe—a spell was broken.

Shortly after the conclusion of this short-lived peace, Orkan gave proofs of refinement and emancipation from the prejudices of a Mussulman, that excited wonder and admiration. An interview had been agreed upon between the Greek emperor and his Turkish ally, and when Orkan repaired to Scutari, which may be called the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, he took with him Theodora, his christian wife, who was anxious once more to receive the paternal embrace. Cantacuzene and his venerable Ottoman son-in-law, who had four manly sons by different wives in his suite, partook, with real or

* Gibbon, cap. lxiv.

† Gibbon.

affected cordiality, the pleasures of the banquet and the chase; and Theodora was permitted to cross the Bosphorus to Constantinople, and to pass three days with her mother and family, her husband waiting for her on board the galleys which had conveyed him to Scutari.

The pacification of the Greek empire could not long endure, and it was in Cantacuzene's third and last quarrel with his pupil Palæologus, when again inviting the forces of Orkan, and gaining a dubious triumph through their means, that the Turks struck a deep and lasting root in Europe, and a deadly wound was inflicted, which no succeeding emperor could heal or mitigate.

Ten thousand Turkish horse, commanded by Orkan's valiant son Solyman, were transported in the galleys of Cantacuzene from Asia into the Thracian Chersonesus. In Romania and Thrace, principally the seat of the war, the Ottoman arms prevailed for their employer, but at the same time they perpetrated mischief, for which no services could compensate. In the former war, even then looking to a more permanent visit, the Turks had politically dismantled the fortresses they took for their ally, but now they seized and kept possession of nearly all the places of strength that remained on the European side of the Propontis, and especially of those near the narrow straits of the Dardanelles, which bands of Mussulmans, now unopposed, continually crossed in search of new conquests or settlements. At the conclusion of hostilities, delivered of his enemies, Cantacuzene turned to his friends, to demand restitution of the places they occupied. The Turks artfully temporized, and the Greek emperor offered them a ransom of sixty thousand crowns. The whole or a considerable part of this sum was paid, when an earthquake shook the walls and cities of those provinces, and the Turks, instead of resigning the fortresses they occupied, took possession of others that were overthrown or weakened by powers more formidable than those of mortal warfare. Cantacuzene might murmur in secret, or make humble representations to his son-in-law;* but Orkan, or his lieutenant Solyman, strenuously engaged the Mussulmans in repairing their recent acquisitions. Gallipoli, the key of the Hellespont, was rebuilt and repeopled by the policy of Solyman, and a permanent and rapidly increasing Turkish colony was established in the Chersonesus.

From Thrace and Europe, the indefatigable Solyman, the achiever of nearly all the glory of his father's reign, carried his victorious arms into the interior of Asia Minor, where the remains of Mogul Tartar hordes still pressed upon the dominions of the Ottomans. He took the towns of Ancyra and Cratea, and shortly after from Phrygia reappeared in Thrace.

Meanwhile Cantacuzene, who had not only been again deceived, but openly opposed by his infidel son-in-law, had retired from the imperial palace to a monastic cell, leaving the burden of a falling

* "Cantacuzene, astonished, crossed the sea with a feeble escort, and went as far as Nicomedia to seek a conference with Orkan, who took care to avoid it. Cantacuzene was even given to understand that he would even risk his liberty, if he penetrated farther into the territories of his son-in-law."—MIGNOT.

empire to his son Matthew and his pupil Palæologus. Instead of uniting their arms and councils to oppose a foe that threatened them alike, which would have been heroic; or of following the advice given by Cantacuzene, at his abdication, "that they should decline a rash contest, and compare the weakness of the Greeks with the number and valour, the discipline and enthusiasm of the Moslems," which might have been prudent; the princes quarrelled between themselves: and one party (that of Matthew, who had seen his father so often betrayed by the Turks) implored the assistance of Orkan, while the other prepared to take the field against the Ottomans, whose mere name was now almost enough to strike terror into a Greek army. At Philippi, once the scene of a nobler contest, five thousand Turks, properly instructed, gave the example of flight to the troops of Matthew, who was made prisoner by Palæologus, and preserved his life by renouncing his rights to a share of the throne. The abdication of their ally left the Turks no farther reason to feign, and they prosecuted hostilities against the one who had declared himself their enemy. The conquest of nearly all Thrace by the Ottomans, commanded by Solyman and his equally martial brother Amurath, was rapid, and accompanied with such cruelties as paralyzed the slight remains of courage in the Greeks.* Swarms of christian captives destined to be slaves, or converts and soldiers, were drafted off into Asia, while fresh hordes of Turks poured into Europe. The very neighbourhood of Constantinople was overrun by the irresistible cavalry of Solyman, who took the great and important city of Adrianople, after a siege of nine months.† (A. D. 1360.) But this was the last of his exploits. Shortly after, as he was exercising his cavalry, or, as others say, playing at the martial game of *djerid*, in the plains of Adrianople, a fall from his horse terminated his conquests and his life; "and the aged Orkan, two months after the event, wept and expired on the tomb of his valiant son."

From the shepherd, Orthogrul, the first of their family, we have traced a regularly progressive improvement in the Ottoman dynasty, each prince surpassing the power, the ambition, and perhaps the talent of his predecessor, and each contributing more and more to the development of an empire. Nor was this progression to stop now.

Amurath the First, who succeeded his father Orkan at the age of forty, was well experienced in war and government; he was valiant like all his race, politic and persevering. Having, throughout life, affected a fervent devotion to the laws of the prophet, and an exemplary piety, he did not hesitate, on his accession to the throne, to insist on the title of "the Envoy of God," which his grandfather Orkan had claimed. (A. D. 1360.) One of the first acts of his reign was to declare Adrianople the capital of his kingdom; and there, on the banks of the classical river Hebrus, "on a spot celebrated alike in the earliest traditions of antiquity, and the records of more authen-

* Mignot and Knolles.

† "It was not till after a long and vigorous resistance that Adrianople was taken by stratagem, and given up to plunder."—Dr. Mac MICHAEL's *Journey to Constantinople*.

ticated and modern history,"* Amurath built an imperial mosque and serai. It is from this period, and not from the conquest of Constantinople, that we ought to date the establishment of the Turks in Europe. From this moment they were a European power; the seat of their government was in Europe, and the eastern part of our continent, not as yet occupied by their arms, trembled in the glowing shadow of coming events.

If we pause here, and compare the rise of the Roman and other empires with the rapid spread of the Ottoman, our wonder will be excited. Appearing first as fugitives among the Seljukian Turks, we have seen Orthogrul settled on the river Sangarius with a pastoral colony of four hundred tents; thence we have followed the Osmanlys in their conquests of the extensive and fertile regions of Asia Minor, and their establishment as a nation, with the Bithynian city of Brusa for their capital; and lastly, we have witnessed their conquests in Europe and the seat of their government transferred to Adrianople; and all this aggrandisement was effected in a century!†

It may be necessary to resume some points of our hasty sketch, and to add a few others, to render this rapid progress, and the formation of the Ottoman nation, intelligible. The progeny of four hundred families could not have sufficed, in so brief a space of time, to such an extension; but on the elevation of Osman, the Seljukian Turks, incomparably more numerous, were identified with the Ogusians, the real stock of the present dynasty, and thenceforward they held one name. Another and an extensive accession to their numbers was derived from the Tartar hordes that had been left in Lesser Asia since the invasion of Gingis-Khan and his successors. Of these, won by a similarity of manners and customs, some voluntarily submitted to the Turks, others were conquered; but both classes were admitted as brethren on embracing the Mahometan religion, and became Osmanlys or Ottomans. It was in the breasts of this ruder portion of the warriors of the crescent that the fire of fanaticism—the enthusiasm of recent conversion—burned in its greatest intenseness; and it was difficult indeed to oppose men who drew the sabre with the firm conviction, that they were obeying the direct orders of God and their prophet; that to conquer was a sacred duty, whose fulfilment would lay the wealth and the pleasures of the world at their feet; that to die on the field of battle was to insure possession of the martyr's palm, and a place in paradise, with the eternal enjoyment of those sensual delights, to which, from the temperament of their eastern blood, they were most inclined.

A redeeming quality—perhaps the only one—in the character of the degenerate Greeks, was their fervent attachment to Christianity; an attachment in which they have persevered through all their evil

* Dr. Mac Michael. The Sultan Amurath pretended that a vision, and the voice of a celestial spirit, had ordered him to make Adrianople the capital of his empire, and had even pointed out the spot where he was to erect his palace.—See D'OHERSON. P. 1. &c.

† Orthogrul appeared in Asia Minor about the year 1260. Adrianople was taken in 1360. It may be well to remember that nearly another century elapsed before Constantinople was captured.

fortunes. But if the Osmanly family was not much increased by the voluntary conversion of adults, it was so, to a certain extent, by men who, taken prisoners in the field, or in fortified towns which they *sometimes* obstinately defended, had, in the first ebullitions of Mahometan fanaticism, no alternative but the Koran or death; and the practice of the Turks of carrying off the children of the conquered, and educating them as Mussulmans, must have added a considerable portion of Greek blood to the curious amalgamation of the Ottomans.

A. D. 1360. Such appears to have been pretty nearly the composition of the Turkish nation, at its first fatal establishment in Europe; and we must feel how well conditioned it was to restore the triumphs of Islamism, which were indeed somewhat faded in the West. Though established in Europe by the Moors at the beginning of the eighth century, the Mahometan crescent had not been able to maintain itself beyond the Pyrenees; even in Spain it had been brought to a stand at the foot of the mountains and wilds of Cantabria; and the descendants of the Christian bands, the subjects or the associates of the gallant Pelayo, who had there found refuge from the Moslems, had long ere this begun to recover by degrees what they had lost at once; and in the middle of the fourteenth, the Moors, who were not to be finally expelled until the end of the fifteenth century, were confined to the kingdom of Grenada. In fact, in Europe the crescent quailed before the cross; the conquerors of Spain were evidently on their way back to Africa, when our continent was invaded at another extremity, and the contest between Mahometanism and Christianity renewed by the Ottomans—enemies much more fanatic and cruel than the Moors, whose conquests they have surpassed, but whose civilisation they have never attained.

HOPE, THE EVER-SPRINGING.

THERE'S not a day, there's not a fleeting hour,
When musing memory may not hotly lave
Her cheek with tear-drops o'er the new-made grave
Of hopes time-buried—hopes, whose infant flower
Untimely in the blossom own'd the power
Of death and darkness!—Yet the stem that gave
These buds unripe in loveliness doth wave,
Still hale and green in Earth's uncultur'd bower.
Ever increasing, ever blooming, grow
Hope's joyous gifts; our yet unclouded day
Is rife with their young beauty—swept away.
New garlands, fragrant as the wreaths that go,
Spring freshly into bloom. When life has fled—
Never ere then—lies Hope the soother—dead.

DOINGS IN A DILIGENCE.

It was quite dark when I entered the courtyard of the *Cour des Diligences* at Brussels in August last; and seeing that the vehicle which was to bear me on my way was nearly ready, and the porters busy in securing the trunks of the passengers, who stood around muffled in cloaks and greatcoats, I gave the parting fee to my *valet de place*, and begging him to see my portmanteau properly stowed, I jumped into the *intérieur*, and threw myself into a corner. Fatigued by my journey from Antwerp, and the long walk I had taken in the morning over the ruins of the citadel, I soon fell into a quiet slumber; and no doubt my nose had begun its usual prelude to the music to which it treats all listeners during my sounder sleep.

"*Monsieur ! Monsieur !*" said a loud voice at my elbow, as well as I could distinguish in my semi-vital state; "*allons, Monsieur, c'est ma place*," repeated the voice, rich, proud, and military, half-imperative and half-persuasive; and thinking that it probably came from beneath some *vieille moustache* that had been singed at Waterloo or Anvers, and not wishing to break the charm that was on me by a quarrel, I dragged myself to the other corner, and in a minute or two was again in the "land of Nod," dreaming that my persecutor must be at least a *Maréchal du Camp* of his Majesty the King of the French. "I'll talk to him to-morrow when I am refreshed," muttered I, half awake; "I'll dispute the point with him when I have made a reference or two to my French dictionary. I'll—I'll—but——"

"*Montez, Messieurs, en route*," shouted the *conducteur*; and swinging himself into his seat in the *calèche*, and giving his emphatic "*allez*" to the postilion, my eyes closed, and the world was nothing to me until the following morning.

"And is this France?" said I, letting down the window, as the sun rose clear and ruddy over the brown, interminable plain; "*la belle France*, laughing, gay, joyous, France? Where are your vine-clad hills? where your beautiful and mercurial peasantry?"—and, as we stopped for a moment, a wooden-shoed, goitre-necked, dirty, half-clad wench, put up her apron for alms.

"*Monsieur, un sous pour l'amour de Dieu.*"

"*Monsieur, quelque chose pour l'amour de la Vierge.*"

"*Monsieur, un franc pour l'amour de moi*," said a little sparkling-eyed coquette, clinging to her mother's petticoats, and hiding herself behind them as soon as she had offered her wicked petition.

But my fellow-sleepers are yet in the world of dreams, and you have too suddenly, good people, brushed off the poetry from the frame of my fancy, to allow me to be charitable. Borrow a clean frock, and wash your face, and when I return this way, if exchanges are not too high, I'll put a *sous* or two in my pocket for your especial benefit.

Let me reconnoitre my companions. The field-officer still slept; a high cotton nightcap enveloped his head, and its long tassel, jerked

about by the motion of the diligence, ever and anon twitched him under the nose, forcing him to draw up pertinently the long and sombre corners of his mouth. His face was gaunt and thin, and half covered by a black stubbly beard; and as the tassel tickled him, and his half-opened fishy eye glared with its stony look through the film of sleep, I could not help laughing to think what a strange dwelling-place that military voice had taken up in this lantern of a head. Yet he might be an opera-singer, or great in melodrama; that beard would figure capitally on a robber's countenance, and that *voix luxurieuse* melt the frostiness of Diana herself. With all his ugliness my *militaire* had great capabilities for the stage.

While occupied in cultivating a pleasant memory of my Proteus, I had forgotten that a very pretty bonnet was crushed on my shoulder, and that a very neatly-gloved hand had wandered in the *abandon* of sleep to my knee; but the owner was nodding most gracefully; a warm cloak enveloped her figure, and a thick green veil covered her face. It was provoking not to be able to see those cheeks. How she would simper when she found she had been sleeping on a stranger's arm! What sweet excuses for the rudeness! How prettily I should be thanked for the support! And the blush that would steal over the cheek of the dark-eyed brunette!

“Th’ embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells!”

Or, perhaps, with what dignity I should be saluted by a gaze from beneath an “attic forehead,” or sneered at by a sarcastic lip from beneath some “*nez retroussé*,” or—but the sudden stopping of the diligence at a *Douane* put an end to my fancies and their sleep. My operative officer awoke slowly—first stretching himself with arms confined to his body, then opening his eyes as if by instalments, and assuring himself of his existence by a long, bold yawn, the end of which he began to slur (as they say in music) into an inquiry where we were.

My little woman was not quite so expeditious; but, what with the stopping and the sonorous yawn, she gradually awoke, and, thinking perhaps that she was in bed, began her usual morning stretchings, gave some symptoms of a desire to “turn over” for another nap, shook a little as she felt the chill morning air, smoothed a yawn in her cloak, stroked the wrinkles out of her gown, drew aside her veil, and seating herself at last firmly and perpendicularly, revealed to my astonished eyes as black a face as ever scorched in a Georgia rice-field, in a Jamaica cane-ground, or superintended a cotton-gin in Mississippi.

“Take my seat,” said I, as I sprang to the first bench, and a broad grin saluted me from the lady’s ivories and their ebony setting.

As soon as the unloading of the diligence was accomplished, my worthy companions commenced their objections to the usual search.

“There was nothing in her trunk,” protested the black girl. “There were, perhaps, a handkerchief or so, and a pair of stockings,” (*flesh-coloured*, no doubt.) “There was some linen in the

top, and *messieurs les douaniers* had better not touch it *à cause de la fièvre*, as she had just arrived from Charleston, South Carolina, with the ladies in the *coupé*. There was but a frock, and—and—such like."

But the officers were inexorable. "Madame, the key, if you please."

Click went the lock, and (those *douaniers* are such brutes) out tumbled the dresses, the shoes, the belts, the unmentionable accessories of a woman's toilet—the rouge, the soap, the perfumes, sweeter than gales from "Afric's shore," and, alas! from an awkward corner, half a dozen yards of Brussels lace; and Madame, looking as sulky as a plantation negro after a sound flogging, was offered the option of paying the duties, or going to prison as a smuggler. She counted out the requisite francs like a sensible person, and the officers handed her over to the female *douanière* for further and more scrutinizing examination.

In three minutes they returned. "*Qu'avez-vous trouvé?*" was the inquiry.

"*Rien qu'une odeur?*" exclaimed the disconsolate examiner, with a grimace of which no features save an old Frenchwoman's are capable, inhaling at the same time a long sonorous pinch of snuff, as if by way of antidote to her late encounter.

My attention was shortly attracted to my other companions, between whom and the officers a contest had been brewing.

"I tell you, gentlemen, there is nothing in my *coffre*," said the man with the voice, fixing his feet firmly together, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, open it."

"But you have my word."

"I'd rather have your keys."

"The word of a Frenchman!"

"The keys, my friend!"

"*Parole d'honneur.*"

"The keys, the keys, *et ne badinez plus.*"

I began to think of Othello and the handkerchief scene, but the keys were flung down with an air that faintly bordered on disdain, and the trunk opened. The officers, however, thought that he was perhaps a prize, and resolved to examine his effects in detail.

"Perhaps he's a smuggler," said one.

"A spy," said another; "a Carlist, a bearer of despatches from Don Carlos; at least a contrabandist."

"The clerk took his book and inkhorn, and the search commenced.

"Razors, two dozen," said the *verificateur*.

"*Bien!*" said the clerk, as he entered the item.

"*Savon, cinq pièces.*"

"*Bien!*"

"*Deux chemises; pas grand chose!*"

"*Bien!*" said the clerk impatiently.

"*Des souliers.*"

"*Bien!*"

"And in the top of the trunk—*des éponges—rien de plus.*"

"Sponges!" shouted the clerk, with his pen in the air.

"Sponges!" inquired I.

"Sponges!" giggled the negro girl.

"*Absolument des éponges !*" said the examiner.

"Who the devil are you?" exclaimed the officer. "Give us your passport." And thence the worthy man read :

"*Napoleon Eustache Hercule ; par profession PERRUQUIER, allant de Bruxelles à Paris, et bon pour deux semaines.*"

Never before was valiant man-wielder of steel so heartily laughed at ; but Mons. le Perruquier had a soul as well as a voice. He paid his dues proudly, buttoned up closely again *à la militaire*, and, exhibiting no symptoms of the "dog with his tail between the legs," flung into the coach, displaying a very large hole in his left stocking as he drew his leg into the carriage, and uttering a *sacr-r-r-r-e*, which rattled like thunder between his teeth, disappeared. Hercules, thy last labour is done !

The next night, as the cabriolet was empty, I took my place there, resolving not to have my shoulder dreamed on by a woolly head, or to be bearded again (at least in such a manner) by a barber.

LINES

ON HEARING MY VILLAGE BELLS AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THOSE bells do not recall to me
 One note of joyous memory !
 No! as they vibrate on mine ear,
 The eye responsive drops a tear !
 Their plaintive, melancholy chimes
 Awaken thoughts of bygone times—
 When young Hope nestled in my breast,
 And promised coming years most blest !
 When all, as far as joy could see,
 A world of pleasure seem'd to be—
 Ere yet mine heart had felt the blight
 Experience flings o'er its glad light,
 Or love had chang'd to blank despair—
 And left its thorn to rankle there !
 That promis'd bliss I've sought in vain !
 Yet ah ! why do I thus complain ?
 Has Hope prov'd false to me alone ?
 Do I its treach'ry but bemoan ?
 O no ! where'er I turn mine eye—
 One tear—one universal sigh—
 'Tis Retrospection's groan !
 Then not to me does memory bring,
 Alone, its bitter, barbed sting !
 For who can muse on former years,
 And not dissolve in instant tears ?

ITALY.

BY AN EXILE.

FIRST PERIOD. MIDDLE AGES.

§ III.—Sources and Elements of the Revival of Learning.

Decline of Roman literature—Influence of Italy over the Northern invaders—Theodoric—Charlemagne—Universities—Law-schools—Bologna—Medical school of Salerno—History—Modern languages—Italian language and dialects—Digression on the Arabians—Provençal poetry—Chivalrous romances—Earliest Italian poetry.

FEW eras in the history of human civilisation are calculated to inspire us with a deeper interest than the long period of ten centuries of darkness and barbarism, known under the name of the middle ages. That epoch was the infancy of a social existence, of which the present generation have reached perhaps the last stage of decrepitude. The whole of our political, moral, and religious systems remounts to that remote age for its primordial organisation. Against that fabric, it is true, are now aimed all the strokes of our most active innovators; still is the main pile standing unshaken. The civil institutions of our forefathers seem to partake of the solidity of their Gothic buildings, and to defy all the efforts of their restless posterity. In all their far-sighted conceptions they seemed incessantly occupied with the future; all their works seemed intended for endless duration. The duty of well studying the institutions, of well understanding the spirit of that age, is not less incumbent upon those who are most bent on levelling the last remnants of those edifices to the ground, than upon those who look upon them with wonder and reverence. Now the study of the history of the middle ages must necessarily have its beginning in Italy. The gifted climate of that country received the last faint glimmer of that lingering twilight, and was greeted by the first beams of sunrise. Like the Mount Ararat of the Scripture, it was the last overwhelmed by the flood, and the first cleared. The happy success of her long struggles for freedom had fitted her for her mission. The air of liberty fanned over the half-quenched embers of ancient lore, and raised them into a blaze that was to drive the phantoms of error from pole to pole. It will therefore be a subject of the highest importance to take a view of the state of literature in that age of transition; to inquire by what means Italy was enabled to take the lead in that work of regeneration; how far she contributed to the revival of the ancient classics; how much she was indebted to the living models of the Arabians and Provençals, and what rights Italian genius may claim to originality. We count the fading stars twinkling in the cloudy firmament of the middle ages, ere the glorious day dawn in which they will be dimmed and drowned in a torrent of light.

The writings of Greece and the writings of Rome form but one literature in two distinct languages. Literature in Rome, an idle

luxury imported from Greece among the thousand articles of Eastern corruption, with irreparable detriment of all that remained of national lore among the Etruscans and Osci, never aimed at original conceptions. The Roman patricians sought in Grecian philosophy a refuge against the self-upbraiding consciousness of their own degradation; they sought in Grecian eloquence the ornaments that might render their flattery more acceptable to the ears of their masters—a refined but aimless literature, such as could only become a tottering state and a society verging to its dissolution, never exercising any vital influence; never belonging to, never appealing to the feelings of, the people, it could only be expected to have a precarious and ephemeral duration. In fact, as soon as the gay and amiable parasites of the pampered Augustus were scared from court by the frowns of Tiberius, arts and letters were mute. A long and rapid decline ensued, only interrupted by the silver age of Trajan and his successors; but by degrees even the power of copying had failed, and the remaining crowd of grammarians and rhetoricians sank lower and lower, until they had lost all taste and feeling, as their predecessors had forfeited all genius. Whilst the literature of the Roman world was thus falling into ruin in consequence of its organic infirmity, the earliest fathers of the church hastened its downfall by their indiscriminate proscription of all Pagan authors, in whom they apprehended teachers of idolatry and immorality. Lifted to the most glowing inspirations by the visions of their ascetic life, drawing from the deep well of the Scriptures, strengthened and warmed by their endless controversies against the frequent attacks of heresy, those pious divines could have perhaps given rise to a new and more enthusiastic style of writing, if, instead of preserving the Latin language in its purity, they had not, by their rigid contempt of all literary ornaments, dried up the sources of life, and, by inflaming the blind zeal of bigoted monarchs, they had not declared an unrelenting war against the last remains of profane literature, with an ardour and diligence that left hardly anything to be demolished by the barbarians themselves.

The reputation of these barbarians, of whom the monks of the middle ages had left us so horrid a picture, has been of late partly redintegrated by the sympathy of some of our contemporaries, who, by more liberal views and more accurate researches, have thrown new light upon that arduous subject. The highest praises for moderation, for comparative refinement and culture, have been especially bestowed upon those among the northern invaders who first settled in Italy—the Ostrogoths of Theodoric. The native ferocity of that nation had been considerably subdued by the softening influence of Christianity previous to their invasion. They lived under the compact of wise and equitable laws, they indulged in no wanton destructiveness, they felt all the importance of science and letters, and held their cultivators in veneration and honour. Theodoric, their leader and hero, an illiterate barbarian, at the epoch of his arrival in Italy, called around his throne Cassiodorus, Boethius, and all such men as public report designed to him as the luminaries of the age. His cruel treatment of Boethius indeed—of that noble genius whom the ancients and moderns equally claim as their own—could induce us to believe that, even after his long

sojourn in Italy, the Northern monarch had not entirely laid down the last scales of his Gothic barbarism. Yet the gratitude of after generations points out to him as one of the most liberal benefactors of mankind, endowed with a mind by a great distance superior to his age. But it would be, perhaps, not very far from truth to state, that if the Goths ever displayed any taste for letters or arts, it was principally when they were brought into contact with the natives of Italy, and that even the style of architecture that bears their name, if it were indeed of Gothic origin—a point on which modern critics will not soon agree—never assumed its character of daring grandeur and majesty, until northern genius was roused to a noble emulation by the aspect of the lofty buildings of Rome.

The Lombards had the reputation of being by far a more barbarous race than their Gothic predecessors. Indeed the age of darkness has been dated in Italy from the epoch of the invasion of Alboin. Yet, as the host of that conqueror did not subdue the whole country, Italy was still the repository of the ancient treasures of learning, and classic manuscripts continued to be sheltered under the shade of her cloisters. In progress of time, Otaris having embraced the Christian religion and Luitprand tempered the Lombard statutes by the gradual adoption of the Roman laws; even the Lombards were allured by the charms of a long security to bestow their thoughts upon the cultivation of those arts of peace which they had spurned hitherto, and despised as a servile and unmanly occupation, to be abandoned to the degenerate Latins. Thus, at the epoch of the conquest of Charlemagne, the men that most virtually aided and directed the efforts of that monarch for the restoration of learning, such as Paul Warnefrid, Peter of Pisa, Theodulph, and others, were not only natives of Italy, but belonged to the race of the Lombard invaders.

In the case of Charlemagne we have another illustration of that ancient saying, "*Victa terra victores domuit.*" It was always Italy subduing her conquerors. Like Theodoric, Charlemagne was little better than a rude and crafty warrior, when the pope laid open before him the road of the Alps. But the sight of the many monuments, the intercourse with Alcuin, an Englishman by birth, but whom he first met in Italy, and with the other illustrious Lombards we have mentioned, and finally the very air of Italy, inspired him with a desire of leaving of himself a nobler record than any of his most signal victories could have sent to posterity. All seminaries of learning, which were in a state of utter annihilation before him, received new life from his powerful will. If the universities of Paris and Bologna, and the medical school of Salerno, are not indebted to his patronage for their origin or increment, as it had been generally supposed, there is no doubt at least that the first start towards the universal diffusion of knowledge through the institution of public schools is principally due to him. But the enterprise of rescuing Europe from barbarism was too far above the means of Charlemagne himself. All relapsed into utter confusion during the long wars of his successors, and ignorance laid its roots deeper and deeper down to the year 1000, which has been considered by many writers as the lowest extreme of degradation, the *Nadir* of the human intelligence.

The schools established by Charlemagne, and those that were opened and flourished in great number under some of the Carlovingian princes, did not for a long period—not even after the beginning of the eleventh century, not indeed until the brightest era of the Italian republics—operate much towards the accomplishment of the redeeming mission for which they were instituted. The brightest geniuses that were called to preside over them launched into a bewildering waste, led astray by unprofitable chimeras, and were soon lost in a maze of error more tenebrous by far and deplorable than the utter ignorance they laboured to dissipate. That mystic and polemic divinity which had driven all learning to a close at the epoch of the decline of ancient literature, after lurking faint and sickly among the cloisters, by the dim lamp of dreaming solitaries, had been recently revived in the schools, which had been especially opened for the benefit of the clergy; and, allied to the most abstruse methods of the scholastic philosophy of Aristotle, and of his Arabian commentators, gave rise to that confusion of wild theories and absurd hypotheses, of cavils and sophistry, of vicious interminable controversies, by which that giddy age so wonderfully succeeded in wrapping up and entangling and eclipsing all truth. Two orders of monks, drawn up in hostile array, headed by their *seraphic* and *angelical* doctors, cased in their panoply of "*ipse dixit*" authority, skilled in all the tricks and resources of dialectical subtlety, caused their Gothic halls and cathedrals to resound with the heavy thunders of their envenomed disputes. The gaping crowd stared and wondered, wrapt in stupendous amazement at the magic sound of the unknown language of the combatants, edified by the vehemence of their invectives and diatribes, and looking upon them with awe and perplexity, not unmixed with mistrust and contempt, until their passions catching fire by the heat of the fray, they would occasionally enter as mediators in the contest, and by their summary justice settle all differences, enforcing orthodoxy by the irresistible arguments of fagot and stake. For the charge of heresy was the last weapon resorted to, to bring down a strong-headed antagonist, and it never failed to awaken the sympathy of the blood-thirsty enthusiasm of the people.

The hideous demons of superstition and fanaticism could not, without a long struggle, be driven off the field, of which they had for so many years held an undisputed possession. Every branch of learning was, in that early revival, involved in a dark veil of mystery; all its speculations were blended with the secret power of magic,—acknowledged and obeyed the influence of supernatural agents. Astronomy strained every nerve to read the language of the stars, and boasted to unravel the arcana of the future before the terrified mortals;—chemistry dazzled the eyes of the multitude by the juggleries of its infant discoveries, and dived deeply into the dark magistry of alchemy, of whose tantalising hopes and golden visions the juggler himself was the first dupe;—medicine dealt in aphorisms and amulets, and endeavoured to strengthen the speciousness of Grecian theory by the practice of Arabian quackery.

At every step, wherever we turn, a sense of pity and sadness steals over us as we muse on the long wandering of the human mind in past

ages, and far from finding courage to laugh at the absurdities of those holy divines, of those famous empirics, or at the extravagances of the title-page of their huge folios—all we find leisure to read of their works—we bend our brows with despondency, and feel tempted to doubt whether indeed we are treading on a surer path, whether posterity will not equally laugh at our pursuits, and whether we are to be thankful to Heaven for the gift of this ever-straying reason of ours.

Italy was the first to recover from that universal aberration of the human mind, or rather never plunged into it so deeply as the Transalpine nations had done. Italian scholars were, indeed, called in all times to the direction of the theological schools of England and France, and few divines were ever raised into a greater renown than Lanfranc and Anselm, the founders of the school du Bec in Normandy, who were called by William the Conqueror and his successors to fill the seat of Canterbury, and played so conspicuous a part in the contests between the English monarchs and the pontiffs of Rome. The school of Normandy flourished under the auspices of those prelates long before the attention of all Europe was attracted by the superior genius, by the bold mind, and wild, disorderly career of Abelard, and Peter Lombard, his disciple, the two great luminaries of the University of Paris. But no school was opened in Italy for that polemic theology and scholastic philosophy in which that age so universally delighted, and those among the Italians who aspired to shine in that sphere were obliged to repair to France and England, the fields where those crude conflicts were fought.

Whether or not the university of Paris was first founded and chartered by Charlemagne, and that of Oxford can date its primordial institution from Alfred, we shall not venture to dispute; but it seems doubtless that some of the Italian schools, notwithstanding long and frequent interruptions, were never considered as definitively closed during all the stormy period of the middle ages; and some of them, Bologna and Salerno especially, can boast of the remotest antiquity. Nor—even if the Italian universities were to yield the vaunt of priority of time—would ever the topics treated of in the French and English seminaries have had any influence upon the progress of society, if the law schools of the Lombard and Tuscan republics had not turned men's minds on subjects of a more vital importance, and extended the influence of learning upon the body politic of the state.

Bologna, the noblest and oldest of those institutions, from immemorial time the mother of learning, had been improved and augmented by the co-operating munificence of all emperors and popes. That city had seen the day in which ten thousand, and even thirteen thousand, students crowded her halls—when the most profound scholars of Europe walked beneath her porticoes—when the degrees and insignia of doctors, of bachelors, and other academical titles and ceremonies, were first introduced, to be successively adopted by all the modern universities. It was there that Werner, or Irnerius, a native of that city, a man of wide-spread reputation and of the loftiest character, honoured and favoured by Henry V. of Germany, and by the high-spirited Countess Matilda, towards the beginning of the twelfth century opened the first law school, and began to read and expound the

Pandects of Justinian, which had fallen into disuse, or had been utterly lost, according to an ancient report, and were rescued from oblivion by the Pisans at the epoch of the taking of Amalfi. Law-schools were soon opened throughout all Lombardy and Tuscany.

The study of law, so consistent with the ardour of these new republicans, for the better understanding and defining of their civil and political rights and duties, soon absorbed all capacities. The Transalpine nations followed the example of Italy. There were soon law-schools throughout Europe, modelled after that of Bologna, and the study of the Lombard and Tuscan municipal constitutions gradually roused the European communities to break the bonds of feudalism. Meanwhile the diffusion of legal studies in Italy altered the whole face of society. All magistrates were, from that time, principally furnished by the universities, as they had been previously chosen from the army. Men of learning sat at the helm of public affairs at home, and were entrusted with the most difficult missions abroad. Venice, Pisa, and Genoa gave out their "*Consolato del Mare*," the first model of a maritime code, limiting the rights of nations at sea. From that time the Italians laid the first basis of European diplomacy. Thus, when the great national contest had been fought on the field of Legnano, and the cities of the Lombard league sent their legates to treat as equals with Frederic Barbarossa's for the peace of Constance, it was with a start of indefinable emotion that the world beheld a few dark-eyed, long-robed, Italian doctors, the disciples of Irnerius, advancing with a calm, secure countenance, among the iron-clad barons of the German court, as if announcing that the iron age was over, and arms were destined to give way before the gown.

Meanwhile, in the south, the medical school of Salerno, whose origin is lost among the remotest traditions of age, had been, towards the year 1060, reorganised by the arduous cares of Constantine Africanus, and raised to its highest splendour and dignity. This extraordinary man, a native of Carthage, a type of the most remarkable scholars of the middle ages, had travelled thirty-nine years to Egypt, to India, to Persia, to the remotest provinces of the known world, in pursuit of knowledge, and, according to the encyclopædical comprehensiveness of the studies of that epoch, had embraced, with one vast intelligence, all that could and could not be known; could read and write all dead and living languages; had conversed and discussed with the highest standing literary characters of the East and West, and beaten them at their own weapons in private and public debates; had searched, collected, and translated all the most precious treasures of Greek, Chaldean, and Arabic lore; and after having been tossed about from land to land, and persecuted and banished as heretic and sorcerer, he found a shelter from envy and ignorance at the court of the Normans of Apulia, under whose patronage he resided in Salerno; until deeming even that school an unsafe harbour against the tempests of life, he retired to the monastery of Monte-Cassino, where he never lost sight of his favourite pursuits to the very close of his days.

Such were the Italian universities of the middle ages, which arising, for the most part, from the elements of national liberty, were

destined to struggle against all the following vicissitudes of the country, and continued, long after the abolition of democracy, to present a strange anomaly of a republican institution flourishing under monarchical states. The final day has now come for them also. The Italian universities, venerable from their primogenial antiquity, relying on their indisputable claims to the gratitude of mankind, after having contrived to thrive under the suspicious jealousy of domestic despotism, after withstanding the wanton attacks of foreign oppressors, baffling and unveiling the wily arts of jesuitism, and breaking asunder the fetters of the inquisition, seemed to have been spared through so long a course of generations, only to be now involved in the great national contest, to which all that belongs to the past must fall a prey. The final day has come for the Italian universities; their august halls and vestibules, haunted by silence and loneliness, reared up in the most sequestered quarters of old, solemn, dilapidated towns, such as Pavia, Padua, and Pisa, could not escape the watchfulness of the Italian rulers in the merciless war that they have miserably waged against thought. Suspected as the nurseries of rebellion, impeached of materialism, of *Romanticism*, and, what is worse, of *Carbonarism*; divided and fettered, as those of Padua and Parma, or given up to the rage of the Jesuits, as those of Naples and Modena; or utterly suppressed, as those of Turin and Genoa; their professors, Libri, Melloni, Nobili, Orioli, and a hundred of the most eminent, sent into exile, to become the pride and ornament of foreign universities; those Italian seminaries lie at the mercy of enemies who seem to cherish in their heart the fond hope of driving back the spirit of the age, by hushing the tongue of the schoolmaster, or pulling down the walls of the school-house.

While the law-schools of the Lombard and Tuscan republics, by turning the lucubrations of the learned towards objects of public usefulness, kindled a new ardour for study, and placed it within reach of the multitude, whilst the commerce of the maritime cities with the Eastern empire and the Moors of Spain laid open before the enterprising curiosity of Italian scholars the sanctuaries of Greek and Arabic science; and men of profound erudition, especially from Lombardy, set out on long pilgrimages in quest of parchments and manuscripts; Venice and Genoa, as early as the beginning of the twelfth century, and subsequently every free community, began to entrust their most conspicuous citizens and magistrates with the compilation of national memorials; and history, thus taken from the silence and barrenness of the convents, emancipated from the superstitions and absurdities of monkish legends and chronicles, began to exercise its functions as treasurer of the past, and monitor of the future; and if we remember that those enlightened democracies made the first attempts towards establishing systems of general policy and diplomacy, and their hardy navigators brought home information from the remotest regions, we shall no longer be at a loss to understand why the annals preserved in the archives of the Italian cities have at all times been revered as universal records of undisputed authenticity.

All these noble efforts, however, would have failed to bring about any general result, without a great revolution, that had been matured

long before Europe had given any symptom of a revival of learning : we mean the extinction of the Latin, and the rise of the modern languages. The Latin of the schools, always coarse and uncouth as it was, on account of the utter disregard of the scholars of the middle ages for all ornaments of style, and of the prejudices still extant against the profane authors of classic Latinity, was no longer the language of the people, and could, therefore, no longer serve as a direct organ of communication between the learned and the active part of society—between the school and the state.

From the earliest contact of the northern nations with the natives of the Roman dominions, the Latin language, which had, perhaps, never been pure, even in Italy, especially in Cisalpine Gaul, underwent a rapid and progressive corruption. This popular dialect, which had for a long time insensibly diverged from the standard language of Rome, was finally recognised as a new dialect, and distinguished under the name of "Romance" language, which was equally spoken in all the formerly Roman provinces of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, and became the common source of the modern languages of the south of Europe. This Romance language arose simultaneously and from the same circumstances in all the above-mentioned provinces, and was for a long time spoken and understood as one and the same language ; but the local peculiarities which it derived from its primitive sources, in progress of time traced the limits of different and distinct dialects, and the new languages of Languedoc and Languedoil, or of Provence and Northern France, as well as those of Spain and Italy, arose.

The Italian language appears to have been formed, or rather, perhaps, to have been written, later than any of the southern tongues of Europe ; not, indeed, because the corruption of the Latin may have taken place any later, for the formation of the Romance language in northern Italy must have occurred during the long period of the Lombard dominion ; but because the Latin lingered with more fondness in the land where it had sprung, where it found a more lasting abode in the convents, in the schools, in the Liturgy of a church which had its chief seat in Italy. The Italian languished for a long period of ages a formless and lawless dialect, more and more spurned and neglected, as an impure bastard, by the scholars of the middle ages, in proportion as the revival of learning naturally led them back to the dead languages ; but when the want of a literature of life called the living tongues into action, when the first examples of Romance poetry were set by the Provençal Troubadours, the Italian was found to have been silently matured by the secret working of the people, and, hiding its infancy amid the darkness of ages, it seemed to arise full-grown and armed, like Minerva, from the head of its great father, Dante.

The late appearance of a standard language in Italy, and the long neglect in which the vernacular dialect was suffered to lie from its earliest origin, gave rise, perhaps, to that endless variety of vulgar idioms which strike the stranger at every step in his progress through the country. Those peculiarities proceeded from the original varieties of language of the many Teutonic tribes that settled in

the different districts, and were afterwards preserved and cherished with all the warmth of municipal jealousies, when, by the wars of the republics, all alliance and friendly intercourse between the hostile cities had come to an end. It cannot be doubted, at least, that, even in our days, the popular language exhibits more of the natural softness and melody of the mother tongue at Rome, at Venice, in the south of Tuscany, and wherever the native race escaped foreign mixture to any considerable degree; while the dialects of the Vale of the Po, in Lombardy, Piedmont, and Romagna, betray their barbaric descent by their harshness and rudeness, no less than by their strength and conciseness, by their sharp nasal Gallic accent, by their Gothic clash of diphthongs and consonants; and while the mixture of Greek and Saracen are still to be recognised in the lively and argute dialects of the Calabrias, and in the deep guttural accent of the islanders.

The abuse of the vulgar dialects has ever been, and will be for a long time in Italy, one of the most serious obstacles against the diffusion of national education. Not only are those *patois* absolutely unintelligible out of the narrow limits in which they are spoken, but even Italian itself is not generally understood among the uneducated people, so that the lowest classes in Italy have no common means of communication. The guilty negligence of the national language, in private and public schools, and the deplorable infatuation for preserving those provincial idioms, with all the narrow-mindedness of municipal prejudices, render it difficult even for the highest circles to converse fluently and correctly in that sweet language that forms the delight and admiration of foreigners; and it is not unfrequent to find men of the loftiest genius, who, by consigning the sublime inspirations of poetry to the medium of those vernacular tongues, unconsciously minister to the blind predilections of the people, which, if they understood the true interests of their country, they would join to exterminate.

The historians of the progress of the human mind in the middle ages are at variance to determine by what slow process the Roman dialects of southern Europe were, by the influence of a general refinement of manners, gradually dressed in all the charms of poetry, and the ever-varying idioms of the people were finally forced to recognise the sovereign sway of a standard literature.

Following especially the path traced by Ginguené and Sismondi, though we are aware that the great majority of English and German critics have altogether rejected their theories, we shall assign to Arabian influence the merit of having given the first start to modern literature in Spain, France, and Italy.

As soon as, led by the enthusiasm of the successors of the prophet, those wonderful rovers of the desert, "having"—to adopt their own glowing oriental style—"having taken the four opposite directions of the wind, spread over the earth with a valour of which the report alone secured success; having routed more enemies than they could count, and subdued more land than they could travel through," they turned their minds to the arts of peace, with that same restless alacrity which had guided them in their warlike exploits. Arrived

in contact with the Greeks in their conquest of Egypt, they wrenched from them the torch of learning which fluttered languidly in their hands, and under the mighty patronage of the great monarchs of the house of Abbas, especially Haroon al Rasheed and his august successor, they proceeded to the diffusion of literary institutions of all kinds, with an ardour and diligence which has never, before or after, been equalled. How far modern science is indebted to them for their discoveries in medicine, in astronomy, in all philosophical studies, for their improvements in the science of navigation, in all the useful arts of war and peace, we need not to enumerate. The light of science and letters which they had first kindled in the East, followed them to the whole of their vast conquests; and their schools and libraries were especially numerous and copious in Spain, where, under the immediate favour of the dynasty of the Ommyades, the Moslem races reached, perhaps, the highest point of moral and intellectual attainment.

But while the basis of their philosophical studies lay principally in the works of the Greeks, whose manuscripts they collected and translated with unwearied attention, their poetry possessed all the vivid colours of its oriental descent. From immemorial time these wandering tribes possessed a native poetry, shining with the brilliancy, fragrant with all the perfumes of the landscapes of Yemen. Poetry and religion had, among these people, been always closely connected, and the creations of their poets were hung around their temples, as if in consecration to the divinity from which they emanated. Eastern imagination looked with indifference to the pure and sober inspirations of the Greeks. They had no translations or imitations of any of the classic poets of the language of Homer. Hence their style was entirely their own. That delicacy of sentiment, that tendency to luxuriance and extravagance, that *mysticism* and *transcendentalism*, which characterises those writings in modern literature that are known under the name of romantic, and for which we find no models among the writings of Greece or Rome, seem certainly to proceed from the influence of Arabian and Persian poetry. The rhyme, and, to a great extent, the rhythm and measure of Provençal, French, and Italian verses, and the forms of sonnets, of songs, and other metrical compositions, have been by many writers, though not without strong opposition, considered as evident proofs of their Eastern derivation.

But our opinion would, perhaps, meet with more universal suffrages, if we should state that, if not the style and model, the spirit of poetry at least was communicated to the West of Europe by the Arabians. Towards the middle of the eleventh century, the Moorish dominion in Spain gave signs of imminent dissolution. The dissensions of the petty sovereigns who succeeded the wise dynasty of the Ommyades, and their persecutions against the few Christians who had hitherto continued unmolested among them, drove to the Christian courts of Catalonia and Aragon a number of illustrious exiles, who carried with them the sciences and arts, the tales and poems of the East. We have reason to believe that those Catalonian and Aragonese monarchies were, then amongst the most refined in Chris-

tendom. By the union of Catalonia and Provence, in the year 1092, the glory of a superior cultivation passed from Spain to the court of Provence. That court enjoyed, in that epoch, the blessings of a long peace, during which it became the mirror of the chivalry of Europe. All that France had most fair and gallant repaired to the tournaments and courts of love, with which the guests of those liberal princes were continually entertained. It was there that the poetry of the Troubadours arose. William Duke of Guienne, the first bard mentioned in the history of the gay science, flourished about the year 1096. But the golden age of Provençal poetry only arose towards the middle of the twelfth century, and lasted till about the close of the thirteenth.

More lately, the long wars of Castile against the Moors of Spain, the Crusades, the acquisition of a part of Languedoc by the English, and such other political commotions, tended to associate the knights of all Europe in common adventures. Thus the poetry of the Troubadours became a common inheritance of all Christendom, and the Provençal was soon the common language of chivalry, love, and gallantry. The differences of the romance dialects being not yet clearly defined, the earliest Spanish poetry may be considered to have been soon melted into the Provençal, and this to have spread throughout all the courts of Europe. The professors of the gay science were greeted and honoured wherever they passed, and the high credit in which they rose, induced knights and ladies of the highest standing to join their ranks. Some talent for poetry was considered as the most brilliant appendage of chivalrous valour. Frederic Barbarossa, and Richard of England, the lords of Poitou, of Orange, of Auvergne, and Montferrat—and in later times, Alphonso II. and Peter III. of Arragon,—aspired to the title of Troubadours in the halls of their castles, as they sighed after the glory of private knights in the field. The ladies entered the lists of the melodious *tensons* of their bards, and learned to answer in verses the metrical effusions which their charms had inspired.

Social and private life seemed animated with the air of song; romance of life closely followed the romance of poetry. A spirit of wanton gallantry had relaxed all bonds of morality. False ideas of honour, of loyalty, and devotion, seemed to sanction the most transcendent absurdities. A stripling of a page, a varlet, but ennobled by his proficiency in the gay science, dared to aspire, and not unsuccessfully, to the smiles of a princess, who sat successively on the thrones of England and France; another raved all his lifetime after dreams of grandeur and majesty, fancying himself at the eve of exchanging his poetical laurel for the prouder decoration of an imperial diadem. The extremes of tragic and comic, of sublime and ludicrous, never were brought into a closer contact. It was now a king, prisoner in a dark tower, and a faithful minstrel travelling in quest of him, across mountains and along rivers, and the sound of his harp reaching the ears of the monarch like a ray of hope beaming through the darkness of his lonely confinement. Now, a love-sick king's son drooping with a hopeless passion for an eastern princess, whose dark-blue eyes he had never beheld, starting at last for Palestine, pre-

ceded by a hundred sonnets, borne on the wings of the zephyrs, and arriving only to die at the feet of his mistress in a trance of joy at the sight of her charms. Now, a dying palmer, despatching his shield-bearer from Syria, charged with the awful mission of conveying his heart to the lady of his thoughts; and the faithful messenger roaming about the forbidden abode of the fair one, surprised and stabbed by the watchful jealousy of a villanous husband, and the precious relics of the crusader dressed in an awful mess, and eaten at supper by the unconscious lady.

Such were the ideal images of chivalrous poetry, such the real incidents of chivalrous life. But as in process of time the poetry of the troubadours passed from its original birthplace of Provence to the courts of the north and south, it began to appear dressed in all the different languages, and modified by the different taste of the various nations to whom it emigrated. There had been in the north, since the epoch of the earliest invasions, among the Gothic and Scandinavian tribes, a national poetry, the last traditions of which were not yet utterly forgotten. The efforts of the modern Germans to revive the ancient poetry of their forefathers have brought into public notice large fragments of poems, the origin of some of which, according to the statement of their most sanguine critics, remounts as far back as the days of Theodoric and Attila. But without taking upon ourselves to adopt or to reject the antiquity of the *Nibelungen Lied* and the *Helden-buch*, it would have been easy to conjecture that those warlike tribes could not have been led from one end to the other of the continent without the excitement of heart-cheering songs, and that poetry and romance there must certainly have been in the entrancing joy of triumph with which they hailed a new land as the appanage of their children; in those long rows of tents and chariots that carried their wives after them, to make their hearts beat with redoubled anxiety in the hour of danger. The sweet clime of the south, however, and the enjoyment of domestic habits, soon buried those songs in oblivion in France and Italy; and the warlike verses of the German tribes died away with the sound of their trumpets and the neighing of their steeds, when the conquest was secured, and the warrior reposed under the shade of his laurels.

But among the Scandinavian pirates, who under the names of Danes and Normans infested the coasts of England and France, and ended by possessing themselves of part of both countries, the traditions of their national poetry must have been preserved for a period of longer duration, and their poetical taste must have been communicated to the provinces of Northern France, with whose romance dialects the native tongue of the Norman conquerors was soon blended. The daring adventurers that followed William I. to the conquest of England had not at least lost sight of the minstrelsy of their ancestors, if we are to believe that their spirits were wound up to the highest combative mood by the harp of Taillefer, singing the deeds of the brave Roland on the eve of the grand strife that submitted this fair island to the valour of their lances.

Nevertheless, whatever might have been the poetry and the language of these Northmen, long after their first settlement in Nor-

mandy; whatever we may believe of the assertion that the Romance Walloon of Northern France was written in verse, and formed a distinct dialect, long before the first crusade; and that, for instance, the sweet strains by which the high-souled Héloïse was won, and her name rose to its romantic celebrity, were dictated in that language; it may perhaps be easily ascertained that the poetry of the Troubadours, and in consequence the Provençal language, were still cultivated in the North of France and in England in the days of Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur-de-Lion; so that those chivalrous romances, that are thought to have originated in Normandy or Brittany, and which are especially known under the name of Poetry of the Trouvères, must be considered to have arisen, or at least to have flourished, in an epoch posterior to the golden age of Provençal poetry, and to have therefore received from it that warmth and animation which they could not have derived from their German and Scandinavian origin. Those chivalrous tales, in fact, from the earliest specimens of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, down to the livelier Spanish conceptions of the Amadis, and the French legends of the Paladins of Charlemagne, seemed to gain new charm and interest in proportion as they basked in the rays of a southern sun; so that, in the same measure as they belong to a more modern epoch, they lose more and more of their affinity to the heroic poems of the Gothic and Scandinavian races, to whose remote derivation they are generally traced. The influence of Arabian taste had tinged them with more lively hues, and while the type, the frame of those romances, was essentially of northern cast, the spirit which animated them was evidently of Eastern emanation. Those ancient German epopées described other manners and other feelings. The German bards were impressed with the gloom of their sky, with the dreariness of their northern wastes; their fancies were saddened by the awful rites of their religion, by the truculent traditions of their mythology. The austerity of their morals excluded all effusions of love and gallantry: woman was revered with devotion and deference, but not with the ardent transport of chivalrous passion. Chivalry, by its origin a German institution, was not, however, perfected until the days of the Crusades, when northern valour was allied to the brilliant enthusiasm, to the splendour and courtesy, of Eastern refinement. The wars of Spain and Palestine extended the field of chivalrous adventures. The unexplored regions of the East lay open before the boldness of European enterprise, and the dreams of the poet peopled them with phantoms and monsters, which, however, fell short of human credulity. Christian princes were made to ride to India and China, and turbaned heroes to roam through the forests of England and Germany. Love, glowing with all the fire that consumes the Southern and Eastern bosoms, usurped the highest place in chivalrous life. Fays and enchantresses, no longer the weird mischievous hags of the North, but kind and benevolent beings, after the stamp of Eastern genii, inhabitants of golden palaces and enchanted gardens, gifted with immortal beauty and happiness, with no other spell than the charms of their loveliness, welcomed the weary knight, and nestled him in their bosoms, enraptured, bewildered by long draughts of blessed forgetfulness.

It would be hardly possible to doubt that such poetry must early have made its way into Italy. The long residence of the Saracens in Sicily, a large number of whom survived the Norman conquest, and were still flourishing in the days of Frederic II., the influence they exercised upon the school of Salerno, the commerce that the Italian republics entertained with the Moors, and with the christian monarchies of Spain, the share they had, in all times, in the warlike and maritime expeditions to Palestine, must have rendered the Arabian, French, and Provençal poetry familiar in Italy. If Lombardy and Tuscany had few or no courts or castles to which the strolling minstrel could repair for hospitality, his performances were not utterly lost for the people. The songs and ballads in the Provençal and French languages were not probably unintelligible to Italian ears, and it is most likely there must have been no lack of early attempts at a rude national minstrelsy in the popular dialects. Unfortunately, in Italy, from the earliest revival of literature, a wide barrier was raised between the learned classes and the people. The Italian scholars created themselves into a privileged order, and usurped the place of that aristocracy which the republican spirit of the times had demolished. Hence all that originated with the people was left to perish among the people; and while the Italian doctors and scholars, all buried in their classical studies, were scarcely aware that any other language could be spoken but the barbarous Latin of the schools, the earliest specimens of vulgar poetry must have been indiscriminately suffered to wallow disfigured and corrupted among the illiterate multitude, sung by ragged jongleurs and mountebanks, handed down from generation to generation, until they received new life in the archetypal creations of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Ariosto.

But when at length Italy was, by the sound of the harp of the Troubadours awakened from the deep studies in which she was engulfed; when she began to feel that Latin could no longer be the language of life, and that her rude new dialects could answer the noblest conceptions of the mind, as well as the softest emotions of the heart; when she first came to the bitter conclusion that she had taken the wrong way, and had suffered herself to be outrun by her neighbours, she threw aside for one moment her Justinian and Augustin, and grasping her lyre, that had hung mute by her neck for ten centuries, she rushed into the lists with anxious emulation, and soon assumed her wonted place as ruler and mistress; for the generous matron felt that she was destined to lead the way, and the idea of being left behind in the race of nations is one to which, even now, after such a long school of humiliation and vassalage, after the luminous evidences of French, English, and German superiority, she can hardly be reconciled.

The earliest specimens of Italian poetry now in existence belonged to the dispersed aristocracy; and the first attempts appear to have been made in the only court that was left still standing in that republican land; as such, they were only the echo of the melodies of chivalrous France. The first verses were even written in Provençal, and the name of the heroic Sordello of Mantua, with a few other bards from Venice and Genoa, rank among the highest in the list of Provençal troubadours. But the first example being finally set by

the court of Sicily, Italian poetry arose early in the thirteenth century. It is not our purpose to give any account of the Italian poets that preceded the age of Dante. Their verses, few and forgotten even in Italy, might attract the curiosity of the antiquary rather than the interest of the man of taste. Their biography would prove perhaps a more exciting subject; most of them were men of lofty character, and played a conspicuous part in the history of their age. They seem to rise before us in their old-fashioned costume of cassoc and steel, each one pompously holding forth the manuscripts of his *canzoniere*, on which lay his claims to the consideration of posterity; each one leading by the hand his peerless mistress, blushing at the sound of her praises; all stately forms, dark and solemn, assuming gigantic dimensions through the magnifying medium of the mist of time. The very first of the number, of whom indeed, as of Faliero in the hall of the Great Council at Venice, nothing can be discerned but a black veil and a name, is Ciullo d'Alcamo, and under his bust are sculptured a few rude stanzas of the first Italian songs we have left. Ciullo remains behind a noble group of Sicilian bards, of judges, knights, and notaries, constituting the court of the second Frederic, flourishing half a century after him. Frederic, a bard himself, and an Italian by birth and education, a knight, a scholar, a liberal patron of learning and genius, stands foremost with all the height of his commanding figure, stretching the ample folds of his imperial and royal purple, as if in the attitude of patronage, over his courtiers and minions; like the prince of darkness, hiding under the splendour of his crown the scars left on his forehead by the burnings of the thunders of the Vatican. By his right side are his two sons, like him, initiated in all the apprenticeships of knighthood and minstrelsy; and by his left the wretched victim of a moment of his inconsiderate wrath, the butt of courtly treason and calumny, his accomplished secretary, Pier delle Vigne, turning towards his lord the hollow sockets whence his eyes were wrenched, and tending to him the bowstring with which he strangled himself in his dungeon.

Opposite to the train of the Sicilian monarch, more bold, more distinct, more luminous, may be seen a crowd of republican poets from Lombardy and Tuscany: that one, in the martial accoutrement of a Ghibeline warrior, tall, erect, with a manly, disdainful bearing, is Guido Guinizelli, from Bologna; the next one, small, slender, and active, his spare limbs enveloped in a black rustling gown, his cunning brows shaded by the large brim of a schoolmaster's cap, his arms loaded with the huge folios of his "*Tesoro* and *Tesoretto*," which he holds clasped with more than paternal fondness, is Ser Brunetto Latini, a nobleman, a magistrate, an ambassador, who gave up all honours and dignities for a humble chair in a grammar-school, as if prophesying that on that school was his name to rely for immortality. Next to these two, but younger in years and greater in fame, walking with a slow and sickly step, bending to the ground his pale forehead and his hectic cheeks, his veins heated by the deadly fever he caught in his exile, follows Guido Cavalcanti, once a high-souled, warm-hearted, Ghibeline partisan, now a weak mind in a worn frame, wavering between religious bigotry and sceptic incredulity, riding to

a long pilgrimage to St. Jago of Galicia, whilst musing on the solution of the great problem with which his contemporaries accused him of being incessantly occupied, "whether it could be found out that God was not."

All these poets, and Fra Guitton d'Arezzo and Dante da Maiano, and his lovely Nina, the eldest Italian poetess, and a small number of others whose names could be added, gave us only languid imitations of the love-songs of the Provençals. We find among them no ballads, or lays, or *tensons*, or satires, none of the tales and legends of chivalry. But, we repeat, what has been preserved of that primeval Italian literature is no fair representative of what was most popular in that age. The language and versification of those poets could not have reached such a state of perfection, nor the style of the first novelists and historians of the same epoch display such a degree of high finish, if it had not gone through the progressive stages of improvement in some previous attempts which must have been lost for us. It seems even obvious that those Platonic effusions could not greatly be relished, if they could be understood at all, by the lower classes. The Italian poets had many of the faults of their Provençal models, but few of their characteristic beauties. They had indeed purified their love-songs from all the extravagance of troubadoric licentiousness, but they had also deprived them of their most vivid colours, of all warmth and vigour of sentiment. They rivalled and even surpassed them in refinement and straining of thought, and they could boast of a more pure and sober diction; but all these advantages were obtained at the expense of stiffness and barrenness, of dulness and monotony. The excellence of those productions seems to have been valued by their immediate posterity, only in regard to correctness of style and language; and this was too often the test to which the merit of Italian literature was universally referred.

Meanwhile, neither those cold and languid *Canzonieri*, in whose scattered relics it would be difficult to recognise the elements of the greatness of Petrarch, nor the few tales of the anonymous predecessors of Boccaccio, nor the more obscure specimens of Italian minstrelsy, which may be supposed to have been the forerunners of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, could any longer be the literature of Italy. A free nation, engaged in wide speculations of commerce and industry, in endless experiments of municipal democratic institutions, labouring under the feverish excitement of active life, and enlightened by the rapid diffusion of useful knowledge in her numerous schools, could only look upon the frivolous dreams of chivalrous poetry in the light of an idle pastime. A vague feeling must have gradually prevailed, that literature ought to have a nobler mission than to minister to the convivial festivity of a feudal tournament, or to promote the ebrious riots of a popular holiday. The court and castle had had their own literature; it was now time that there should be a literature for the people.

The severe pursuits of the Italian universities had already, as we have seen, been made subservient to the interests of the people. Only those schools, from the very nature of their primitive institutions, laboured under the dead weight of an illiberal erudition. They

clung to the past with a doting, retrospective veneration, unaware that their mission should have been to adapt the lessons of the past to the wants of the present. On the other side, a warm and wild effusion of life from the remotest regions of the East had spread over Europe, and started up a thousand rosy creations, dazzling the imagination with all the brightness of the clouds of a summer evening.

Italy had laid the foundation of an edifice which she might perhaps never be able to raise as long as she slumbered in the past; but France had raised an edifice which, not unlike one of her fairy castles, floated in the air without foundation. Italian learning might probably have withered like the last sear leaves of a lingering autumn; but French minstrelsy was to vanish like the first blossoms of a premature spring.

The Tartars and Turks in Asia and Africa, the Dominican inquisitors in Spain, put out the last sparks of that Arabian light which had shone in two-thirds of the old continent. The crusades against the Albigenses of Languedoc hushed the warbling of the Provençal night-ingales like the first roar of a hurricane. The long wars of England and France drowned the last lays of the northern minstrelsy in blood. Feudal discords, and disorderly elections, subverted feelings and manners in Germany, and the harp of the minne-singers, that had rung so nobly at the court of the Swabian emperors, fallen into the hands of vulgar meister-singers, gave only a few low, unheeded notes, that died off among the yawns of an idle populace. Hence the Provençal is now a dead, though a modern language; the literature of Spain and Germany was revived only several centuries later; and France never had, perhaps, any original literature at all. Why was Italian literature, for a considerable interval, destined to survive alone? Why was that faint spirit of poetry which it had derived from Spain, Provence, and France, to lead to a result which none of those countries had been able to secure for themselves? Italy, too, had wars and factions, and she never recovered from the evils of foreign inroads without plunging madly into her intestine feuds. But the air of liberty breathed over the land, and it is among the most usual wonders of liberty to turn all elements of individual power to the common end of social progress. The elements of literature were at war in Italy at the close of the middle ages. There was, on the one hand, the unwieldy mass of scholastic erudition, on the other the unsubstantial spirit of romantic poetry. The work of a genius was required to bring those elements together, to complete the work of creation—that genius was DANTE.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS ABBY.

- "WHAT dost thou ask, fair lady? the new year opes her gates,
The scroll of hidden destiny an anxious world awaits,
A record of forthcoming joy perchance before thee lies—
Oh! say, what glorious images would gladden most thy eyes."
- "I do not ask for joy—alas! its flowers long since have flown,
Leaving a wreck of withered leaves, and wounding thorns alone;
Pleasure awhile may shed around its gay deceitful ray,
But soon the heavy tempest follows darkly in its way.
The sword whose haft is glittering with jewels rare and bright,
May pierce the trusting bosom that exulted in its light:
Joy cannot fill a heart like mine; its fitful sway is brief,
And soon the sullen vacancy is occupied by grief."
- "Yet form a wish, fair lady; the night advances fast,
Soon shall the last few moments of the waning year be past;
Has life deceived thy youthful heart? it yet may kinder prove;
Another year may crown thy hopes with happiness and love."
- "Love long has ceased upon my path to cast its dazzling beam,
I view it as a phantom guest, a wild delusive dream;
In girlhood's thoughtless spring, its enchantments glad our eyes,
Like the brilliant purple tints that adorn the morning skies;
But the cloud that at the break of dawn so beautiful appears,
Dissolves itself at noontide into dreary mists and tears.
If I *must* perish, let my doom more high and noble be,
Than to die beneath the poison of the lowly myrtle-tree."
- "Nay, gentle lady, tell thy wish while yet 'tis in thy power;
One instant, and the hand of Time shall reach the midnight hour;
The merry bells prepare to sound a welcome sweet and clear,
And friends are gathered round the hearth to greet the opening year."
- "Speak not of friends—their treachery has mocked my fervent trust,
The fairy palace of my hopes is levelled with the dust;
The shafts that have assailed me from no jealous foemen came,
The wrongs that have destroyed my peace were done in friendship's
name;
True, I have known the tenderness of hearts sincere and kind,
But they sank into the yawning grave—I staid to weep behind;
Nor do I ask for future friends to smile around my hearth,
I want no new ensnaring ties to bind me to the earth."
- "O desolate and lost one, how I sorrow for thy doom,
Yet shadow not this joyous night with dark prophetic gloom;
Already on my listening ear the peal of welcome swells,
Now join thy wish, fair lady, to the music of these bells!"
- "Alas! of thee, thou coming year, no brilliant gifts I crave;
My wearied bosom only asks for patience and the grave;
First dry my sad and tearful eyes—then bid them softly close;
First heal my torn and wounded heart, then lull it to repose.
Grant me to free my wayward thoughts from passion's fevered spell,
To pity and forgive the world that once I loved too well,
And bear my chastened spirit to a holier, purer sphere,
Ere time shall bid these silvery bells proclaim another year!"

LITERARY NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

No. II.

SIMILE OF A SHIP—PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

IN a speech delivered a few years since by the late Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, there is a fine simile of a ship—an image or metaphor which has been almost as fertile a theme with the orators as with the poets. In illustrating his argument that human agency could not be separated from the success of the government, the noble lord exclaimed—

“Look at the gallant vessel which bears the thunder of Britain, wafted by winds and waves! We know that there is a Providence which watches over its course, but is human agency altogether excluded? Look at the magnificent tracery of her masts and equipage—the symmetry of her parts—the whole range of her wondrous machinery. Observe the hand that guides the helm and lifts the canvass to the swelling gale, then tell me that man has no part in the works of God, and that human agency is utterly useless and contemptible on that glorious element.”

Canning, in his memorable speech at Plymouth, in 1824, has also a noble simile of a ship, though under a different aspect.

“Our present repose is no more a proof of our inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such is one of those magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.”

Thomas Campbell, in his *Essay on English Poetry*, (prefixed to his specimens,) makes use of the same great national illustration.

“Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime in artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swang majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All

the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."

Beautiful all these passages are, and admirable both for truth of sentiment and felicity of expression. They are as irresistible upon paper as the Victory of Nelson, when, with favouring winds and a long, heavy swell, she bore down upon the French off Cadiz! Few such sentences as that of Lord Glenelg—cast in the old rhetorical mould—are now heard in parliament. The decline of parliamentary eloquence amongst us is too obvious not to have been generally remarked. It is perhaps chiefly owing to the increase of public business, and to the discussions which take place on the details, as well as on the principles, of every important measure. When some two or three hundred notices of motions are entered on the books of the House of Commons, and six or seven stand for almost every night, it is scarcely to be wondered that few speakers venture on oratorical display, or have time to appeal to the passions. We have no modern Demosthenes to swear by the manes of the heroes who fought on the plains of Marathon and Platea; or a Cicero to apostrophise the rocks and mountains, as moved with horror and indignation. And why? Because the well-ordered frame of society, of our laws and institutions, and especially the calm good sense and intelligence of the British community, would reject such appeals as forced and unnatural. Our speakers do not address an unlettered multitude, but men conversant with all the machinery and the movements of government. Still, we think, a burst of true eloquence now and then, penetrating through the crust and coldness of our artificial parliamentary forms, would ventilate and enlighten the atmosphere of parliament. The speeches of Burke and Chatham did not prevent the American war, and the eloquent objurgations of Fox, on the subject of hostility with France, did not induce peace, but neither did they fall useless to the ground. They sank into the public mind, silently influencing its operations and opinions, and we are now reaping the result. The restraints of form and etiquette are necessary to bind weak minds, apt to run into tediousness and disorder, but they can occasionally be thrown aside by great men as easily as Samson cast away the green withes of the Philistines. We should be happy, therefore, to see the few really eloquent men still remaining come forward more frequently with appeals which may be said to awaken the hearts of a whole people at once. However attentive they may be to the business engagements and responsibilities of parliament, the nation would welcome with cordiality such manifestations of intellect. Besides, the greatest richness of imagery does not necessarily exclude close or accurate reasoning, nor do wide and comprehensive expositions of the principles of government, and the bearings of laws and institutions, prevent that attention to the practical workings and separate parts of the whole, which is required to meet the passing events and exigencies of the moment. Brougham is now the only thunderer on the scene! Some of his *pet sentences* (a phrase of Cur-

ran's) and his perorations are grand and striking, though sometimes over-laboured and cumbrous in expression.

THE UNION OF EXTREMES.

Sir Isaac Newton, in the severe abstraction and abstruseness of his studies, seems to have had none of the "gentler elements" of poetry "mixed in him," yet what poet has said anything more beautiful than his remark about his own discoveries, as recorded by Spence? The saying, too, has a resemblance to a passage in Milton. "Sir Isaac Newton," says Spence, "a little before he died, said, 'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.'"

"Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, with a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

Par. Regained, Book IV.

Gibbon, in some degree, realised Milton's idea of a student. Before entering upon the perusal of a book, he wrote down or considered what he knew of the subject, and afterwards examined how much the author had added to his stock of knowledge. A severe test for some authors! From habits like these sprang the "Decline and Fall."

JOHN BUNYAN.

Another edition of Mr. Southey's *Life of John Bunyan*, prefixed to his fine pictorial edition of the *Pilgrim*. The volume is a beautiful one, and of a verity honest John is honoured in these our latter days. His picturesque and instructive allegory is a favourite with every description of readers—the high and the low—the learned and illiterate—the young and the old. Johnson classes it among the few books which we never tire of reading, and Mr. Campbell ranks Bunyan—the rough, strong-boned, non-conforming tinker, who "wore his hair upon his upper lip after the old British fashion,"—with the gentle and courtly Spenser, as a master of the art of allegory. Such universal and lasting popularity is a thing of rare occurrence, and betokens more plainly than monuments of brass or high panegyrics, that its possessor was a man of sterling talent and true knowledge. Independently of his original and powerful genius, Bunyan was happy in the choice of a subject, and took the right road to the temple of fame. He wrote from feelings and impulses common to all—the elementary passions of our nature; and few have been able to blend with their delineation so much tenderness and fancy, or to convey instruction through so alluring a medium. The charm of his

composition will always be felt—its moral will always apply. As long as the soul of man inhabits its tenement of clay, there will be *Christians*, with and without their burdens, *Great-hearts*, and *Weak-hearts*, *Forgetful-greens*, *By-path meadows*, and *Towns of Vanity*. Bunyan had himself experienced a variety of fortune, and drunk deep of the cup of adversity. According to his own history of his life, (which is a perfect romance of the heart, and bears a close affinity to the slight autobiography of Cowper,) he had his burden to bear, and his battles to fight. The storm of persecution had wreaked its fury on him for twelve long years, but it left him a wiser and better man. In early life he had been deeply immersed in the *Slough of Despond*, and like his hero had been made to tread with sorrow those steps which he might have trod with delight, had it not been for his sinful sleep. He was, in sooth, for many years a reckless sinner, and after his first spiritual impulses had been awakened, he continued “long hanging,” to use his own figurative language, “as in a pair of scales, sometimes up and sometimes down, now in peace, and now again in terror.” At length the spell was broken; *Giant Despair* was vanquished, and the weary storm-shattered Pilgrim caught a glimpse of the *Celestial City*, and stood upon the *Delectable Mountains* with their gardens, and orchards, and vineyards, and fountains of water, and shepherds feeding their flocks by the highway side.

Milton, in one of his political tracts, “*The Iconoclastes*,” has alluded somewhat sourly and puritanically—sinking the poet in the partisan—to the fact that Charles I. solaced his imprisonment in Carisbrook Castle by reading the plays of Shakspeare. We almost suspect that John Bunyan must have been guilty of the same enormity in Bedford gaol, though we are told his library consisted only of the Bible and the Book of Martyrs. There are some verses in *Pilgrim’s Progress*, which bear so strong a resemblance to a song sung in one of the rich forest scenes of *As You Like It*, that one can scarcely believe the similarity of thought and diction to have been accidental. Let us listen first to the Pilgrim—

“Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There’s no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow’d intent
To be a pilgrim.”

Now for the poet—

“Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.”

From his "Visions of Hell" it is evident that Bunyan must have read the noble epic of Milton, but this was, perhaps, owing more to the spiritual nature of the subject than to its perfection and beauty as a poem. The genius of Milton is hedged about with a divinity that does not always accompany the free spirit of the bard of Avon; and hence it is easier to account for Bunyan's acquaintance with the lofty declamations of Lucifer, than with the intellectual mirth and revelry of the forest of Arden.

If the Pilgrim, however, did drink at this immortal fountain of genius, he did not inhale much inspiration with the draught. It does not appear that John ever served an apprenticeship to the Muses. His verses are, in general, miserable doggrels, though he seems to have been fond of prefixing introductions to his works, and he wrote a long metrical commentary upon the "Four last things," (Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,) which is much after the fashion of Sternhold and Hopkins. In his prose works, the warmth of his imagination and his religious enthusiasm occasionally kindled up his language into something like poetry. For example, in one part he exclaims—"Glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and fifers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city!" This sounds to us like a fine burst of music. In his "Visions of Heaven" there is also a striking passage:—

"Virtue is amiable in an old person, though wrinkled and deformed, and vice is hateful in a young person, though beautiful. And you have seen on earth, my Epenetus, clearer eyes than those of flesh, a purer light than what is sensible, a diviner beauty than what is corporeal, and a nobler love than what is sensual, which made the royal prophet declare that all his delight was in the excellent. But even spiritual love has its alloys below. For there are relics of frailty in the best of men, and some blemishes that render them less amiable. But in heaven the image of God is complete by the union of all the glorious virtues requisite to its perfection, and every blessed soul agrees exactly with the first exemplar. A divine beauty shines in them, ever durable, a beauty that darts no contagious fires,* a beauty that is inviolable, and cannot suffer injury. The true worth of the saints below is very little visible, the least part of it being seen; the earth is fruitful in its plants and flowers, but its riches are in mines of precious metal, and veins of marble hidden in its bosom."

Numerous other passages, equally happy and striking, might be selected from his works; and, indeed, the fluency, correctness, and perspicuity of Bunyan's style is surprising, considering his imperfect education, and the difficulties under which he wrote. In some of his minor productions, it must be confessed, this remarkable man plays the tyrant with merciless zeal and rigour: he advocates and expounds the most ultra tenets of Calvinism, and "deals damnation round the land" with no sparing hand. His natural goodness of

* Here Bunyan unquestionably alludes to Milton's Eve, whose eye "darted contagious fires" towards Adam, after they had eaten the forbidden fruit.—See *Paradise Lost*, Book IX.

heart, and, abhorrence of arbitrary power, would perhaps have prevented him, even if he had lived a century earlier, from condemning Servetus to the flames, but he would certainly have set him in the pillory. In his "Visions of Hell," he does not scruple to introduce Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, as an interlocutor in the infernal regions, to which he had been condemned, in the judgment of Bunyan, for writing his *Leviathan*.

The religion of the Non-conformists, like that of their predecessors, the Puritans, was of too gloomy and ascetic a cast, and savoured too strongly of presumption, to permit them to be candid judges of others, even where their prejudices did not interfere. Bunyan had this excuse for his intolerant austerity; neither the world nor the world's law had been his friend: he was naturally of an ardent and sanguine temperament—he felt deeply and strongly, and from his previous habits was but little accustomed to be punctilious in his manner of addressing his contemporaries. His religious impressions had come to him, as it were, in storm and darkness; they were not associated with his recollections of peace and home, of kindred and parents. The times, too, were intolerant—the king and the people, the laws and the government. Toleration is a plant of slow growth, and it was long in taking root amongst us. During the papal hierarchy it was unknown; it prospered but feebly under our Protestant Elizabeth, who had enough to do to preserve the church against the combined attacks of Catholics and Puritans: and with the Stuarts it was alternately clouded by fanaticism, and buried under the shade of absolute prerogative. The piety of Charles I. was warm and sincere, but unenlightened by liberal sentiments. From a mistaken sense of duty he sought to establish a uniformity in religion, forgetting that it is impossible to assimilate men's minds and opinions, and that it is the worst of tyranny, and the most dangerous and futile policy, to oppress their consciences. Cromwell, with his usual boldness and intuitive wisdom, threw aside some of these badges of superstition, but his legitimate successor neglected to copy his example, and the bigotry of James II. lost him his throne. Public opinion had then armed itself with new strength and activity; the most momentous questions in legislation and the most awful mysteries of religion had been publicly exposed to "the sun and summer gale," and melted down in the crucible of men's minds, and a thousand tapers were lighted at the lamp of knowledge. The result was as glorious as it was irresistible. The revolution came without bloodshed, and our religious and civil liberties were placed on so broad and firm a basis, that they can only perish with our parliament, our literature, and laws.

The reign of Charles II. has been rightly designated (by Fox, if we recollect) the era of good laws and bad government. Both were bad enough for poor Bunyan. The good laws condemned him to prison for "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to church," and for being "a common upholder of conventicles;" and the bad government kept him there twelve years, notwithstanding the intercession of his wife and friends, and his own peaceable and exemplary deportment. It is not improbable that his having been in arms against the king in the former reign was remembered among

his transgressions, and aggravated the crime of dissent. The magistrates must have known that John had, like Hudibras, though in a much humbler capacity, been styled of war as well as peace, and had, before he turned Baptist preacher,

“ Built his faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun.”

It certainly is an interesting fact in literary history that the atmosphere of a prison has oftener been found to exalt than depress the efforts of genius—as the fury of the storm only fixes more firmly the roots of the mountain oak. The inimitable humour, quaint learning, and creative genius of Cervantes were ripened and matured in confinement. In one of the “donjon keeps” of the Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh (alas that such a bird should have been doomed to such a cage!) compiled his elaborate history of the world, and the gallant forsaken Lovelace poured forth his divine strains to Althea. Even Tasso, the victim of tyranny, of love, and madness—each too powerful to be altogether subdued by time or reflection—could “philosophise” (his own expression) and pour forth impassioned verse in his prison-room at Ferrara. Galileo, “grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition,” abated not his love of study. He was “found and visited” by our Milton, himself in after years to be secluded from intercourse with his fellow-men, but destined in this dark enforced solitude to breathe the loftiest strains of Paradise. It was during his long and unjust captivity in Windsor Castle that James I. of Scotland composed his “King’s Quair,” the story of his love, and the best memorial of his fame. De Foe amused himself in Newgate by writing the “Pleasures of the Pillory,” and Smollett drew his Timothy Crabshaw and Captain Crowe, the genuine heroes of Launcelot Greaves, within the rules of the King’s Bench. In Bedford gaol John Bunyan studied his Bible, preached, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to his fellow-prisoners, and laid the foundation of his fame, silently and unconsciously, by composing his “Pilgrim’s Progress.” Bunyan, however, had but little of that abstract intellectual faculty which can assimilate all times and places in its own imaginations. Like Wordsworth’s Peter Bell, he had been a “wild and woodland rover;” he had been imprisoned for conscience sake, and was treated with harshness and severity, and accordingly it is little to be wondered at that he looked back on his confinement with much the same feeling that Mungo Park remembered his captivity in Africa. In one of his works he mentions among the evils incident to humanity, that men are sometimes “immured between stone walls, and are, as it were, buried while they are alive, and are as men forgotten in the world.” Yet when he was a favoured and flourishing preacher, at liberty to roam where he chose, he must often have recurred to his studies in Bedford gaol, and we can suppose him in his confinement as he wrote the closing pages of his Pilgrim, apostrophise it with the same feeling that a kindred genius has ascribed to Tasso—

“ My pleasant task is done—
My long-sustaining friend of many years !
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.

But thou, my young creation ! my soul's child !
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself !"

SECOND THOUGHTS AND WORDS.

Commentators are fond of pointing out any variations that may occur in the different editions of their favourite authors. One of the most amusing and complete alterations of this kind, in few words, occurs in Hume the historian's character of his fellow-labourer Rapin. In his essay on the Protestant succession, Hume cites Rapin on a point relating to the House of Stuart, styling him, in one edition "*the most judicious of historians.*" In another edition, the words are changed to "*suitable to his usual malignity and partiality.*" A change indeed !

A BISHOP'S HUMILITY.

John Knox's "Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous regimen of Women," gave great offence to Queen Elizabeth, who could not brook to be bearded in her "pride of place ;" and Dr. Aylmer, having written a courtly answer to Knox's work, he was advanced to the see of London. In his work Aylmer had advised the prelates to be content with "*priest-like,*" and not to seek after "*prince-like*" fortunes ; but when made a bishop he forgot this doctrine, and being one day reminded of it, he replied in the words of St. Paul, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things !"

RESIGNATION.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

In hour of grief, when friends had flown,
My head a sleepless pillow prest ;
I turned me to my God alone,
And joy once more illumed my breast.

Methought a seraph accent said—
"Take comfort, child of many tears,
Renew thy prayer—he not afraid—
A God of tenderest mercy hears.

"Thy slumb'ring confidence awake,
Recal, recal thy erring heart ;
Thy charms of sin and misery break,
And bid all worldly cares depart.

"Thy pilgrimage is almost run,
Thy toilsome journey's near its end ;
And what a glorious prize thou'st won—
A God—a Saviour—and a Friend !"

A JOURNEY TO GAZA.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Olive Grove—Streets of Gaza—Reliques of antiquity—The khan—The Nazeer—Administration of justice—The castle hill—Wild scenery—The hakkim—The mokh'te'sib—Ancient Greek church—Moslem school—The scene of Samson's exploits—Majuma—Cemetery at Gaza—Female mourners—Scene at sunset—Armenians—Moslem delusions—Coffee-shop—Musicians—Caravans.

" Placed where Judea's utmost bounds extend,
Towards fair Pelusium, Gaza's towers ascend.
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air, the furious whirlwinds sweep,
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep,
That scarce the affrighted traveller, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of the unstable soil."

AT one o'clock P.M. we left the ruins of Ashkelon, and mounting our horses we rode across a small valley, forded a scanty rivulet, and ascended an eminence, on the summit of which were the ruins of an ancient temple. Several granite columns lay prostrate on the crest of the hill, intermixed with loose stones and masses of masonry. From this eminence a fine view is afforded of the position and site of ancient Ashkelon, and of the whole extent of the walls and fortifications which once surrounded the city.

We rode onward through a wild and uninhabited country; the surface of the ground was undulating, and the view restricted by low hills. The plains and eminences were sometimes covered with coarse grass, and sometimes bare sandy districts, destitute of vegetation, extended around us. We passed near some scattered huts, called El Nadeh, and through a small plain partially cultivated. In three hours after leaving Ashkelon we came to a great deal of sand, and traversed the base of a long sandy ridge, which extended for a great distance across the uncultivated country. After passing this, and turning round the corner of an eminence, we came suddenly upon a most unusual and delightful scene.

A vast wood of fine and venerable olive-trees extended in front; they were planted in long rows, and had quite a magnificent and park-like appearance, altogether different from anything we had hitherto met with. The scene presented a wonderful contrast to the naked treeless country we had so long traversed. The olives were planted wide apart, so that they had ample space to spread their branches; they were of large size, and the old gnarled and knotted trunks, with the greensward and moss extending in every direction between them, presented a scene of sylvan beauty altogether novel and peculiarly striking. The bright sun peeping through the foliage, the flickering lights and shadows, and some tall dromedaries with picturesque-looking Arabs on their backs, appearing and disappearing in the distant wooded glades, added vastly to the picturesque character of the landscape.

In a short time we observed some tall, slender minarets, and a swelling cupola, rising above the tops of the distant trees; they had a grand appearance, and our muleteer, pointing to them with exultation, shouted "*Gaza! Gaza!*" We were at this distance agreeably surprised with the appearance of the place. The tall towers, and the extent of the spreading foliage, seemed to promise a city of more than usual importance.

As we journeyed onwards through the olive-grove we observed a number of storks, some quietly seated in the middle of the path, and others wheeling about over our heads. These birds are held sacred by the Moslems; they hover around the dwellings, pick up the offal, and are always left unmolested. Enormous hedges of the Indian fig shortly surrounded us, and after crossing a sandy eminence, covered with ruined houses, we came in front of the gate of the town.

The imposing appearance which the place wore at a distance now entirely vanished; a mean wall and a few low, flat-roofed houses were alone seen, overtopped by some thinly-scattered palm-trees. The lintel of the gateway through which we passed was formed of two ancient columns; they were laid across from wall to wall, and supported a mass of masonry above them.

We rode through some narrow, dirty streets, bordered by roughly-built, gloomy-looking stone houses, generally without windows, and presenting only a dead wall to the street. Before the door of one of the houses were four capitals of columns of the Corinthian order of architecture, placed in a row, apparently ranged for seats, and in several places I remarked bits of cornices and sculptured architraves of white marble, built into the modern walls—melancholy memorials of the ancient magnificence of the place. Some long strings of tall, stalking dromedaries, with large packages on their backs, perambulated the streets, and we experienced no little difficulty in getting out of their way, as they occupied nearly the whole of the narrow thoroughfares.

After passing through mud and water, and among offal thrown from the doorways, we arrived at the khan, a large and spacious edifice built of stone. The court was filled with dromedaries and wild-looking people, men and women who had just traversed the desert from Suez. The dromedaries were grunting, the men shouting and screaming, and a strange scene of noise and confusion prevailed. A tall figure, in a green robe and white turban, with a long white stick in his hand, who appeared to be a person in authority, was giving his orders with great energy, and threatening to break the heads of all the Arabs beside him.

Around the upper story of the khan extended a long gallery, open to the courtyard below, the roof being supported on arches, through which the busy scenes attendant on the arrival and departure of caravans could be leisurely surveyed. On the floor of this gallery two or three groups of Turks and Arabs were kindling fires and cooking their dinners, and the smoke rolled along the vaulted roof in thin wreaths, and escaped through the open arches above.

Taking a guide, I immediately left the khan to pay a visit to his highness the *Nazeer*, or governor of the town and adjacent district.

After passing through some narrow streets, we came to a large open space, and approached a house, along the front of which extended a raised platform covered with matting. In the centre of it, seated on a carpet, with a cushion behind his back, reposed his highness, and on either side of him sat a row of well-dressed Moslems, all vigorously smoking their pipes.

There was a considerable number of people collected around the little platform, and the Nazeer seemed to be diligently occupied in the administration of justice.

Immediately in front of the crowd facing him stood three officers of police, with long white wands in their hands; and an Arab in a scarlet cloak and white turban, seated by his side, with a roll of paper in his lap, was actively questioning some of the bystanders.

After the customary polite salutations, and a courteously-expressed wish on his part that I might be "happy all the days of my life," I took a seat at the corner of the platform, and handed his highness a letter from the governor of Damascus, which was placed in the hands of his secretary, and read aloud, for the edification of himself and the bystanders. The seal and the signature were then scrutinised, as if to satisfy themselves that it was an authentic document, after which the Nazeer requested me to state in what way he could serve me.

I informed him of my intention of crossing the desert into Egypt, and he promised to procure me some of the fleet riding dromedaries here called *hajjins*, or "pilgrims," which perform the journey in a rapid space of time. He said that it would probably take two or three days to procure the number I required, as there were none in Gaza just then, and they would have to send a considerable distance into the neighbouring plains to procure them. A tall old man in a gray beard, who seemed to fill a confidential post about the person of the Nazeer, gave some directions upon the subject, and informed me that I should hear concerning them in the morning.

The Nazeer was a fine, robust, fat, young man; he was gaily attired in a striped silk sash, bright green *beneesh* or cloak, and a blue cloth vest richly embroidered. In his hands he held a long Egyptian pipe, covered with crimson silk and embroidered with gold.

After a short conversation I withdrew, as it was getting late; and, accompanied by my guide, I proceeded to the summit of an eminence in the midst of the town, on which stand the ruins of an old castle. From this height a strange and interesting prospect is presented to the eye. The scenery partakes more of that wild cast and savagely romantic character which I had expected to meet with in Arabia—a striking combination of dreary desert and riant vegetation—of desolate districts covered with the pale hue of barren sands, contrasted with others carpeted with green, and shaded by a luxuriant foliage.

About a quarter of a league distant, over the bare naked summits of some arid sand-hills, was seen the calm expanse of blue sea, blending with the sky. A naked sandy valley, destitute of vegetation, wound among the hills, and extended itself towards the sea-shore; while, in the opposite quarter, the vast olive-grove, stretching away for several miles, and spreading out a rich canopy of luxuriant foliage, presented a striking and most delicious contrast to the eye of the

beholder. Some tall palms threw themselves up wildly and picturesquely among the scattered houses, and around the lofty minarets; and the few gardens in the vicinity of the town presented a delightful aspect of refreshing green.

The ruins upon this eminence are evidently the remains of some very extensive ancient building. There are vast substructions of masonry, and huge arches buried under accumulations of stones and rubbish.

Having a letter in my pocket to a Frenchman, a *hakkim*, or doctor, in the service of Ibrahim Pasha, I proceeded with my Arab guide through some narrow dirty streets to pay him a visit.

We knocked at the door of a dark, rough stone building, which presented, towards the street, nothing but a blank wall with a window at one corner of it. The door was opened by an Arab boy, dressed in an unbleached cotton shirt, with a red cap on his head. We entered a narrow court, and by a sharp warning that was given to an Arab girl to run away and cover herself from the sight of the stranger, I plainly perceived that the doctor was indulging himself in the Eastern luxury of a harem.

There is a wonderful contrast between the gay, easy, and polite greeting of a Frenchman, as compared with your shy, matter-of-fact Englishman, whom you meet for the first time. The doctor was a fine-looking man, in the full Nizam uniform; he jumped up, took off his tarbouch,—told me how delighted he was to see me—where had I come from?—where was I going?—had I met any of Ibrahim Pasha's troops?—what news of the plague?—and a hundred other questions, in a breath; and, without waiting for an answer, he shouted for a pipe, then for coffee, and a plate of sweetmeats, and in an instant absolutely pushed me down headlong on a soft divan, and slapping his thigh with his hand, he asked me to take a bed in his house, apologized for his accommodations, but assured me he would leave nothing untried to make me comfortable.

I declined his kindly-proffered hospitality, as I had already taken up my quarters at the khan.

He then began to praise France, abuse the country he was living in, and to tell me his own history.

"I was, during the last war," said the doctor, "a surgeon in the French army; the regiment in which I served was disbanded; Mohammed Ali held out flattering prospects to French medical men willing to engage in his service, and I determined to try my fortune in Egypt; and here you see me, stationed in this miserable hole, having to attend to an hospital of sick soldiers, to doctor all the women and children in Gaza without pay, and to live in constant fear of the plague—Oh! *mon Dieu!*" exclaimed he, in conclusion, "*mais il faut vivre,*"—and he handed me a cup of coffee.

I now attempted to get some share of the conversation, and communicated to him my arrangements for getting into Egypt.

"You did wisely," said he, "in going first to the Nazeer, for the camel-drivers here are the greatest cheats and rogues imaginable. You will find it very difficult to procure hajjins, and if you take camels, you will be ten days at least in crossing the desert."

He told me he was well acquainted with his highness the Nazeer, and would accompany me again to him in the morning, and use every exertion to procure me the fleet-footed beasts.

The doctor then called his servant, and ordered supper, which was brought in on a round tray after the fashion of the country, and consisted of a pilaff, a boiled fowl, some stewed olives and pickles, &c. &c., to which we helped ourselves with our fingers.

On taking leave, the doctor's servant was ordered to accompany me in addition to my own guide, and they were both furnished with large paper lanterns, which were highly necessary to guide us through the dark streets. We found the gates of the khan barred and bolted; we, however, soon aroused the *bow' wab*, who ushered us up stairs into the gloomy corridor, where I found my servant busily engaged in stopping up the chinks and openings in the shutters of my room, for the purpose of excluding the cold air. There was not a single pane of glass, or one article of furniture, except my own travelling stock, and a solitary water pitcher, in the whole place.

Nov. 30th.—This morning at an early hour, whilst I was still in bed, the French doctor paid me a visit. He seated himself on one of my trunks, and continued to talk with the greatest volubility the whole time I was engaged in dressing. The apartment was so dark that we were obliged to have the shutters opened, and to bear patiently the chill morning wind, which whistled unmercifully through the room.

Immediately after breakfast we proceeded direct to the serai of the Nazeer, and found him seated in the same state as before. He was surrounded with several of his friends, and the principal people of the place, who were all seated cross-legged on carpets spread over the small earthen terrace or platform which extended in front of the house.

We were politely received and accommodated with a seat, and we listened to a complaint made by a camel-driver against an inhabitant of Gaza, who he alleged had stolen some barley of him. An individual with a gray beard, who I was informed was at the head of the khan, and had the general superintendence of, and surveillance over, the affairs of all strangers who arrived, busied himself to a great extent in examining the witnesses.

My French companion informed me that he was the uncle of the Nazeer, and had the general management of the affairs of government. He was at the head of the police, and filled the important post of *mokh'te'sib*, or chief superintendent of weights and measures, and also exercised the duty of regulating the price of provisions. He seemed a most energetic, active old man. He allowed nobody to talk but himself, and enunciated with great loudness, flourishing a long stick tipped with silver, as if to enforce his arguments. There seemed to be a great pressure of business, and a large group of people was collected around us.

There was an old man who shouted "O Nazeer—Justice! justice!" in a most pitiable tone: he was complaining of the seizure of a cow by the tax-gatherers, which was worth much more than the money for which he was in default, and he was earnestly claiming the restitution of the beast. There was another individual in a still more

miserable pickle, for he was in the hands of the officers of justice, under sentence of the bastinado, and was being led away to the market-place, there to undergo his punishment.

The Nazeer all the time sat perfectly quiet and composed, scarcely ever speaking a word, but listening attentively to what was going on, until a black slave made his appearance, when he arose, walked through a small door into the house behind, and motioned us to follow him. We entered a room floored with thick warm matting, and there found a round tray, garnished with various eatables, which the Nazeer, seating himself, and tucking a napkin under his chin, immediately attacked. We were all requested to follow his example; but as the invitation is mere matter of form, and there was not enough of food for a fifth part of the company present, we, of course, declined. After a conversation concerning the hajjins, and an assurance that every exertion would be made to procure them, we accompanied the Nazeer to his station on the platform, which he resumed immediately after the repast was finished, and, leaving him to the exercise of his judicial functions, we withdrew.

My French companion having kindly offered to be my cicerone, we proceeded to visit the few scattered remains of antiquity which are to be met with about the town of Gaza and the adjoining country.

We passed by the ruin on the hill which I had visited the previous evening. It is affirmed by relic hunters and pilgrim deluders to be the identical building pulled down by Samson on the heads of the Philistines! Several marble columns have been transported from this ruin by the governors, and some of them, sawn in two, have been used in the construction of a small mosque on the outskirts of the town, now in ruins.

We visited the ancient Greek church, now the principal mosque of Gaza. It is surrounded by various irregular modern Saracenic structures, and is in itself an edifice of no great beauty. It is plain and unadorned, and the walls in the interior are white-washed. To this mosque is attached a great Moslem school, and as we approached the building, the voices of the boys, all reciting their lessons aloud, produced a most extraordinary clamour.

We visited the school-room, and found a large number of children, all seated on the ground, holding white tablets in their hands, on which the lessons they were to learn had been written by the *fic'hee*, or master. All the boys who were learning to read recited their lessons aloud, rocking their heads and bodies backwards and forwards, in order to assist their memories, and the noise they made was quite deafening. The Koran seemed to be the only book used in the establishment. Some were learning to write, by copying passages from the sacred volume, upon the little white tablets, which they used as slates; but the greater part seemed to be getting their lessons by heart. The boys here are taught the principles of the Moslem faith, the mode in which prayers are said, the religious purifications, and how to pronounce the ninety-nine epithets or attributes of God!

There are in the midst of Gaza large vacant spaces of ground, encumbered with mounds and rubbish, which were once covered with

streets and buildings. The town, like all other places in this part of the world, has sadly and wonderfully declined from its once populous and flourishing condition, when "the king" ruled at Gaza, and the lords of the Philistines presided over their five satrapies.

The buildings of the present town have a mean and miserable appearance; the best of them are of a dark rough stone, arched within. The walls generally enclose a quadrangle, around which are the dwellings of the inmates. In many of these I observed fragments of sculptured marble, and the roofs of some were supported by antique marble columns. The poorer houses are built of mud or sunburnt bricks formed of clay and chopped straw; they have all flat terraces, formed of mud, dry grass, and bushes, in lieu of a roof, and some of the worst are composed merely of mats and hurdles. Even in these the fragment of a marble column, forming the threshold of the door, or the sill of a window, may be seen, and frequently a well-sculptured capital built into the mud-wall of the dwelling—melancholy memorials of better days.

We rode out of the town to the hill believed by all faithful and devout pilgrims to be the one to which Samson carried the gates of the ancient city of Gaza, when he "arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron." It is the highest eminence in the neighbourhood of the place, and has therefore been pitched upon, both by Moslems and Christians, as the scene of that wonderful exploit. The summit of the eminence is crowned by a mosque, and around the mosque are clustered the graves and cemeteries of the Mahometans, for the place is considered very holy, and therefore they bury their dead on that spot.

As we passed through the valley to the east of the city, we observed two ancient marble columns, and all around the neighbourhood of the place frequent remnants of ancient buildings are to be met with.

We rode down to Ma'juma, the seaport of Gaza, about two miles distant from the town. There is here a small port for d'jermes and coasting vessels, and some little commerce is carried on with Egypt and the neighbouring seaports. There are a few huts near the shore belonging to fishermen and muleteers, and a few dromedaries and mules still find constant employment in transporting goods and passengers from the town to the port.

This forlorn spot, in common with Gaza itself, is now a mere skeleton—a miserable shadow of what it was. The small port in times past was crowded with vessels from the distant shores of Africa and Europe.

In the reign of Constantine the Great it was called Constantia, after Constantius his son, and was endowed with many privileges, of which it was deprived by Julian. The port is close to the mouth of the small river anciently called Bezor, and it was, together with Ashkelon, the most commercial of the seaports of the Philistines. The mule track from Gaza to this place winds through a naked sandy valley, where scarcely a blade of vegetation is now to be distinguished.

On returning to Gaza, I wandered through the large cemetery which extends among the gardens and cactus hedges to the south-west of the town. It was a lovely evening, and the view from the silent spot was of a wild and romantic character.

I stood among a cluster of tombs on a slight rising ground overshadowed by a picturesque tree. The tall minarets, backed by the foliage of the gardens and the olive grove, were on one side of me, and on the other the winding sandy valley leading to the port of Ma'juma. The broad rounded disc of the moon, of a dull copper-colour, was seen rising through the tall trunks of the lofty palm-trees in the east, while all along the undulating sand-hills, and over the bare surface of the distant desert, extended the bright saffron flush of light, and the purple hues diffused by the setting sun. Towards the sea-coast a slight eminence covered with trees broke the monotony of the solitary plain, and along the winding mule track a few dromedaries, with tinkling bells, were slowly marching with their last load of merchandise from the neighbouring port.

After casting a glance at the extended landscape around me, I wandered on among the tombs of the dead, which strewed the ground at every footstep. By the side of an erect column, a solitary memorial of ancient Gaza, sat a female, holding in her hand an earthen water pitcher, with which she had been watering a few blossoming plants that were carefully nurtured over a new-made grave.

The attentions universally paid by the eastern women to the memory of the dead are extremely touching. There is scarce a cemetery of any extent to which the stranger can direct his footsteps where he will not find at some period of the day female mourners hanging over the tombs, some bringing with them fresh flowers to scatter on the green turf, and some with water-pots, anxiously nurturing a few plants upon the thirsty soil which covers the remains of those whom they once loved and cherished in this life.

It may be thought at first sight strange, when we reflect on the nature of the Moslem creed, which makes no account of the women of this world, and furnishes the men with another sort of female companions in the next, that they should thus cherish the memory of those who they are led to believe are enjoying themselves in the arms of the *houris* of paradise. It has repeatedly struck me as remarkable, and on having mentioned it to some of my Moslem friends, the following explanation was given me upon the subject.

"Although," they remarked, "the humblest of the true believers is to be furnished with seventy-two of the black-eyed girls of paradise, who are to minister unto him as faithful and obedient wives; yet, if he desire in addition to enjoy the society of the wives and concubines which he possessed in this world, the Alcoran permits him that happiness, and therefore it is," said they, "that you so often see our women among the cypress trees, hanging over the tombs of their dead husbands and masters, imploring with tears and prayers to be admitted to their society in the other world, and to enjoy with them the delights and pleasures of the *D'jannat Ferdaws*!"

I accompanied the *hakkim* on a visit to some Armenians at Gaza.

We proceeded, with servants and lanterns, through the narrow streets to a dwelling on the outskirts of the town, surrounded by a low mud wall, and after having been scrutinized and interrogated by the *bow'wab*, or doorkeeper, through a little peep-hole in the door, guarded by iron bars, we were admitted withinside a large court, in the centre of which stood an orange tree.

After some little delay, I had the pleasure of being introduced to two extremely pretty Armenian girls, clothed in the most graceful costume I had seen since leaving Damascus. They wore small, elegant, embroidered *an'ter'ee'yeh*, or cloth vests, fastened between the breast and the girdle with small gilt buttons, and cut open in front, so as to make a lavish display of the bosom. Their bare ankles, delicately white, were clasped around with polished steel rings, and as they languishingly reclined upon the soft cushions of the divan, their long hair, interwoven with beads and silk ribbons, streamed in twisted folds around them in a wild and most fascinating state of confusion.

We were treated with great hospitality, and were regaled with sweet preserves, which were handed round on small trays, followed by goblets of cold water. The ladies, as is always the case in the East, did the honours, and handed the sweetmeats with unaffected grace and courtesy.

The Armenians, who are scattered throughout the East, and are generally the most industrious and wealthy of the population, allow their women a much greater degree of liberty than the Moslems. European strangers and visitors are frequently invited to their weddings and festive parties, which are sufficiently curious and interesting; and on these occasions the women and the men associate together—a thing never known among the Moslems.

The gloomy and unsocial code of manners prevalent among the Moslems produces a complete separation among the two sexes in all the common intercourse of life, and the hopeless state of ignorance in which their women are universally kept, quite unfits them for rational companionship.

Amongst the Moslems, the fair sex is universally degraded to a rank inferior to that of the male. Whilst the male children are sent to school, and taught to read and to write, and often exercised in various branches of useful information, the females are entirely neglected, and their minds left barren and uncultivated. They are, perhaps, taught a little embroidery and some domestic arts, but the blessings of an ordinary education are universally denied them.

Women seem to be generally regarded by Mussulmen as the mere instruments of sensual pleasure, and the sexes, in their constrained intercourse with each other, are consequently entire strangers to the refined pleasures which prevail in European societies, and to all the delicate and exalted sentiments of polished life.

In so little estimation, indeed, are women held as *companions* for the men, that no place is reserved for them in Mahomet's paradise. They are not, it is true, expressly excluded; but as all the true believers in the *d'jannat Aden*, or "Garden of Eden," are to be "by *houris* loved immortally," and to be for ever caressed by those "dark-

eyed amorous virgins," the *Hâr al oyûn*, "beautiful as the hyacinth!" It may well be considered that the presence of the fair daughters of this world would be embarrassing and extremely inconvenient in such celestial company. Mahomet felt this, and thus it is that

"Heaven's dread messenger, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sacred man,
Surveys their sex with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded."—IRENE.

Among all the varied and ravishing delights shadowed forth in Mahomet's paradise, the joys of love are placed the foremost, and many a deluded Moslem in times past has rushed into the thickest of the fight,* seeking "death as a bride," in the fond hope of awakening in one of Mahomet's "pavilions of hollow pearls," entwined in the arms of the "tender, amorous virgins," the "black-eyed daughters of Paradise!"

On returning to the khan, I received information that the emissaries, who had been despatched in different directions, had brought back with them two camel drivers, who had undertaken to furnish the required number of hajjins for crossing the desert.

When the bargain was struck, we desired that the animals might be brought into the court-yard of the khan, and remain there for the night. This was objected to, and we then found that the camel drivers had obtained only two hajjins, and were trying to cheat me by the substitution of a camel, which they swore positively was a hajjin, in lieu of the third. This manœuvre put the hakkim into a great rage, he seized a *kourbash*, a whip made of buffalo hide, and attacked the camel drivers. We had a regular fight, which ended in the utter rout and discomfiture of the cunning knaves and their whole party.

After this exploit, we went to a *chah'weh*, or coffee-shop, where we found a large party of Arabs and some of Ibrahim Pasha's officers, listening with delight to two musicians, one of whom was playing on a species of guitar, sounded with a quill, the common musical instrument of the East, while the other was blowing a flute. The airs were plaintive and monotonous, and not unpleasing. The Arabs are generally very fond of music and singing.

We seated ourselves among a delighted group of listeners, who frequently applauded one or other of the musicians with enthusiastic ejaculations of "God approve thee, my dearest!" "God preserve thee!" And we were quickly accommodated with pipes and coffee.

The Arabs, when congregated together in the *chah'weh*, frequently amuse themselves with games of chess, draughts, or backgammon. The chess-men are very simple and of rude form, as the Moslems are forbidden by their religion to make graven images of anything that has

* "Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me; one of whom, should she appear in this world, all mankind would die for love of her. And in the hand of one of them I see a handkerchief of green silk, and a cap of precious stones, and she beckons me, and calls out, 'Come hither quickly, for I love thee.' With these words, charging the Christians, he made havoc wherever he went."—*Caled's Cousin, Alwakidi Arab Hist.*

life. At these games they play for a pipe or a cup of coffee, and sometimes for small stakes of money.

We found at this *chah'weh* some of the *hakkim's* friends, with whom we had a long conversation. Everybody appears to be very anxious for news from the northward. I have frequent inquiries as to the state of feeling among the Druses of Mount Lebanon, who have all lately been disarmed by Ibrahim Pasha, and there seems to be a general expectation of some military movements along Mount Taurus and the Turkish frontier.

The people are everywhere discontented. The military conscriptions have spread terror and dismay throughout all classes of the population. The money grievances and exactions seem to be quite merged in this greater and more dreaded evil. All appear to regret the past, detest the present, and look forward to the future.

In the time of the Mamlooks, a captain, with a band of spahis under his command, would often arrive at Gaza and demand a contribution of so many thousand piastres from the place, and all those of the inhabitants who displayed any superior marks of wealth were seized and bastinadoed until they produced as much money as it was thought they ought to contribute. Money and valuables were then generally buried by their possessors; and the Jews and the Greek Christians, upon whom these exactions always fell with the greatest severity, were frequently driven to bury under ground, in their houses, their winter's stock of corn. The corn was often eaten by the worms; but to prevent this they manufactured large long tubes, or vessels of clay, dried in the sun, into which the corn was placed; and this practice is still continued, as the insecurity of property is as great as ever.

A great deal of cotton was formerly manufactured at Gaza, but this branch of industry has of late years much declined. Vast quantities of soap were also made and exported to distant parts; but, in consequence of the ruinous system acted upon by the governors, of monopolizing every branch of gainful commerce, this traffic has greatly decreased. The plants which grow in the surrounding desert, when burnt, produce an ash which makes excellent soap; but few of these plants, comparatively speaking, are now brought into the market by the Bedouins.

The town now mainly depends upon the commerce attendant upon the caravans which pass and repass the desert, and which are obliged to assemble here to lay in their store of provisions. A small and scanty caravan still sets out annually from Gaza to join the great caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, coming from Damascus, which generally receives supplies of flour, oil, dates, and other necessaries from Gaza. The communication is made at Mâân, a halting place where water is to be found, four days' journey to the south-east of Gaza, and one day's journey to the north of Aquabé on the road to Damascus.

The Bedouins, too, have hitherto been in the habit of resorting to Gaza for the purpose of disposing of the plunder which they have taken from caravans, and from travellers who have fallen into their hands and been despoiled of their goods. The booty from the pillage of the great caravan of pilgrims to Mecca has frequently been sold at

Gaza ; and the Bedouins, ignorant of the value of the silks, shawls, coffee, gums, and spices, taken from those who accompanied the caravan for the purposes of commerce, have frequently sold the most costly articles to Jews and brokers for a mere song.

In 1784, a Barbary caravan was intercepted and pillaged by the Bedouins, and the quantity of coffee that fell into their hands, and was disposed of by them to the merchants of Gaza, was so great, that the price of the article in the space of a few weeks fell to one half of its previous average value in the markets of Palestine and Syria.

Gaza was anciently the chief of the five cities belonging to the Philistines, and the word signified in their language *the strong*. According to others, its name is derived from the Persian word *ga-zah*, signifying a treasury, which name was given to it, say they, by Cambyses, on his invasion of Egypt, as being his stronghold, and the place to which he transported the treasure acquired in his war. It is famous in the Old Testament for the exploits of Samson, and afterwards in history for its siege by Alexander the Great. It often changed masters, passing from the Philistines to the Jews, from them to the Chaldeans, who conquered Syria and Persia, and afterwards to the Persians, from whom Alexander took it, after a gallant and prolonged defence by its governor Betis, whom he shamefully and ungenerously treated. With a barbarous parade of imitating Achilles, he ordered holes to be bored in the ankles of Betis, while he was yet alive, and causing a rope to be passed through them, he dragged the body round the walls of Gaza, tied to the axle-tree of his war-chariot.

Gaza has been frequently sacked and destroyed. Between the seventh and eighth crusades, A. D. 1242, the whole country was fearfully ravaged by the savage hordes of the Carizmians, one of those fierce pastoral tribes of Tartars, who for several centuries desolated the East, rolling continually one upon another like the vast waves of a troubled ocean. The Carizmians killed all the men they met with, and made slaves and concubines of all the women. They massacred every soul they found in the seaport towns of Palestine. Gaza and Jaffa were both taken by assault, and the garrison and all the inhabitants at each place fell by the edge of the sword!*

* De Guignes Hist. des Huns.

LINES

ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

BY MRS. HOWARD.

PAINTER, not wholly vain hath been thy skill
That, from the mem'ry, ne'er may be effaced
That young and graceful form, which ever will
In my heart's core indelibly be traced.

For thou hast pencill'd with no common art—
And all art's varied powers must be combin'd
Even a faint resemblance to impart—
To paint her features, is to paint a mind.

Yes, sweetest friend, fond love may drink his fill
Of richest beauty at thy beaming eye,
And there once homed may nestle and be still,
Or, pillowed on thy breast, in transport lie.

Tho' now I see thee bright in silken sheen,
With the rare jewel on thy virgin breast,
Not lovelier art thou to these eyes, I ween,
Than when in cottage garb thy charms were drest.

Oft have I seen thee on a sultry day
Throw back thy tresses from thy heated brow,
Thus bright and free in nature's mild array,
Thou seem'dst as beautiful and fair as now.

And I have seen thee on thy couch, at rest,
And watched thy loveliness as thou hast slept,
Kissed the pure whiteness of thy virgin breast,
Where lilies might have hung their heads and wept.

I've seen thee with undecked, unbraided hair,
Each flower away, and absent every gem;
And without these thou wert supremely fair—
'Tis thou who lendeth lustre unto them.

For what bright gem can lustre on thee throw?
What rose can touch with lovelier bloom thy face?
No charm can art on thee, sweet girl, bestow,
For in thyself alone exists the grace.

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER X.

LORD Killikelly had not picked many steps of his way through the dirty court which formed the only avenue to the mansion of the Phillicodys, when he felt himself slapped rather smartly on the shoulder, and not at the moment being in the most amiable of tempers, he thought himself very much hurt, and very much injured, and turned round with no very pleasant expression of countenance.

"Why, you look," said Mark Phillicody, for Mark it was,— "you look as if you could eat me without a grain of salt."

Lord Killikelly tried to call up a smile, and look as if he were glad to see him.

"Ah, that won't do," said Mark. "I see that I'm about as welcome as snow in harvest; or you take me for a glass of sour hock, and make a face and don't like me. I know you don't relish me; but I'm like olives—it's an acquired taste, but you'll like me better by-and-by."

Lord Killikelly looked as amiable as possible.

"Yes, now you look like gilt gingerbread. Well, and so you have been honeying and sugaring that very respectable lady and gentleman, my worthy and patient father, and my no less worthy and humble-minded mother, and my very meek sister, and pray what was it all for? Why did you take the trouble? for, doubtless, you had an object in view. Speak out like a man, and tell me."

The most subtle of diplomatists sometimes find a flash of unexpected candour to be the finest stroke of policy. Lord Killikelly seized on the opportunity, and replied, "I want to find out the address of those young girls, of whom you were telling me last night."

Mark put his hands in his pockets, and eyed him from head to foot.

"You do, do you?"

"I do," said Lord Killikelly.

"The children of that old man who died in the workhouse!" said Mark, with something of the malignant pleasure of a cat watching a mouse, that cannot get away from him, dancing in his eyes, or of a Shylock whetting his knife.

"The children of that old man who died in the workhouse," repeated Lord Killikelly firmly.

"Whom *that* Lord Killikelly would not help."

"Whom Lord Killikelly did not help."

"But left to die," said Mark.

"But left to die," said Lord Killikelly.

Mark looked at him for another moment or two in silence, and then said abruptly, "You shall have it."

"I thank you," said the peer.

¹ Continued from vol. xxvi. p. 387.

"But on conditions," said Mark.

"Name them," said my lord.

"That you give yourself up to me for six good, full, true hours."

Lord Killikelly paused, and tried to shuffle,—*"I should have been most happy, but I have so many engagements."*

"And yet waste your time in Bermondsey at a soap-boiler's!"

"Why do you favour me with such an invitation?"

"I wish to know you better—to see your materials, what you are made of."

"You do me too much honour."

"Well, then, *ay* or *nay*?"

"Aye, since you will have it so."

"Three hours to-night, and three in the morning."

"So be it, then, and now for your part of the bargain."

"I know no more about it than Phœbe's Poll parrot. I must first get it out of my mother; for if I ever knew it, I have forgotten it. Meet me, however, to night at eight, and I will have it for you."

Lord Killikelly named a coffee-house, and they separated, Mark perfectly satisfied with his share of the bargain, Lord Killikelly only half satisfied with his.

Lord Killikelly was punctual to his appointment, but Mark was before him. Mark's little gray eyes danced with pleasure, which evidenced itself in a sort of impertinent, reckless familiarity, whilst Lord Killikelly's dissatisfaction took the shape of a formal but increasing politeness.

"Well, old boy," said Mark, "you are to the minute. I began to be afraid that you meant to *hum* me."

"I am generally punctual," replied Lord Killikelly, "and if I understand your rather peculiar phraseology, I beg to say that I always consider myself bound by my own word."

"Not guilty, upon my honour," said Mark with a slight grimace, made up of a half shrug of the shoulders, and a sort of rapidly-passed-over imitation of Lord Killikelly's air of dignity. "Not guilty, upon my honour, as we say in the peers."

Lord Killikelly felt that a little suspicion and a little confusion had brought a flush over his face. He went on, however, sheltering himself under his increasing dignity. "You are pleased to be facetious, sir."

"And you are pleased to be as dignified as a lord."

Lord Killikelly bowed.

"You put me in mind," said Mark, "of those old-fashioned, Manfred-like, Faust-like sort of people who have gone into the service and taken the wages of that unmentionable gentleman whose name is never uttered to ears polite."

"You compliment yourself," said Lord Killikelly.

"On being the master of a slave," said Mark.

Lord Killikelly winced. "Is that the tenure for my bondage?"

"Yes," said Mark, "a slave, bound, and gyved, and manacled for six hours. Doomed to submit to my imperial will and pleasure—to go with me to Billingsgate or Bedlam—to fight the unboiled lobsters, or be hail-fellow-well-met with cab-drivers—to have a jollification

with coalheavers to-night, and be taken before the Lord Mayor in the morning, and fined five shillings for having enriched the Exchequer."

"A pleasant prospect," said Lord Killikelly.

"Five shillings, did I say? no—they would fine you like a gentleman."

"I think I should scarcely deserve the honour," said the peer.

"Some men are born to honour," said Mark, "and some have honour thrust upon them."

"And where," asked Lord Killikelly, "am I to have the honour of attending you to-night?"

"The honour of attending me," repeated Mark, most scornfully. "Now, hark you—if you do persist in crushing me with this lordly condescension of civility, I tell you plainly that it will be the worse for you. I won't bear it—my nerves won't bear it."

"I am sorry if I have failed—"

"Tut—tut—tut," interrupted Mark. "If you are so very dignified, instead of going among cab-men and coal-heavers, will you take a peep in at the House of Lords, and perhaps that may suit you better. Probably amongst your connexions you could take me into the body of the House, and I think I shall like that better than Billingsgate."

Lord Killikelly looked as if he would not.

"Well, then, a truce for the present," said Mark; "only remember that I will not submit to be crushed down by your condescension."

Lord Killikelly had just arrived at an idea that it would be rather difficult to crush Mark Phillicody down by means of any known machinery, and had internally classified him with corks, and sponges, and buoys, and bladders, and things of that sort.

"Shall we order wine?" asked Lord Killikelly, "and make ourselves comfortable where we are?"

"Do you think I look green?" replied Mark. "No, no; I am only divided how I can make the most of you. To stay quietly here would never do. One might as well have a diamond and not wear it, a horse and not ride it, a dog and not beat it."

"Your illustrations are so peculiarly happy," said Lord Killikelly.

"No, no;—now I have hit it—I'll introduce you first to my pretty tobacconist; that shall be scene the first."

Mark Phillicody very unceremoniously passed his arm through Lord Killikelly's, and marched him out into the street. The peer secured his spectacles and slouched his hat, and resigned himself to his fate.

It was just the hour when idlers and bachelors, and married men who like any company better than that of their own wives, having finished a tavern dinner, lounge out to the opera or the play; and when those grim Mystery of Udolpho sort of looking gentlemen in military all over, with black hair and eyebrows, and whiskers large enough for door-mats, gabbling as if they were fresh from Babel, congregate at the corners of streets, and look fierce at the men and loving to the women; and when a set of hoary-headed veterans, in blue cloaks, and cords and tassels, who dishonour their own gray heads, make love by gaslight to pretty little dressmakers and straw-bonnet

girls, offering to carry a dress wrapped up in a coloured handkerchief or a splash-paper bandbox, and get a scornful titter or a pert rejoinder for their pains and trouble; it was, we say, at this time of the evening, and through its customary throng, that Mark Phillicody dragged our Lord Killikelly, being himself in most boisterous spirits, and exciting no small commotion by his quips, and cranks, and crooked jests.

They came, at length, to a little shop-window, brilliantly illuminated with gas. A crowd of all classes was gathered round, peeping through the crannies of canisters and packages of cigars. News boys and butchers' boys were elbowing the finest of satin cravats, and dust-men and coalheavers disputing standing-room and precedence with diamond rings of the first water.

"What is the matter here?" asked Lord Killikelly.

"Matter!" said Mark; "nothing, certainly. These are all people of taste, from peers to pickpockets, who have come to admire my pretty tobacconist."

"You will not press through this crowd?"

"Yes, I will. I am going to make you admire my pretty little Rosalie Smith."

"I will do it on your credit."

"You shall do it for your own—I am going to introduce you."

"I am not ambitious of the honour."

"Remember that you are a prisoner of war."

And so Mark dragged poor Lord Killikelly, as though he had been a sack of flour, through the crowd, and entered the temple of the goddess of smoke."

The interior of that emporium of the materials for puffing was gay with stripes of scarlet and white, and varnish and gilt canisters; but gay though it was, it was wholly eclipsed by the superior dash of the priestess, who was, in fact, perfectly splash. This lady was a beauty of newspaper notoriety and police protection, her charms proving such an hindrance to the passengers along the highways and byways of our metropolis as to require the intervention of the street authorities. It was here that coalheavers came to buy their tobacco, and young lounging, lordling, gosling peers negociated for cigars of real Havana; and gentlemen who carried silver snuff-boxes brought them to be filled with pulverized perfume; yet though they came ostensibly for these commercial purposes, the real, and true, and veritable thing was a feasting of the eyes on the very comely dame who dispensed these olfactory treats.

But if the lady's tenement were gay, what was the lady herself? Why, she was like a tulip-bed, adorned with a whole jeweller's shop, if one may imagine the slender stems encircled with rings and gems, and hung round with bracelets, and chains, and locketts. She was a perfect show of gaiety and glitter,—and handsome too!—yes,—undoubtedly! She had a bright and sparkling black eye, an exceedingly showy cast of features, a very rich and glowing complexion, and was sufficiently *embonpoint*. Such was the lady whom puffing and advertising had rendered quite a public character, and who was universally known as the pretty tobacconist.

The shop was filled with idlers, and redolent of tobacco. Lounging

lords, with rent-rolls as long as from here to Bath and back again, and city clerks, with incomes of sixty pounds a year, and dashing gentlemen with no incomes at all, who yet continued to live upon nothing, and save out of it, and look more thriving than either. Lord Killikelly, saw through the mist and the smoke of about a dozen languishing cigars, the danger he was in of being known, notwithstanding his spectacles, and wished himself comfortably at Constantinople; but egress was now as difficult as ingress had been, for the crowd wedged them in from behind as safely as if they had been in a beleaguered city.

"Now," said Mark, as soon as he had got Lord Killikelly safely over the threshold, "now I'll introduce you."

"Not for the world," exclaimed Lord Killikelly, in real alarm. "I am not at all ambitious of the honour."

"O nonsense!" said Mark, affecting to misunderstand him; "she will like you prodigiously—she is not at all stuck up."

"Such acquaintance," said Lord Killikelly, "may suit you gay young men, but they are scarcely allowable to those who are older."

"And wiser," said Mark, scornfully.

"And sadder," said Lord Killikelly.

"I see," said Mark, "that you are stiff, and afraid of compromising the morality of your name."

Lord Killikelly suffered the idea to pass.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mark; "half these fellows are here under assumed names. Now I'll christen you afresh, and call you Excellentissimo Something, and then you need not be afraid of scandal—nobody would be any wiser."

"No, no," said Lord Killikelly; "I cannot—I would not—you must not think of such a thing!"

"I wonder if anybody ever thought of such a thing before?" said Mark. "I suppose that *you* never went philandering under any other name than your own in your life."

Lord Killikelly's confusion and indignation pretty nearly balanced each other.

"But since you are so tight-laced," continued Mark, "I'll introduce you as Mr. Charles Kelly. I don't care how it is; it's nothing to me."

Lord Killikelly knew too well the probability of his being really known, and reiterated his "No, no, no."

"Well then, either as somebody or somebody else," said Mark; "I will present you, but I'll call you count this or lord that, and make a boast of my great acquaintance. Stay—now I have it!—I'll say you are a relation of my own—one of my noble family, that my mother doses everybody with—that will be a feather in my own cap. I'll say you are one of the aristocracy—one of the nobility—*my cousin, Lord Killikelly.*"

And so saying, in spite of angry remonstrance, and certain twitchings and strugglings, which, however, went for nothing, Mark dragged his lordship, through the smoke and the loungers, up to the pretty tobacconist; and, in a loud, audible voice, said, "Here, fair Rosalie, turn your bright eyes this way. I've brought a noble relation of my own

to introduce to you. Though we are people in dirty trade, and the dirtiest of dirty trades, yet we are nearly allied to the nobility. Lord Killikelly is my own cousin. Allow me to introduce the Right Hon. Lord Killikelly—Rosalie Smith, our far-famed pretty tobacconist."

Lord Killikelly's indignation and annoyance nearly choked him. He looked like a man on whom a jest has been broken, but who cannot find it to be any jest at all. The pretty tobacconist was amazingly condescending: she smirked, and smiled, and simpered, and curtsied, and was graciousness personified.

"A common thing," muttered Mark, in Lord Killikelly's ear, "a common thing; any name but your own—any name but your own; and, besides, you are welcome to the name. It's all my doing; and if we can't take liberties with our own relations, pray with whom can we take them? An excellent equivocation—an excellent equivocation! And, besides, if a little scandal does fall upon my Lord Killikelly, I owe him neither thanks nor love, and I am ready to quarrel with him at a moment's notice. So use his name as you please. You are quite at liberty to do as you will, and lay it to his lordship's account."

"His lordship thanks you," said Lord Killikelly, in a sort of smothered passion, "as much as I do."

"You are equally welcome."

If Lord Killikelly had possessed the power, he would willingly have annihilated Mark Phillicody; but a sense of the ridiculous of things, the fear of exposure, lampooning, newspapering, caricaturing, so subdued him, that he determined to submit. So sheltering himself under his dignity, he bowed with a sort of stiff politeness to the pretty tobacconist; but uttered not a word.

"Most happy to make your lordship's acquaintance," said the pretty tobacconist; "I flatter myself I have a circle of very distinguished friends. I have great pleasure in adding your lordship to the number."

"His lordship must be equally happy," said Mark, maliciously.

"Perhaps your lordship would walk into my saloon and take a glass of Burgundy. I have some very fine. A present from my Lord Chadwyck, worth a guinea a bottle. He has just got a legacy of wine from his uncle's cellar—been in the cellar fifty years—fifteen hundred pounds worth of wine—and he was good enough to send me some; so you must taste my Lord Chadwyck's wine."

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"Then you and Mr. Phillicody will stay and pick a partridge with me. Sir Drake Dodsworth has sent me up some birds from Arundel Castle, where he is down shooting at the Duke of Norfolk's. A partridge and Perigord pie, and some of Lord Chadwyck's Burgundy—what say you to that, Mr. Mark? What say you to that, my Lord Killikelly?"

"And your bright eyes into the bargain?" said Mark.

"I am very sorry—you are very good," muttered Lord Killikelly.

"Ah, I wish I had anything better to tempt you with. Apropos, my lord, do you patronise white bait? I have had such a disappoint-

ment: I was going down to Blackwall, to eat white bait at Lovegrove's, all last month, and I never went!"

"Indeed, how was that?" said Mark. "Did the white bait refuse to be caught for you—was not the bait good, or the net well spread?"

"Ah, you naughty Mr. Mark! No; but one of the lords of the Admiralty promised to send one of the Admiralty barges to take me down, and he never did! Would you believe that he never did?"

"Is it possible?" said Lord Killikelly.

"What a wretch that lord of the Admiralty must be," said Mark.

"He never did, upon my word," said the pretty tobacconist.

"I'll tell you what," said Mark, "Lord Killikelly can do anything he pleases—he shall get you one of the Admiralty barges."

"O, my lord—I'm sure you are too good—I am so much obliged."

"And if there is anything else you have any wish for—anything that requires influence—his lordship will, I am sure, be most happy to oblige you."

"Most happy," muttered his lordship.

"Now, if you had any friend that wanted a nice snug little place of a thousand a year or so," said Mark.

"O, I have two or three," said the pretty tobacconist, in rapture.

"Two or three would be as easy as one," said Mark.

"Quite," said my lord.

"O, my lord, you are such a dear," said the pretty tobacconist in a perfect rapture, "such a *little* dear!"

The pretty tobacconist would have called the Duke of York's statue a *little dear*, had it paid her a visit and pleased her, so she meant no offence in thus tenderly apostrophising her visiter, who, though sensitive to excess on the score of his stature, had yet sense enough left to evince no audible indignation.

"Is there anything else you would like?" said Mark, "because, if there is, now is your time."

"O dear!" said the pretty tobacconist.

"How would you like to be ranger of the parks?"

"O dear! I should very much indeed," exclaimed the pretty tobacconist.

"Then I have no doubt his lordship will take the first opportunity," said Mark.

"I think I may safely promise that," said Lord Killikelly.

"And in the mean time," said Mark, "you might be maid of honour to the queen."

"There is one objection," said Lord Killikelly.

"*Only* one?" said Mark; "nay, then, if that is all, *one* may easily be got over."

"You are too handsome," said Lord Killikelly; "I am afraid the Duchess of Sutherland might be jealous."

"O dear!" simpered the pretty tobacconist.

"Well, we shall see," said Mark; "his lordship will not forget you."

"That would be impossible," said Lord Killikelly, gallantly.

"You'll come and see me again," said the pretty tobacconist; "but don't come to-morrow, because I'm going out of town."

"Out of town?" said Mark, "pray where?"

"I'm going to Ramsgate for a week, for the benefit of my health: I am rather delicate, and my medical man says I must go."

"By steam?" asked Mark.

"Yes, by the steamer."

"We'll see you off," said Mark.

"O dear!" exclaimed the pretty tobacconist.

"We will!" said Mark, in defiance of a frown from my lord.

"Your lordship is so good!" simpered the pretty tobacconist. "Is there anything I can have the pleasure of doing for your lordship?"

"Only," said his lordship, presenting his gold snuff-box, "if you would do me the favour."

The pretty tobacconist filled Lord Killikelly's box from the gayest of her gilt canisters, and received his gold in *exchange*, without giving any change. In other words, Lord Killikelly laid down a sovereign, and said that he would not think of giving her the trouble of finding change; which piece of politeness she received with much condescension.

"I think we'll go," said Mark; "but, perhaps, you would like to stay longer."

"Whatever I might like," said my lord, "I think it would be better for us to go."

"I wish you could have stayed and picked a partridge," said the pretty tobacconist.

"We'll see you in the morning," said Mark. "Lord Killikelly shall attend you to the packet. Here, you police, clear the way for Lord Killikelly."

The police cleared the way, and Mark and Lord Killikelly passed through the mob.

CHAPTER XI.

Reader, we will introduce you to the children of that old man who died in the workhouse. Come with us to the three pair of stairs back room which they inhabit.

There was little in that narrow chamber to need describing; nothing but the absence of everything that contributes to make life easy and comfortable. The walls were of old wainscoting, that had once been white, but now, time-stained and time-dishonoured, let in many a gust of the rude, ill-mannered wind. The ceiling, black with the murkiness of many a smoky chimney, had cracked itself into a map of the world. The floor, worm-eaten, reminded one of the grave.

And then the garniture—a tiny grate, not set, and though too small to contain more than a handful of combustible matter, yet half filled with pieces of red bricks to prevent a too extravagant combustion of fuel, a tin fender, painted green, a bed made upon a sofa, but covered over with a scattering of work and a shawl to hide it, a little deal-table, and two odd chairs of different make and date, and fractured bottoms, completed the upholstery of the room.

And its occupants? Ah, beautiful youth, never does the curse on our humanity fall with a sadder blight than when upon thy freshness! Never do the molten drops of misery sink deeper than when they fall upon young hearts. Never had grief pressed with a heavier hand than on the two girls who sat drooping within that narrow and dismal chamber. Both of them pale and emaciated, with sunken eyes and colourless lips; one of them pale as death, the other paler; one of them thin as death, the other thinner.

The thinnest and palest of these girls was sitting like a crushed lily; beauty lingered still over features from whence the light of life seemed departing. The bonnet and the shawl of the elder one showed that she had been out, and a bundle was lying on the table.

There had been the silence of a few minutes between them; the heart of the elder one was full of strong emotion, of bitter and passionate feeling—that of the younger, of fainting and sickening apprehension.

“Rebecca!” at length said the palest of these young girls. “Rebecca!”

Rebecca tried to hide the tears that were trickling through her fingers.

“Has she turned the work back, dear Rebecca?” asked the younger sister, looking at the huge bundle which was lying on the table.

“Yes,” said Rebecca, “and I wish she——”

“Never mind, dear Rebecca.”

“—— and I wish she was as we are for one single day.”

“Oh, wish her no harm.”

“Only as we are for a day; and we are so every day.”

“But why has she turned them back? Did not the work please her?”

“Yes; but the gentleman says they are sloped out a quarter of an inch too much in the collars, and there must be new collars.”

“And we have to make them?”

“Yes, and starve till they are done.”

“She did not pay you?”

“O, no!”

There was silence again.

The two sisters looked at each other.

“I am not hungry,” said the youngest.

Rebecca burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly, passionately, convulsively.

“Rebecca! dear Rebecca!” expostulated the younger.

“I wish,” exclaimed Rebecca, “that he for whom they are intended knew what it was to want bread and a home.”

“Rebecca! dear Rebecca!”

“He would not then care so much for the slope of his shirt-collar!”

“Oh! Rebecca!”

“And I wish that she—that bitter woman—was his companion in misery.”

“Oh! wish no evil, dear Rebecca, lest it recoil upon ourselves.”

“Can we be more wretched than we are?” exclaimed Rebecca.

"We are spared to each other; one of us might be alone," said the youngest girl.

Rebecca lifted up her eyes, looked at the girl, to whom the next step seemed the grave, burst into another wilder, sadder, more frenzied agony; then suddenly checked herself, dried her tears, and made a convulsive attempt to smile.

"Yes, we are together," said Rebecca. "We are not alone, we are together, and you are not so very ill, dear Susan, this morning, are you?"

"I shall soon be better," replied Susan, and both those girls tried to deceive each other and themselves.

"You could have eaten this morning?" said Rebecca.

"I am not hungry. I did but boil the water, thinking you might want it."

She had been endeavouring to raise about a pint of water to boiling heat by means of bits of paper, an old bookcover, and sundry shreds and fragments.

"I thought she would have paid me," said Rebecca, "and then I should have brought in the things for breakfast."

"Never mind," replied the other.

Rebecca sat down, clasped her hands before her eyes, and wept again.

The younger girl rose from her seat; she approached with tottering steps, threw her arms around her, and with a kiss said, "Rebecca, we are together. I can never be quite miserable while I am with you; can you be quite miserable while you are with me?"

Rebecca threw her arms around her, and answered her only with a replying kiss.

"We will submit. We will make the best of it. We will be content?" rather asked than said the younger one.

"We will," replied Rebecca.

"And there is a little bread," resumed Susan, "shall we — eat it?"

"I will if you will—if you can," replied Rebecca.

Together from the hour of their birth, cradled in the same misery, fed on the same bitterness, the character of the two girls was still distinct. Sickness, and suffering, and want, had softened the younger into more submissive meekness. Sickness, and suffering, and want, had made the elder one rebel; she who in prosperity would have been generous and gentle, was tempted in adversity to cry, 'Why hast thou made me thus!' Yet neither were the impulses of her nature selfish. Had she been alone in her destitution, she might have sunk under her burthen crushed but uncomplaining; but as day by day the blight withered deeper, and the canker spread deadlier, and the grave seemed to come nearer and nearer, and as day by day the weak and fragile girl whom she watched with lynx-eyed love, seemed drooping, sinking, fading, dying, and the rich treasure of life, the life of the young, the life that she loved best on earth, was floating and vanishing away before her eyes, and all for the lack of the little handful of necessities which were no more than the crumbs from the rich man's table, but which all her efforts could not win, all her daily toil,

‘rising up early, and so late taking rest,’ could not gather—why then Rebecca’s soul swelled, and her heart rose even into rebellion.

Heigho ! what are women good for in this every day world of ours ! they cannot jostle and elbow and fight their way like men. Heigho ! once more, there is not room enough in this world of ours for them.

The sisters partook together of that miserable piece of dry bread. Rebecca’s portion was moistened by an occasional bitter tear that escaped in spite of her. Susan tried to speak cheerily.

“After all, dear Rebecca, we are not so badly off. We have bread, and there are thousands wanting it. And you know, if we work hard, we can get those collars finished by night, and then we shall be quite rich.”

“Yes,” said Rebecca—yes ; but we must fast till night.”

“Never mind,” replied the younger one—“never mind. We will keep a little of the bread for dinner, and we can have something nice for supper. I am impatient to begin, for you know you cheated me this morning. You worked two hours at least sitting up in bed while I was fast asleep, that was utter cheating, and very naughty of you.”

“I was too glad that you could sleep,”—and the remembrance of the death-like features of her sleeping sister forced the tears into Rebecca’s eyes again.

“Ah, Rebecca ! you promised that we would make the best of it.”

“I did,” replied Rebecca, “I did—I will ; and besides, *if I cry any more, I cannot see to stitch.*”

Alas ! what a necessity for checking the current of her grief !

“Ah, Rebecca ! I think I must tell Mr. Gray of you.”

This was said half sadly half playfully, but with a womanly tact, to divert her sister’s thoughts. And could it be that the tenderest of human feelings, the rare exotic of the heart, could live amid the cold and bitter blights of poverty. Women are strange articles. The faintest gleam of colouring, and the dimmest beam of a smile, fitfully and for a solitary moment passed over Rebecca’s face.

“Hark !” said Rebecca—(there was a footfall on the stairs)—“it is he !”

Rebecca’s lip and cheek were utterly blanched. The steps advanced ; then came a gentle tap at the door. The sisters looked at each other, and then at the two unsoiled odd teacups and the fragments of bread. Susan was the first to rally. “Let him knock again ; pretend not to hear,” she whispered, and then hastily removed the teacups, and covered up the remnants of the loaf. *They were ashamed of being poor.*

The gentle knock came again, and Rebecca rose and opened the door. It was Mr. Gray. When did a woman’s ear deceive her when her heart taught its perceptions ?

Mr. Gray was young, kind, calm, gentle, and soft-voiced. He was the curate of the parish, and had penetrated into their little chamber in his parochial visitings. It was Mr. Gray who had linked the chain of our two worlds together—the present and the future—Mr. Gray, who spoke of patience and submission—Mr. Gray, who showed that every stroke of the rod came from the love of a Father.

Both the sisters turned to a more deadly paleness as Mr. Gray en-

tered. The faculties, both of mind and body, had become so weakened by long suffering and exhaustion that the most trivial incident overcame them. The sound of a footstep made them tremble and turn pale.

Mr. Gray took Rebecca's rickety chair, and she sat down on the edge of the sofa, to hide that it was a bed as well as for the sake of a seat. Something was said about the fire being low on account of the warmth of the morning, although it was bitterly cold; but the falsehood fell to the ground without remark, and after that Mr. Gray sat soothing and consoling, and eulogising the virtues that belong to adversity, and striving to inspire a taste for them, which, ah! could not be, for the next quarter of an hour; during which Rebecca sat listening with her heart rather than her ears, but never speaking; and at the end of that time Mr. Gray rose to depart.

"You will come again?" said Rebecca, breathlessly.

"Most certainly, if you allow me."

"And when?—*when?*"

"Next week, on this day, at this time."

The young curate went. Susan tottered a few footsteps with him down the first flight of steps, but he constrained her to return. Rebecca meanwhile leant her head against the side of the doorway, and listened till the last sound of his footsteps had utterly died away, and then, turning back again into the room, drew a long, heavy sigh, and said, as she untied the heavy and the loathed parcel of shirts, "How he has hindered us with our work!"

Meanwhile, what were the preacher's thoughts as he wended down that dark and creaking staircase. "It is for good, no doubt it is for good," he murmured to himself as he went—"for good, or else it could not be. Yet so young, and so gentle, and so sickly! Ah, what *can* women do in the world!" and from that consideration Mr. Gray's thoughts wandered to what men might do in the world; and then he considered that some of them might marry, but not himself; he was only a poor curate; his rector might marry, because he had nine hundred a year, which he could spend at watering places; but he had only a hundred, for which he worked harder than a bricklayer's labourer, and out of it he had to keep a mother and three sisters of his own, whom he tenderly loved. So marrying, of course, was quite out of the question.

This result brought him to the outer step of the street, and having somewhat obscured his bodily faculties, had nearly caused him to jostle a visiter, who was that moment entering. He, however, drew up in time to prevent the concussion, and looking in the lady's face, for it was one of the feminine gender, he saw another edition of those pale, fair, miserable faces, which had so wrung his heart up in the three pair, with the difference only of having rather a higher and prouder manner, and with a face still more rigid and petrified.

Mr. Gray apologised for the probability of the concussion, but his gentle words fell upon an heedless ear. How intense must be that pre-occupation of the feelings which robs a young and pleasing man of the shadow of notice from a girl! Clerical though he was, Mr. Gray walked off a little mortified, while the girl, who was none

other than Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes' pale teacher, proceeded to disinter a sixpence from the depths of her purse, to give it to a little ragged boy who had been carrying a bandbox for her, and to take the said bandbox in her own hand, and to trudge up to the three-pair back room.

"It is Grace!" screamed both the girls at once, "it is Grace!" and in a moment they were in one embrace. Miserable were they? we have been wrong. Loving and loved, they could not be miserable.

The stony apathy of the pale teacher's face was gone. The swelling of the heart broke out. She left kisses and tears on the pale cheeks of either of those girls alternatively. "Yes, I have come back! I could not bear to be separated from you any longer. We will work and toil and delve together! I have come home! It is home to be together. All my misery has been to be away from you. I did not care for anything they did to me! I thought only of you. But I have got what I stayed for, the five guineas—see, here they are—and now Susan can have medical advice!"

The pale teacher emptied out of the depths of her purse the five sovereigns and the five shillings, for which she had sacrificed a year of her life, and in the rush of their excited feelings those three girls saw not that a stranger was standing in the doorway.

That stranger was Lord Killikelly.

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Killikelly, in a strange husky voice.

"The gentleman is ill!" said Susan, "pray, sir, sit down."

Lord Killikelly did so. He was indeed for the moment overcome. He hid his face within his hands, and, as in a glass, there passed before him scene upon scene of the misery and privations of these girls—girls through whose veins drops of his own blood were flowing, on whose features nature had written traces of his mother's lineaments.

Lord Killikelly roused himself. He withdrew his hands from his eyes, and the first thing they fell upon was the work over which those girls had been wasting life and spending their strength in vain, and which, as it lay, disclosed to Lord Killikelly's eyes the coronet and the initials which marked his own linen, and he remembered that he had sent back his shirts in a fit of ill humour, for some imaginary defect in the collars.

Yielding to his first emotion, Lord Killikelly dashed the offending garments to the other side of the room, and in doing so displaced the miserable crusts which had been reserved for the so-called dinner of the two girls—they fell to the floor, and their mute eloquence stung Lord Killikelly almost into madness.

"He is mad!" said Rebecca. "What shall we do with him?"

"I might well be so!" said Lord Killikelly; "yet be under no alarm. I am not mad enough to wish to add to your distresses."

Lord Killikelly was surprised out of all his politics. He had meant to have interposed his assistance to these poor girls in the same covert, cautious manner in which he had extended it to the Rowlands, but he found a depth of misery so much exceeding his expectations, that he was at once startled out of all his intentions, and, as has been

already seen, himself ever the creature of impulses, he yielded up at once to his emotions.

"And why," he said, looking round on the bare walls of that narrow chamber, and on its miserable garniture, "why is this? Why are you thus alone and destitute? Have you no natural friend, none tied to you by the bonds of blood, whose bounden duty it might be to assist you in this emergency?"

"Sir," said Rebecca, "relationship connects only the rich—the poor have no relations."

"Do not say so!" replied the peer; "you have rich relations—have you done them the justice to try their feelings? There is Lord Killikelly."

"Yes," said Rebecca, "yes, he might have saved my father from a workhouse, and he would not."

"He knew it not! He knew it not!" exclaimed Lord Killikelly.

"How can you know that, sir?" replied Rebecca.

"Because I am he!" replied the peer, under the influence of strong excitement, and yielding to another impulse. "Because I myself am that Lord Killikelly!"

The sisters only clung closer together at this announcement: they knew not how to receive it.

"And now," said Lord Killikelly, "forgive me, though I can never forgive myself! not that I turned a deaf ear to your necessities, but that I have lived thus long in total heedlessness of your existence. From this moment be it my care to surround you with all the comforts of life. You will—will you not forgive me?"

Lord Killikelly held out both his hands to his young relations: Susan and the pale teacher instantly sprang forward and grasped them, but Rebecca stood with glowing cheeks and indignant eyes.

"He left my father to die—let him leave us to do the same! What can he now do for us?"

Lord Killikelly cast a glance on Susan—the pale, fragile, apparently dying girl—and a tear that had been struggling in his eye fell at Rebecca's feet.

"O yes!" exclaimed Rebecca; and in an impulse like his own she would have thrown herself at his feet, but Lord Killikelly prevented her purpose, and gently kissed her brow.

"And now," said Lord Killikelly, "let us sit down together, and talk over our affairs sociably and confidentially."

Lord Killikelly sat down on the edge of the old sofa that did duty for a bed, with Susan and the pale teacher on either hand, while Rebecca disposed herself at his feet.

"In the first place," said Lord Killikelly, "you know you are my wards, and therefore you must be very obedient, for I am afraid that I have a disposition to being dictatorial. You must try to humour me, however. All guardians have been cross and disagreeable from time immemorial, so that I shall only be like all my predecessors and exemplars. However, I was going to say that being your natural guardian, I hold in my hands a few thousand pounds, on the interest of which you must contrive to live—and I think, as a little change of air will do you all good, that I shall send and take airy lodgings for

you a mile or two out of this dense town ; and as I like to do things promptly as well as positively, you must hold yourselves in readiness to take possession of your new home this evening, by which time I shall take care and have it ready,—but in the mean time I leave you plenty of employment. You must supply yourselves with everything you want, and not shabbily—mind, not shabbily, or your guardian will be very cross—and, above all, pack up that odious linen and send it back to that woman at the warehouse—but mind not a step into it—not one, or your guardian will be very cross — not another stitch, or he will be dreadfully cross—and for the little money, let her keep it to console her for your loss. And then, too, for the little matters here—leave them all behind and forget them, and everything belonging to them, utterly and entirely. And now be ready, my dear children, with your wardrobe bought and your trunks packed, by seven in the evening. I leave you till then, because now, unfortunately, I have an engagement—and I leave this with you, my dear wards.”—Lord Killikelly laid his purse, heavy with the delightful fac-similes of sovereigns, upon the table—“because without it you could not obey your obstinate old guardian in the other things which he has enjoined. Be ready for me at seven, when I will not fail to be with you.”

Lord Killikelly tore himself away. He left the sisters in a perfect bewilderment of thought and feeling, entangled like a skein of silk, so that it was impossible to tell whence they came or whither they led. One feeling only prevailed in the heart of the pale teacher—it resembled disappointment, though that it could not be. The five guineas designed for medical advice for Susan, for which she had borne a year's privations, and obloquy, and insult, and injury, were now useless. She looked at Lord Killikelly's well-filled purse, and her own five guineas seemed very pitiful. But in the midst of all their bewilderment they were roused by the heavy, fearless, independent knock of the postman.

Susan looked at Rebecca. The letter was for them. It had come the night before, but the postage was beyond their means to pay, and the man had retained the letter. Now their funds were abundant, and it was soon their own.

The letter proved to be from Veronese. It ran thus :

“ My dearest Cousins,

“ Providence has made us comparatively rich. The enclosed is your own. I live only in hope of better times, as much for you as for ourselves.

“ Your affectionate Cousin,

“ VERONESE ROWLAND.”

The enclosed five-pound note was the one which the artist had given to Veronese for her new gown.*

* To be continued.

THE WELCOME VISITER.

WRITTEN WHEN PASSING THE CAPE VERD ISLES.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.*

I.

WHEN weary, weary winter
Had melted from the air ;
And April leaf and blossom
Had clothed the branches bare,
Came round our English dwelling
A voice of summer cheer ;
'Twas thine, returning swallow !
The welcome and the dear.

II.

We heard amid the daybreak
Thy twitter, blithe and sweet :
In life's conspicuous morning
The precious and the fleet.
We saw thee lightly skimming
O'er fields of summer flowers,
And heard thy song of inward bliss
Through evening's golden hours.

III.

Far on the billowy ocean
A thousand leagues are we,
Yet here, sad hovering o'er our bark,
What is it that we see ?
Dear, old familiar swallow !
What gladness dost thou bring !
Here rest upon our flying sail
Thy weary, wandering wing.

IV.

What glimpses of our native homes
And homesteads dost thou bring !
Here, rest upon our quivering mast
Thy welcome, weary wing !
To see thee and to hear thee
Amid the ocean's foam—
Again we see the loved, the left—
We feel at home—at Home !

* We are happy to receive this little memento from our esteemed correspondent, on his way to his new residence in Australia.—ED.

A PILGRIMAGE FROM FONTAINBLEAU TO SCOTLAND.¹

BY MISS HARRIOTT PIGOTT.

THE young ladies alternately read aloud, in gentle tones, the most alluring lines of the "Lady of the Lake," (they read well, and without the American twang.) They also sang, with pathos, the "Blue Bell," followed by a few notes of their native air, the "Canadian Boat Song." It was not the angel hymn and voice of Helen; but their notes came in winning sweetness on the ear, from the impassioned feelings of simple innocent girls, willing to please and to impart their little store of ornamental accomplishments, while the unsophisticated boatmen listened, well pleased, ceasing awhile to ply their oars.

We returned to the Ardcheanochrochan, anticipating delicious fare. My exclusive cavalier ceded the honours of the presidency to the American medico, who, with anatomical skill, commenced the dissection of a leg of mutton, which was soon pronounced (by the unanimous verdict of our respectable jury of young and old) to have died without the aid of a doctor or a "flesher;" the aged fowls had evidently been transmitted in haste from the poultry-yard to the spit, and the Scotch porritch was more highly smoked than the piece of half-boiled ham that accompanied the fowls.

The little wife considerably presented for our acceptance two boxes of digestive pills, which were, she assured us, a compound of her dear doctor's own invention. She could recommend them, "for her fair daughters had each experienced their utility; moreover, her countrywoman, Mrs. Patterson, (the once fair Madame Jerome Buonaparte,) never dined without them." My exclusive, the cavalier, knit his brows at the indiscreet mention of vulgar digestion and pills. Such fearful prognostics of physical ills were excluded subjects in his circles of high ton, but my antediluvian ideas of politeness urged me to patronise the pills, and to pay the compliment of requesting the prescription, at the risk of being invited to place a golden fee in the inventor's hand.

The doctor was of stature passing tall, but lean and spare. His head resembled one that had already passed through the hands of an anatomist, for so very fine and transparent was the skin which covered it, and so few and widely dispersed the gray hairs which old age had spared, that the filaments and ramifications were partially visible, like the tracing lines in a map of geography. A few bony protuberances, in more modern and scientific diction called bumps,) appeared here and there; they were, probably (according to recent

¹ Continued from vol. xxvi. p. 426.

discoveries in science) proofs of a mind constantly occupied by some favourite theory, the intense study of which, and concomitant inquietudes, pale a rich rubicund colouring, and annihilating the plumpness that shows a man to have feasted on fair dinners, which we see and admire in a few of the *bon-vivants* of Lord Stair's school of epicurianism. The American Esculapius's intellectual fatigues, his idealisms, had, doubtless, been the unique cause which had given to his figure the contour of a monk of the abstinent order of La Trappe. The doctor was at that moment in an overwhelming worry of spirits, which prevented him thinking of medical prescriptions, or even of prescription fees, for he had lost his great coat. He had left it behind him at Callander, and the estafette despatched thither had that moment returned without it. Two great coats of similar dimensions, and each of them having ample pockets, were hanging together in the hall at the inn, said the messenger, but the unlettered host refused to surrender either of them. Now, though the most prominent feature of the human face was not wanting in that of the host of the little inn at Callander, yet in this instance it failed in scenting any medicinal perfume that might distinguish this precious garment of the doctor, who now frowned with ire, and said wrathfully, "One of the canine race would have had more instinct; the most ignorant Highlander's dog would have detected a doctor's coat;" therefore he concluded it was stolen. He must be present at a scientific dinner, with scientific men, publicly notified to be held the following week at Liverpool, to which he had received a special invitation, and he considered the great coat to be necessary to his appearance there. He would not listen to my suggestion that such coats are not worn at English banquets, and a ready-made one might be purchased at Glasgow or Greenock, where he must embark for Liverpool. "The man may buy one second hand," murmured contemptuously my exclusive; but the gray hairs of the American Esculapius bristled up at this suggestion, and he fumbled ever and anon in the pockets of his dinner habit, as if searching for counsel therein, or for some new antidote against poison, or a newly-discovered medicament of his composition to ensure long life, and establish his own fame and fortune. He threatened his tearful girls to return forthwith to London, leaving unexplored the lovely Lochlomond, the Clyde, and its localities, Wales and her race of true Britons, the Emerald Isle with her bogs and Giant's Causeway.

Indications of *mal-de-tête*, accompanied by a look of scorn and restless weariness, were perceptible in the countenance of the exclusive, with certain symptoms of irritation which lighted up his eye, and warned me of an approaching remonstrance at my impersuadable non-exclusive system, my sudden favouritisms, and patronising of free intercourse. So I thought it advisable to beat a timely retreat for myself and my protégé, the distressed Esculapius, by inducing him to compose his nervous anxieties with a little camphorated julep, or other calmants that his medicine chest might contain, and await, in peaceable resignation to the will of Providence, the return of his second messenger from Callander; finally, we all walked out,

somewhat tranquillised and in more comfortable companionship, alongside the turbulent torrent that flows into Loch Achray ; the doctor groping ever and anon amongst the rude stones, giving to each that he selected a violent shake, applying it to his ear, and examining it with scientific gravity ; sometimes he patted his own head, then drawing his hand across and around it, as if he were feeling for his brains, muttering the whole time of Spurzheim's principles and Gall's demonstrative bumps, until I became rather suspicious that too much cultivation, or too much theory, had destroyed the working power or the sanity of the doctor's pericranium, which, with the approach of nightfall, made me propose an immediate return to the safe asylum of our hotel, where his "*meilleure moitié*," sat down in unruffled serenity to pass the remainder of the evening in writing her journal, and duly registering therein our English titles, pressing down between the leaves of her herbal the botanical treasures that she had culled in Hellen's isle. We conversed awhile of American society, and of those females who have played their part in the dramatic scenes of European high life, who were conspicuous either for their beauty and talents, or their eccentric pretensions. Miss Kemble, the fashionable lion of a day, (now transformed into the wife of an American landholder,) had recently misapplied her literary talents in ridiculing the compatriots of her husband, in whose native land she has established her residence. Mrs. Patterson (for some few weeks one of the dynasty of Napoleon, repudiated with disdain from his alliance, content to frequent, during a few subsequent years, the saloons of Italy and Paris, remarkable for her severe economy and great pretension to *bas bleuism*, without a grain of tact, or that real refinement which distinguished her brother's widow and two sister graces) is now living obscurely in a mediocre dwelling—in the town of Baltimore, reprobating the memory and testament of her father whose good judgment bequeathed his large commercial gains to her amiable son, rather than to a daughter who has not the courage to spend, even in personal comforts, an income more than adequate to the elegant luxuries of life. Notwithstanding all this female gossip, that womenkind are said to love so well, the hours were tardy in their course. The rain bespattered the casements, that made screeching responses in their loose frames, the fireplace was concealed by a chilly looking, unwieldy sofa, of gloomy black horsehair, unpliant as adamant. The sideboard, of dark mahogany, from which age and ill usage had effaced the polish, filled the opposite space ; the thin-worn carpet, wrinkled into plaits by the movement of divers feet, to the hazard of losing our equilibrium. The chairs cracked—the tea equipage rattled on the inclined plane of the table, tottering on six feeble legs in the centre of the room, and causing the skim-milk to stream amongst cracked cups and saucers—the massive metal tea-pot disgorged the tea-leaves at the same time with the highly-smoked liquid, and the eggs flavoured of peat and straw.

We had yet two hours to pass ; I recommended a nap, to the doctor, but sleep, he said, cometh not to the troubled

spirit, until the power of thought is suspended ; moreover, he threatened his helpmate to sit up until the return of his great coat. I proposed we should write another volume to the celebrated work, entitled "The Miseries of Human Life;" but we disagreed, for the doctor insisted that the loss of his great coat should be the first article inserted, as being the greatest of human misfortunes. The girls proposed to me the inspection of their pretty albums, with the usual proviso of all modern misses—that I would add a sketch and a piece of sentimental poetry. This gave me the horrors. The exclusive chuckled contemptuously on observing my ennui, and murmured an execration against the inn, in which I fear Lady W. d'E—— was included.* The girls then related, with a good intention, two ghost stories ; they were in American dulness. This brought to my mind an old Isla legend, enclosed in my *portfeuille*. "A Legend of Isla," an island which they had never seen, but they had heard so much about it—how the Macdonalds, Macleans, the Campbells and Camerons, all fought, and stabbed, and killed each other, pell mell, and their wives chopped off their pipers' fingers in direful ire. Oh ! it must be a romantic tale, and they would all be so thankful—it would kill time so pleasantly until the hour when real genteel people might go to bed, without being thought vulgar by the landlady. So I brought it forth, and gave it to the exclusive to read aloud. He smiled for the first time, being conscious he could read, and, with harmonious modulations, laying due emphasis. So the exclusive began as follows :—

A LEGEND OF THE WESTERN HEBRIDES.

"Once upon a time bloomed in the Isle of Isla a lovely race lassie, with clear blue sparkling een ; her golden locks strayed in waving profusion adown her cheeks of snowy hue, on which flushed the ruddy tints of the red heather-bell ; a magnet she was to carles and shepherds, and many valiant clansmen, passing with their lairds to the hasty strifes of a chieftain, (that in those days burst forth like a devastating fire from a latent spark) would stay awhile to gaze and say "Gude-morrow" to cheerie Phemy, their pride of their isle. Phemy was the name given to her when held an infant before a priest, and she dwelt in contentment sweet with an uncle, her mother's brother, for she was an orphan lassie. Her father, just two months before her birth, while wandering from wave to wave in his frail bark, was cast away on the Irish coast, where his last home was the deep. Her mother had wept full sore, until she lacked more tears to shed ; her cheeks pale like the early lily on its slender stem ; her heart did break for very woe ; finally she died, and was buried under a heather-hillock, with the rugged fragment of a rock for head-stone, and to denote the spot in future years to her sor-

* Lady W. d'E——, from kindness to her widowed tenant, will not permit another inn to be established, and the present one is too confined to accommodate the numerous summer and autumn visitors. Mrs. Stuart, the present landlady, is unfortunately a *bus bleu*, better versed in the use of the pen than in the use of brooms and culinary preparatives. This landlady represents a real lady in the winter months, writes verses, dresses in silken robes, and is a favoured guest in the neighbouring mansions.—AUTHORESS.

rowing child. With her uncle also dwelt another sister's offspring, a laddie, whom he seemed to foster with an equal portion of a parent's zeal. The maiden and the yellow-haired laddie grew up together, dipping each morn their shells of burnfoot mussels into the same wooden bowl of meal porritch, and sharing in their daily duties of the cottage, the fold, and the chase. They were like two turtle doves, perched on the same spray of a mountain ash-tree, until by some chance they discovered that they loved, and would fain build their nest in another cottage near unto that which had sheltered their younger years. In innocency they frankly told their love, first to each other and then to their uncle, who, nothing loath, blessed his adopted bairns, bidding them to be of goodlie cheer. In due time he betrothed them to each other according to the fashion of those remoter times.

But one luckless evening, the young swain, who was of gentler blood and of a less stirring temperament than were the rustic Highland youth of those warlike days,—moreover much given to urbane Highland hospitable ebullitions,—while he was treading across the Laggan sands, his soul free, bounding, and buoyant, chanced to meet a wayfaring man of high stature, mounted on a sleek black horse of a taller breed than the sheltie, or indeed than any of the Highland race he had seen while walking over his native hills and glens during his short career of life. The black horse had not a white hair or spot of any kind, but he snorted and neighed louder than the laddie had ever before heard. The rider was a dark, sallow-complexioned man, with a meikle nose, resembling greatly those mariners from the southern coast of America whom he had seen in stress of weather shelter their vessels in Laggan Bay. His black eyes rolled in their sockets, as if his mind was in wrath against heaven and earth. His abundant hair, hanging in long straight masses over his brawnie shoulders, was of the same black shade as the flowing mane and tail of his palfrey, gaily clad in polished horse gear, at which the youth also marvelled greatly, accustomed as he was to lead his cattle by means of good lair halters spun with a kind of spindle at that time in use. On the croup was slung, carelessly as it were, a wallet of dark hue, the contents of it jingling to the movements of the animal, as if they were of some rough dross or polished metals. He came traversing ling and mounds as one heedless of danger, but when arrived on the broad waved sands, he suddenly halted. To his belt was suspended a dagger, the hilt of which was curiously encased with shining stones, and he wore a loose black cloak, spreading occasionally over the haunches of the animal.

This wayfaring man accosted the simple rustic in civil terms, though in unharmonious cadences, that struck most unpleasantly on the lover's ears, better accustomed to the dulcet tones of his Phemy's voice. He pretended to have miscalculated the hills, and breadth of the bogs and muirs, impatiently inquiring whether he was in the direct road in order to reach before nightfall a certain well-known stronghold or castle of the isle which he named—

“For he had nae mind to sleep on the wilds that night.”

The laddie replied in the negative, for the castle he named stood far across the hills, on a steep cliff overhanging another bay. The twilight having commenced to cast her mysterious mantle over the sea-girt isle, he involuntarily, as it were, or from a disinterested impulse of good-will to aid a fellow-creature in distress, engaged both man and horse to accept hospitality in his uncle's habitation, therein to abide the coming night in safe keeping.

The stranger's eyes emitted sudden sparks of fiery light; a triumphant smile, seemingly resulting from some sinister idea, played about his mouth as he accepted, in all haste, without using ceremonious parlance, the proffered boon. But, whilst guiding the stranger homewards, his hoarse voice grated yet more harshly on Robin's ear; the tones seemed of awful augury, and his young laddie heart misgave him so uncommonly, that he asked himself where could be fled the wonted Highland courage of his manhood; at the same moment causing him to repent himself in some degree of his benevolent invitation. His surprise also was not little on observing that the man who had pretended such sore fatigue to himself and his black steed that forsooth he "could nae ride so far," did not make a short step, both steed and rider turning to the right, to the left, or proceeding straight forward, as were they long accustomed to that road and line of country.

The uncle was of the better order of clansmen—indeed the traditions of Isla make known to us that his ancestors were real lairds, but their lands and herds were much diminished by the feuds and battle-frays, the alternate victories and defeats of their chieftain, so that many now accounted him in the rank of a tenant; albeit, his dwelling was more spacious, and of a more imposing modern construction, being built regular, of rough graystone, the interior partitioned off into several apartments; moreover it stood apart from all shielings, howfs, or farms, in peaceful distance from all castle-holds, overlooking some acres of his untilled hereditary land, that were defined by neither hedge-rows, alders, or stone walls: where grazed his herds, as did they know by instinct their master's boundaries.

The uncle had been long standing on the threshold, leaning fondly on Phemy's fair shoulder, gazing together on a resplendent rainbow in the east, that certain harbinger of fair weather on the morrow which gladdens the heart of the shepherd, as also his sagacious colley dog, while, resting by his side, ever and anon looking up in his master's face to catch the temper of his mood, and taking hint therefrom, he will start off, bounding before him with brisker bound as his voice chances to sound more cheerie to his quick hearing, by those capacities of intelligence and combinations which no one can doubt who studies even superficially the brute creation. The sky, that eventide, was clear and spotless, save one dense, dark cloud spreading over the roof of their dwelling-house. Phemy had remarked it, and said to her uncle, "That's nae luck for us at the morrow's light that's coming."

But the uncle chid her bluntly, bidding her to look again towards the east, at the "bow in the cloud," that St. Columba and his com-

panion, St. Maol Jos, had taught, throughout the isles, was a covenant betwixt the Creator and his creatures that they should never more be cut off by the waters of a flood.

While thus engaged in sweet familiar converse, they remarked quick advancing Robin M'Arthur, conducting the dark figure and horse. Phemy, contrary to her usual custom, turned away to busy herself within doors; but the uncle sallied forth to welcome his nephew's guest with frank Highland greetings.

More square pieces of peat were immediately piled on the fire that was burning in the centre of the floor, and quickly caused it to blaze on high through the aperture in the roof; the large stone table was presently spread with piles of oaten cakes, Scotch porritch, salmon also, with smaller fish, such as slaiths and lythes, which Robin and Phemy had caught that morn in the bay; the remains of a sheep's head well blackened at the smith's smiddy, with some excellent broth extracted from it, were quickly heated anew, with other such like Highland delicacies that gladden the appetite of the lowlander Scots down to this day. Mountain-dew withal, to inspirit the host, his orphans, and the wayfaring-man, who instanter, and without waiting for a bidding, or for grace of any kind, commenced his attack, eating largely of each dish, nay, voraciously, with more of the gross brute appetite of a mastiff that had lost his master and had wandered many hours without food or shed, than of a civilised man; then, without thanking God or his host, he hastily retired to the chaff couch freshly prepared for him, where his sleep was promulgated to his wondering hosts by loud snorts and snoring.

Phemy felt relieved as from a loathsome creature of another species, when the dark-eyed foreigner had quitted the board of repast. She did not like the Southerners, she said, and she knew not why, but she drew closer the rest of that evening on the bench to her own kin, Robin, blaming herself for her lack of hospitality graces,—a great fault in those more primitive times, when hostelries were rare, and, I believe, existed not in those isolated Western Hebrides.

She rose on the morrow less light of heart than ordinary, and speedily sought out her cousin, to complain to him that untoward dreams had broken her rest, and, since awakening, strange misgivings were come over her brain; the usual smooth brow of the maiden became contracted, as she bid him hasten to give the morning feed to the stranger's horse, while she put a mess of meal porritch on the table, in order to show him that all was free and easy for his expected departure for the stronghold, or castle of the laird, whither he had pretended to be bound; but neither rider nor horse would hie away.

They lingered there one day after another in wondrous daring, and in such seeming content as would they never depart more. The dark-visaged stranger paid assiduous courtesies to his host, engaging him with pompous descriptions of treasures concealed in the bowels of the earth in his own country, and of gorgeous palaces that exceeded in sumptuousness even Solomon's. He was apparently sore touched by the beauty and freshness of the coy maiden, whose heart, constant to her laddie, heeded not the baneful sojourner, or would recoil from his sinister, cruel looks and coarse voice with unrepressed disdain, or with

undisguised aversion. Nevertheless, the wily man gained hourly an extraordinary and fatal influence over the uncle's feeble mind, holding long mysterious conferences with him. He would, from time to time, stalk hurriedly and stealthily across the clay floor, taking up his wallet, and jingling it most violently, as would he pique the lassie's curiosity to ask to look into it. But Phemy had ne'er viewed worldly ways, therefore she had no worldly woman's curious vein. Silks and satins and jewellery she had never seen, or, had she seen such like temptations, her simple tastes would have valued more a worsted tartan, her lover's smiles, and uncle's kind words, with wild flowers for jewellery to her hair.

One day, during the temporary absence of the lovers, the foreigner seized his wallet in impatient movement, and rolled out the contents, consisting of large golden pieces, at the feet of the uncle, counting them over and over again, as if he could never tire of the employment. So highly polished were these golden pieces, so highly sculptured with images, and emblems, and mystical scrolls, that they glittered surprisingly, and almost dazzled his eager inspection as the effulgent sun's rays suddenly darted adown the large hole in the roof of the room, which served in those days for the vent of the vast volumes of smoke ascending from the peat fires that blazed so cheering in the centre of it. The Highlander approached closer to the owner of the golden treasure, nor could he have been more charmed, more dazzled, and awe-stricken, had he stood in presence of a king of Scotland when arrayed with crown and sceptre, surrounded by knights, gallants, and chieftains, in their costly paraphernalia or war-equipments.

Thus we learn that such like golden sights had their corruptive influence in those primitive times, as in our more luxurious days; mayhap not less so from their rare occurrence; for when, indeed, had not gold and precious stones their sway over human kind? the thirst for it, the selfish ways of spending or squandering it, deadening the sense of the incumbent duties of kinsmen towards each other in their need, rendering harsh and niggard the son to his mother, the brother to his portionless sister.

Thus, unhappily, these golden pieces changed the wonted kind uncle's heart to a piece of adamant. Every dormant sordid feeling was roused, goading him on to espouse the stranger guest's suit; he heeded not his poor niece's complaints, neither her salt tears nor heart-rending sobs, but sternly commanded her to pledge her faith anew, and to the dark-eyed foreigner.

Then would she turn her head aside, and point with her small white finger to Robin M'Arthur's morning gift, that had been carefully placed upon a rude hewn shelf—a nosegay it was, composed of blue harebells, intermixed with the wild white Scotch rose, half hidden amongst the multiplicity of dark-green leaves, and bunches of the meadow sweet of freshest fragrance that rises in roseate tinted clustered buds amongst the elegant foliage of the fern; then would she murmur softly her preference of such like gifts to all the glittering gold in christian Europe.

The uncle grew more and more wrathful, and thinking to make her sooner change her mood, he adopted the cruel expedient of driving his

orphan nephew from his home. Sternly he told him to go quickly, find a skipper or mariner of the trading barks that frequent Lag-willing Bay, and passing to the mainland, seek a mate amongst the borderers to make his meal porritch. Phemy stood there on the threshold wringing her hands in bitter agony, viewing, all she loved on earth pass away. Then did the foreigner triumph; nor did he conceal it, but in the full tide of his joy he made over his full wallet to the sordid uncle's safe custody, who thenceforth hung it upon a peg in a corner of his own chamber; but once a day he made him hand it forth that he might count the pieces over again, with malignant avidity, in presence of the forlorn lassie. At those moments of more insupportable persecution she would gather up her golden ringlets in anger, and dart away with the swiftness of a roe to seek her cousin Robin, who lay concealed, sometimes beneath a hazel bush, sometimes in the lea of the furze, on a near mound, or in a deep ravine made by the impetuous course of the mountain springs in the winter season.

The gentler spirit of her nature would return, while seated by his side, weeping in concert the eclipse of their hopes. Amidst the rugged grandeurs of scenery they would thus abandon themselves to the extremes of youthful distress, asking each other alternately how they might by virtuous means avert the impending doom of separation, or what christian orphans should do, but trust in the orphan's God! for they had both heard that in heaven there was no gold to tempt.

Once Robin, in his desperation, proposed to his fair trembler to hie away with him in a craft, but the modest lassie reproved him sharply, for in that generation of mankind there were no railroads, no vessels that plied rivers and ocean, defying winds and tide by the impelling powers of paddle-wheels and smoking chimneys—no speculative amelioration of marriage laws that make a simple declaration before the civil authorities efficient—no march of intellect and finishing touches to female education, that imparts such astonishing courage to the boys and girls of our days to leave their parents to weep at their lone firesides, while they speed away, making a pleasure excursion a very pastime of the most solemn tie in human life.

Each time these orphans met, each time they parted, would Robin M'Arthur say—

“ I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee.”

Oft would Phemy steal away in the twilight to her mother's cairn to give him melancholy meeting, when, according to a superstitious Highland usage of great antiquity, long since gone bye, but which had been mentioned to them, a tale of their infancy, each would throw a stone to it in honour of her they cherished in memory, both exclaiming in the old terms,

“ I will add a stone to your cairn.”

After this filial-intentioned act, these two younglings knelt against the rude head-stone, invoking her mother's spirit to send away the

foul fiend and his wallet, that thus their mortal strife might terminate ; at other hours the poor lassie would neglect all habitual employments in the house to sit on a sod of earth near to it, ruminating and wishing o'er again, creating in imagery a peaceful humble home with her betrothed, in a shieling on the thyme-covered acclivities of one of her native island hills, far in those unpeopled districts, where no one might come to molest them, or in one of those green spots where fairies were wont of old to hold their assemblies, where now the red deer and the goat roam in fearless liberty, treading down the blue-bells of Scotland that rise amongst the sweet-scented thyme, and vie in their colouring with the azure firmament of heaven ; where they would be freed from despotic kin, no proud, wealthy suitor to excite her hatred,—that sinful passion of puny minds, which had hitherto been unknown to her pure nature, and which she now found so insupportably odious. She would then rise with the lark, in blithesome wakefulness, to follow the chase in shining weather with her wedded protector, or, in winter season, while he tended his small fleecy flock to the fold, she would rest in their shieling, prepare the oaten bannocks, “ wi' a shave of cheese ” for their evening regale.

Alas poor Phemy ! Thus did she build her “ humble shieling in the air,” as many an ambitious theorist builds his visionary castle ; such like innocent visions too soon vanished and her memory returned to the sad realities of her present condition.

Sleep fled her pallet ; she would start up long before the dawn to sit at her lattice, watching the dark clouds pass over her head in fleet succession, dark as her own destiny seemed to be. Listening attentively to the discord of the chilling winds, she would softly sing, in mournful cadences, this old ballad :

“ My Robin's poor as poor can be,
 But O his love's a treasure,
 An' when I ken 'tis a' for me,
 I ken a heaven o' pleasure ;
 Let uncles dream o' sordid gains,
 An' chieftain o' their plans aye,
 I'll dream, an' think, while youth remains,
 O' naething but my Robin.”

Thus one day followed another, and the poor expatriated Robin M'Arthur lingered on, but not entirely without protection, for Phemy had a friend (Annie was she called) who had a father and a bonnie mother to shield her youth from harm. Annie was somewhat older than Phemy, and was married not long previous to her present disastrous trials. They had been playmates, rambling hand in hand, o'er brae and burn, as sportive and blithesome as lambs, unconscious of the fast-spreading vices of mankind. Phemy was at Annie's bridal feast, at which she danced, light of heart, the Highlanders' merry reels with her own cousin Robin. The piper of the Campbells' chieftain was there. He played the pibroch, Old O'Donald Dhu, or the Gathering of the Clans, the Broom of the Cowenknowes, and other stirring ballads ; he promised the fairer Phemy to come to her wedding, there to play yet “ aulder and more cheerie tunes.”

Annie had one bonnie bairn, that she loved full well ; nevertheless she had still a space in her heart for sympathy in her early companion's sorrows, and now she gave at nightfall, with free good will, shelter to her homeless lover. Robin was not unthankful for the friendly boon, and a share each eve in the supper mess ; but his mind, plain and artless, without being gross, and tempered as it was with peaceful sentiments, spurned with Highland spirit the thought of long dependence upon those persons who were not akin to him, nor of the same clan. He felt that he ought to hie away, gain glory in a clansman's strife ; for to go and till the land of a contemptible Lowlander's farm was an adverse alternative, obnoxious to one born in the Western Hebrides. Phemy was too reasonable in thought and deed not to agree with him in this dire necessity. She visited again her mother's rustic tomb, this time with her clairbach in her hand, from which she drew forth tones so mournfully touching, so slow and dirge-like, that any one passing near might have believed they issued from the coldsome mansion of her mother, mourning for the sorrows of her living child. Annie was sitting with her that eve on the headstone, when suddenly a voice on the winds, as they bethought themselves, bid her to be of better cheer, and perchance good might betide her sooner or later ; they looked half affrighted around, when they beheld distinctly a sepulchral figure rise up close to the cairn and dart away.

Phemy bethought her that it must be the old spaewife, and she determined to speed to her dark cave in the cleft of a distant rock at dawn of day. Annie offered with charitable zeal to accompany her, as the tract thither was lonesome for a maiden to travel along alone. During the intervening hours of night her good sense came to her aid, imparting misgivings that she was not right in what she was about to do ; for the wise and pious successors of Saint Columba, from their hallowed Iona, which was the luminary of the Caledonian, had with indefatigable zeal continued to spread over the neighbouring isles the blissful enlightened spirit of religion in its purity of faith, independent of pope, or such like papal supremacy ; therefore with its dissemination were inevitably passing away the delusions of witches, and other fooleries of the darker ages, when the mental faculties of man were on that sublime subject only partially developed, and their ideas of a futurity undecided.

As Phemy came forth at break of day, the Piper stood before her, like a good genius, just to say, "How d'ye ? there's a bonny morn to tread down the dewy heather." He was a jocund soul, facetious withal, which comfortable, cheering character had been much promoted by good fare in his chieftain's hall, and at the many merry wedding feasts where his bagpipes were always welcomed. He could not help following a moment in his jocund mood, bidding her lighten up, for she would be wedded to her heart's content e'er long, again renewing his promise that he would not fail to be present with his bagpipes—aye, "even at the peril that the foul stranger, so sallow to view, might return, and after the example of the cruel wife of the chief of the Campbells of yore, in their terrible strifes with the Macdonalds, in the crisis of her wrath on discovering

that her piper was of stout fidelity to his first master, (the chief of the Macdonalds,) and had warned him of some stratagem of her own spouse, ordered his fingers to be chopped off."*

The ruddy tinge that healthy peace of mind gives to the cheeks of innocence, had in these few days of Phemy's sorrows faded away. She became, as livid as a corpse, when she thus unexpectedly encountered the kind-hearted man, and answering him plaintively, "Ay, Ronald, but caul' blows the wind to the shorn lamb," she passed him with all speed: her golden locks had escaped in wild disorder from beneath her head-gear, while her tartan mantle of many dyes, spun of Hawslock wool, hung loosely on her slender figure, and her straight, well-formed, bare legs were white as snow when it first falls on the earth. It was rather a coarse Scotch morn, but she thought only of her kinsman, his wandering destiny among strangers in another land, as she knocked loud and impatiently at the door of Annie's shieling, where entering, she gazed wildly on the playmate of her untroubled gone-by days, looking wistfully on the sleeping tranquil wean that lay on her lap, beseeching her to come quickly forward, that she might be able to return before the foreigner could come forth from his chaff-bed to demand his meal porridge and fish; and she muttered, "O never will I make vows I cannot keep, as they do in the Lowlands."

* There is still a cairn on the top of a hill in the Isle of Isla where the operation is recorded to have been performed, and this hill has since borne the name of Ben-laive yazag, which means the mountain of the bloody hand.

(To be continued.)

THE FOSTER-SON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MADAME C. PICHLER.

Oh woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man : we had been brutes without you !
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
 There's in you all that we believe of heav'n ;
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love !

OTWAY.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

WHEN I was, many years ago, at the Bath at * * *," (lately related Mr. von B.,) addressing a small company, "and sought out, according to my wont, the more retired walks, it happened that I met almost every day a young couple, before whose footsteps a most lovely child, between five and six years old, pursued its gambols.

The youth of the husband, with the likeness of his features to those of the boy, might nearly have misled me into taking him for that boy's elder brother. The child was, however, his son, as I first learned a little while back, and that young-looking, contented being, who was always leaning on his arm, was his wife.

This small family and I became, as it usually happens, acquainted, merely from seeing one another often.

At first we saluted each other in silence, presently a few friendly words were exchanged ; in time we came, whenever we met, to a short stand-still, and at last my appearance was regularly counted upon, and I was invited to visit the family at their own residence.

I felt myself soon at home with these people ; the quiet courtesy of the industrious wife, the decided yet elegant bearing of her young master, made their house every day more agreeable to me. They were both of them extremely well bred, and as a matter of course, from out their higher and more gifted natures, by which, even when they tried to conceal the inward meaning beneath the simplest exterior, the richer quality of mind and the feeling of a nicer refinement, revealed itself in spite of themselves.

We were now known to each other, and grew soon intimate. I learned that Captain von Sohrau had done service in the war, but on account of a severe wound, which obliged him to visit the Bath every year, he had entered upon his retirement, and was now living upon a small estate not far from * * *. They spoke, each of them, with high delight of their country-seat, and invited me to visit them there, or rather to accompany them thither at once. As a forward old bachelor, who in the world throughout had neither business nor tie, I was able forthwith to make use of this invitation ; and accordingly, after a pleasant day's journey, at first over the well-built plain, and then through fertile vales, and a range of forest hills rising on the view in a continually increasing elevation, we arrived at the neat

domain, which was situate upon a spacious vale-ground by the border of a woodland stream.

Peace and contentment received me here, and a quiet, unambitious, rule revealed itself in all that passed around, in the homely regulation of the parlour, in the laying out of the garden, and in the conduct of the servants and dependents. I was extremely comfortable in this house. There was nothing that could have at all disturbed me, or have appeared unnecessary in this sweet retreat, save, at times, a slight shade of seriousness, and almost of dejection, upon the brow of Captain von Sohrau. Since, however, he seemed in his domestic circumstances to be so entirely and so justly fortunate, I ascribed this appearance to bodily suffering; for his wound pained him at every change of weather, and it was touching to see how, at such times, his wife bore with his testy humours, and also what resources she called up, to render his condition more easy to be borne.

Thus several days were passed, when business took me, for the first time, into Sohrau's writing-cabinet, which till now I had never entered, and over his writing-table I beheld the portrait of a young and extremely handsome female, who certainly was not his *wife*, and yet, in the tender, fair outlines, and in the whole expression of her face, had too little likeness to Sohrau to be his *mother*. I could not prevent myself, during the conversation, looking up often at the picture, and making my comments thereupon internally. Mine host perceived my abstraction, and followed the direction of my eyes; his friendly countenance became suddenly grave, and in a sorrow which had something solemn in it he said, "Do you see this picture? It is the portrait of a very noble, of a very unfortunate lady, to whom I owe all that I now am."

"And who is, then, *your mother*, perhaps? — I thought so, although——"

"My parent she was, in the noblest sense of the word. She has, indeed, not given me life, but what is of infinitely more worth than life—what alone gives it its honours and its use—education and moral dignity, if I may lay claim to any."

His large dark eye fastened itself at these words upon the painting; and I thought I perceived a tear glistening therein. I longed much to learn something more particular of this lady; but forasmuch as Sohrau kept silence and appeared deeply moved, I kept silence also, and awaited some discovery by time itself. That discovery soon came. Frances (as was the name of Sohrau's wife) had for several days a piece of housewifery in gathering in, preserving, and drying fruit. The uncertain weather of the approaching autumn excited the pains of Sohrau, compelling him to stay in his cabinet. Frances was glad to know that he would not be quite alone during the time she could not be with him. So it fell out that we passed many an hour opposite the mysterious portrait, upon which Sohrau's eye very often, and with an expression unutterably sombre, was wont to rest. I had made up my mind never to allude to the subject. Sohrau, however, broke for once the silence himself, as we were sitting together in the cabinet one dull afternoon. While fixing his eyes upon the picture, he said, "I have never, all this time, told you, my much-valued guest

and friend, of the original of that painting—of my aunt; and yet she deserves well to be known by all good men, and to be judged by her merits.”

I discovered to him my anxiety to hear of a lady to whom his previous hints had drawn my attention.

“It is not merely my *aunt* whose memory I could wish, by describing her as she was, to celebrate; you will learn also to know my *wife*, in a sort which will make you doubtful to which of the two you ought to award the prize of excellence; and then you will either envy or pity me, that the two noblest beings of their sex were so nearly related to me.”

I was by this introduction rendered more curious than before, and begged him to begin. He began forthwith to relate to me the incidents of his childhood and his youth, often interrupted by strong mental excitement, and as often by the coming in of his wife or his son; so that it took several days before I had heard only about half the memoirs. As he had now come to a certain point in his story, I was aware of the power that these remembrances exercised over him; and forasmuch as he found himself rather unwell, I prayed of him to proceed no further.

However, on the following day he put into my hands certain papers and letters that placed me in a position to form an accurate judgment upon the whole matter, under the promise, naturally enough, that I should never make any circumstance of it public. That promise I have faithfully kept, so long as justice and esteem for my friend rendered this forbearance necessary. Many years have now passed; many persons who figure in this narrative are no longer living, many are in other ties and other climes. I feel myself at liberty, therefore, to publish these adventures, so ordered and strung together, my hearers will please to understand, as I found to be best adapted to the simplicity and the life-like structure of the characters in them; for these characters alone, and their action, so to speak, and influence one upon the other, constitute the main interest of this simple history. And hereupon Mr. von B. indulged the company with the following tale.

CHAPTER II.

“The youngster will turn the house out of window,” said Mr. von Veldeck, addressing himself to his lady, as he handed back to the servant the broken japanned vase, which the wild Gustavus, as he bounded through the hall a moment before, had thrown down from its stand. “We must punish him severely. D’ye hear? tell him so. We must punish him severely.”

“Very well,” replied Madame von Veldeck.

“The moment he comes in from college; d’ye hear?”

“It shall be done, since you *wish* it.”

“But I can’t, for the life of me, understand,” began again Mr. von Veldeck, “how all this has happened? Did not the vase stand in its usual place, or rather, was it not fastened?”

Madame von Veldeck moved uneasy on her chair; her worthy owner ceased not, nevertheless, to press both her and the servant

with a "how?" a "when?" and a "wherefore?" until he had at last extracted that the young gentleman on the previous day had felt desirous of reaching down the canary-bird of the indulgent mistress (which was now nowhere to be found) from its cornice; and to do that, he had unfastened and removed the vase from its pedestal, and had mounted from thence on the sideboard.

"O the Virgin!—On the sideboard!—On my mahogany sideboard, where the shell-museum is?—The ungracious boy!—That cursed bird, too!" With these words Mr. von Veldeck ran out of the room, to find out what further had happened to his misfortune.

Madame von Veldeck arose from the breakfast-table. A half-sigh escaped from her lips; she walked to the window, and looked out of it thoughtfully.

"Now, then, we have it," exclaimed the voice of her returning spouse; "one entire row of the cornice, with the bronze-work, broken off. Did I even think of it? And those cursed tame birds; they flit about everywhere, and soil everything, copperplates, sideboards, busts and all. I tell you what, Leonora, either cage up your flutterer for the future, or I shall be under the necessity of wringing his neck for him."

"It is the *first time* that he has escaped out of my room. The servant had left the door open."

"But it may happen a thousand times more, though; so remember—CAGED—OR DEAD!"

Madame von Veldeck bowed her head without answering.

"Stay!" called the master to the servant, who was about to leave the room with the pieces of the vase. "A thought strikes me. It is possible to cement the porcelain. I have a plan. Go, Nory, (an abbreviation he sometimes used when in a good humour,) here is the key." And now he informed his wife in what cupboard, in what drawer, and in what paper, she would find the cement. "Bring it me here; and do you, Martin, fetch a lighted candle and warm the glue. I will soon repair the sideboard." The hatchet in the house saves the carpenter, ("Die Axt im Hause erspart den Zimmermann,") said William Tell, and that is the most sensible speech that Schiller, or whatever his name is, ever wrote."

Leonora left the room. She and the servant brought the thing wanted. Veldeck sat himself down and began to join the broken pieces together very cleverly, while he smeared them over with the gluey substance, and cemented one to the other with the flame of the candle. But whilst occupied in soldering every piece his wife, with kindly nature, pointed out to him, he never ceased to rail at Gustavus, at the canary bird, and everybody in the house; saying the same thing over and over again in various ways, and congratulating himself, above all things, "that he would most heartily punish the clumsy urchin, who would not very soon again, he would warrant, feel any desire to climb upon his best mahogany sideboard."

Leonora ventured to remind her angry partner of the *age* of Gustavus, while she observed, "that a youth of *seventeen* ought not to be dealt with as if he were a *child*." But this remark had the effect of oil upon fire.

Mr. von Veldeck at this took heart of iron, and promised to let the unmannerly cub, as he called him, Leonora, ay, and the whole world, know who was master in the house, and whether any one should *dare* to say him nay, or to contravene his designs.

Leonora had nothing more to say ; she awaited in silence the moment when her husband got up, amidst a ceaseless murmuring of strange oaths, to see after his numerous concerns, when she left the room unobserved.

Herman von Veldeck was the only son of a very opulent country gentleman, and assumed, upon his father's death, the head of the family, which consisted of no more than the widowed mother, who might be said to have lived in her only son, and of a younger sister. So that it became easy for him to make *his* will the *law* of the house, and he took it proportionably to heart, that his sister, against his advice, and at last against even his express prohibition, gave her hand to a young officer, of many good graces, but of little property. War, with everything relating to it, was the abomination of Mr. von Veldeck ; he conceived, accordingly, an irreconcilable dislike to his sister and her military helpmate, and easily found means to bring his mother over to his views. Madame von Sohrau was never more to cross her mother's threshold, and so she followed her husband to his distant garrison. Meanwhile the mother died. Veldeck was her sole heir, what fell to her daughter being scarcely worth mentioning. No great while afterwards he offered his hand to an amiable and very gentle maiden, whom every one, from her first stepping out of a very confined circle, and coming forwards in the world, in all the graces of "sweet sixteen," taught the accomplished, rich, and useful husband to regard as a special boon from heaven. There was, in fact, nothing to be objected against Mr. von Veldeck. With a pleasing exterior, with elegant manners, and with great wealth, he was master also of much and of uncommon information ; then he gambled not at all, was no drinker, could not be termed extravagant in any sense, so that Leonora promised herself many happy days by his side. Her gentle nature, her highlycultivated mind, would, indeed, have found her happiness in any tie she might have formed, and have enabled her to call up flowers at every step of her way ; and so she had passed several years already in an union with her husband, unblessed certainly with children, but not unshone upon, nevertheless, by domestic comforts and quiet pleasures.

The brother-in-law of her husband, Captain von Sohrau, "had long since sealed with his blood his attachment to his country." His lady, in a short time, followed him to the tomb, and one only child, of tender age, remained behind in the hands of its father's comrades, who willingly took charge of the poor and orphan little boy, who seemed to belong to no one. Without the necessary discipline, without manner or education, the child naturally grew up bold and unmanageable. Mr. von Veldeck would never allow the name of his sister to be mentioned, and it made *one* of the few yet various clouded moments in Leonora's domestic lot, to be able to do nothing for the unfortunate relative of her husband. After the lapse of some years, the regiment, whose fortunes were followed by the little Gustavus,

arrived at the capital where his uncle resided. The officers became aware of this circumstance; it was matter of comment amongst them, and somebody accepted it as a duty of humanity, to speak to the uncle in behalf of his sister's son.

The notoriety of the affair—the wretched condition in which the child sojourned with the regiment—the loud talk of the town—the expressions of the officers—all this came upon Veldeck at once; he beheld no longer any possibility of withdrawing himself from a duty required both by nature and honour, and so he had the boy brought before him. When he first saw him, he felt horrified at this human wilderness, this filth, this sample of ill-breeding, and already it repented him that he had ever had anything to do with the disagreeable child; but he could not now retract. The matter was taken up by the town; he *must* do something for his nephew, were it but to redeem his family pride. He came, then, to the determination of entering Gustavus at an academy devoted exclusively to the education of the sons of gentlemen; but that did not take place directly, and since the regiment, contrary to all expectation, received a sudden order to break up, nothing was left but to take the wild young chip into his own house. Upon the entrance of the boy, trouble and disquiet invaded the peaceful household, in which all matters, whether of business or pleasure, had come to pass as regularly as the winding up and running down of the parlour clock. A new arrangement was now required in the rooms of the house.

Mr von Veldeck, we must inform our readers, had long since appointed every chamber in his large mansion to some definite purpose. His various collections, his different apparatus and working tools, by the aid of which he kept them and the whole house in constant repair—his carpentry and his turning-lathe, had, each of them, their own particular place, which no one might think of altering; and it was the same with respect to all the other domestic affairs. It was, therefore, very difficult in all the fourteen rooms of the house to find a corner for the new-comer. Madame von Veldeck, however, took counsel, and, after some objections, not only was a room found at last for the little Gustavus, but also a bedroom near it, in which a confidential servant, engaged expressly for him, might sleep and take charge over his personal manners and conduct.

But all this, Mr. von Veldeck declared, with every foot of ground his lady won for the young stranger, “was only for the time intervening between his introduction to the academy, for which,” he said, “he would take *at once the necessary steps*.”

Madame von Veldeck had nothing to object to this—*she knew her husband*. “*The necessary steps*” required time, calls, writing, and communications of different kinds, for which Mr. von Veldeck, who, without any real calling, had always his hands full of business, with difficulty found leisure. Her heart long ago entertained with zeal the purpose of educating carefully a poor deserted being, and one too so nearly related to her own family, as a useful member of society. Long, too, had she wished for such a tie, since the dear satisfaction of fulfilling this duty towards children of her own was denied her.

She expected to see in the little orphan a fair specimen of a child abject and disorderly, as he was *to all appearance*; she found, with not less astonishment than delight, that no one could claim, with such good reason, the love of such near relations as themselves, and she was resolved not to let the present opportunity, like so many previous ones, slip out of her hands through either the objections or insinuations of any one.

Gustavus was accordingly in the house of his relations for the first time. *The necessary steps* were begun; but week upon week elapsed, and there was, in fact, *nothing done*. It could, without doubt, have easily come to pass, if any one else, in place of Mr. von Veldeck, had been at liberty to manage it. While, however, he spoke of the time when his nephew would be at the academy, as of a day near at hand, his lady had taken care that the demeanour of the boy should be no more an affront to his uncle. Mr. von Veldeck's birthday fell out at this time. Madame von Veldeck had held a conversation with a tailor and hairdresser. She herself had lent her hand, and had composed a handsome congratulation, which the young gentleman was to get by heart; and on the morning of the happy day, upon whose formal celebration Mr. von Veldeck reckoned much, she walked, in a very tasteful attire, to his bedside with the child.

Veldeck knew not whether to believe his eyes. By the hand of his amiable partner, whose agreeable features expressed so well joy and motherly regard, stood a handsome, dark youngster, with dark eyes, which darted their flashes from beneath his rich black curls, in an elegant dress, dark green trimmed with red, which displayed to advantage the powerful, slim figure of the boy of eleven years old. The latter repeated now, in a natural manner and a pleasing voice, a congratulation as heartfelt as it was respectful, and kissed afterwards politely the hand of his uncle.

"And this trim youngster was his nephew! He was far from looking amiss. They might, even now, let him appear before the world."

The uncle smiled approvingly; he thanked kindly his wife and the child; and a gentle admonition of the former to the latter, "always to remember this morning and the goodness of his uncle," elevated Gustavus so much that he fell, the whole day through, into none of his rudenesses; and after a very pleasant day, in which he was introduced, as one of the family, to the numerous guests at the dinner-time and at the evening game, and was received with love and kindness, even the new dress came back into the hands of the servant without a spot or a rent.

The impressions of this day operated for some upon Gustavus and the uncle also. There was no more talk of the academy. The aunt knew very well how to prolong this good disposition, and to raise all kinds of schemes in her husband's mind. A dancing-master was engaged, "for the handsome figure of Gustavus, his dexterity and boldness in climbing and jumping, promised to do honour to this species of accomplishment." To the dancing-master were added fencing, music, and drawing masters; other instructors had he besides. His time was filled up; his turn for the mischievous much lessened; his dislike to sitting and continuous industry could not but be held in

powerful check. This last point, however, was effected with no little difficulty; and, except the fencing and dancing master, every one brought complaints of his insubordination, want of attention, and boisterous rudeness. The troubles of the uncle began afresh, and along with them, admonition, reprimand, punishment, and threats without end.

Madame von Veldeck came to the resolution of sending our hero to the public school of the place. She reckoned upon the ambition of the boy. The uncle hated the *public* system, and shuddered at it, for he had been brought up close to his mother's apron-string.

Gustavus, however, grew on, and since Veldeck would not engage him a private tutor, on which, as on a new revolution of his household, he could not possibly determine, he was obliged to strike into the path first named, as the only course left him.

Leonora had prophesied aright. Example, emulation—even the free association with boys of his own age, acted beneficially upon Gustavus. He made quick progress, and was soon one of the first in the school. And even if, at times, complaints poured in of many a touch of his childish temper or wildness, still the testimony of his professors told always with his uncle to his advantage, the force of custom being more than all; so that, after the lapse of a year, every trace of novelty was eradicated, and Gustavus was treated as a promising member of the establishment.

Year on year passed in this manner. Gustavus learned everything easily and quickly that pleased him, or concerning which his school companions excited his emulation; but no blame and rebuke of his uncle, no complaints of his masters, induced him to attempt anything that was disagreeable to him, or indeed seemed unnecessary; yea, the more strictly he was kept to it, the more impatiently he bore the constraint. There fell out many very stormy, very unpleasant scenes between him, his preceptors, and his uncle; and in one of these, his insubordination proceeded so far, that he threw out of the window books and instruments, and had well-nigh assaulted his teacher, a strict and pedantic man, who was treating him affrontingly. The man of learning made the best of his way to Mr. von Veldeck. The latter was furious with passion. There wanted little for Gustavus to have been driven out of doors on the instant. The aunt mediated in this matter with care; but she could not prevent her husband giving out an order for a flogging, by the servants too of the lad, now fourteen years old, which was fit for only a child. Gustavus heard this order, and made his escape. Three days passed away; he was nowhere to be found. His uncle spoke of it.—“How glad he should be to be quit of the youngster,” and instituted, in his own person, the most diligent inquiries; for he considered the honour of his family, as well as the gossip of the town. Leonora made no secret of her deep sorrow; she knew only too well how many good reasons the youth might urge in his own behalf; she looked her own heart through, and that bled at the thought—“What could now have become of him?”*

* To be continued.

THE IDEALIST; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OUTCAST."

"Poets shall be prophets too."—SHELLEY.

THOSE who have carefully studied the sacred scriptures must be ready to acknowledge that much of the poetic was blended with the prophetic character. Its figurative language is a distinguishing mark of prophecy; and the voice of the oracle that admitted of a double interpretation, was, in that respect, similar to all other prophetic enunciations. They have at once a liberal and a spiritual reading; a reading for the present, and a reading for the future, besides the sense in which they were understood at the time of their delivery. The noble images—the metaphors—the beautiful allusions and descriptions with which the prophets abound, prove that they were men of lofty imagination; and the divine light in its passage to earth, seems to have taken the hues of the minds that were the medium of its transmission: and thus the revelation of God is clothed in the sublimest language of man. There are some who believe that the stream of prophecy has flowed unbroken from the beginning of time. It is certain that every age and nation has possessed men who have professed to have been endowed with insight to futurity; many of them, doubtless, were impostors, and some were themselves deceived. To those who believe and those who discredit their pretensions, the following autobiography will be interesting.

It was written by a man who, if mistaken, was sincere. He may have been the victim of a diseased imagination, but he was not a wilful impostor. He was courteous and gentle in manners, and sincere and single-hearted, and if he was the victim of morbid feelings, they were confined to his own bosom, for their effect was never apparent in society. I was long and intimately acquainted with him. His countenance certainly bore the marks of deep thought, and I have often felt that there was something inscrutable in it, which the physiognomist would have been unable either to define or interpret. He was an excellent reasoner—an acute and well-read metaphysician, and his imagination and feelings were those of a poet; but a remarkable feature of his character was his love of seclusion. He always seemed anxious to pass unobserved, and until he entrusted the following record to my hands, he had made his own bosom the prison-house of his secret. Having heard much of the wonders wrought by the Egyptian magicians, and hoping, that in the East, where the spirit of prophecy had made its most wonderful manifestations, he should meet with some vestiges of it, he determined to visit that part of the globe, and on his departure left the following brief history in my possession.

G. N.

" C'est la melancholie et la mysterie."—VIENNET.

The art of the painter enables him to produce pictures in which the beauties of nature are equalled, and sometimes surpassed ; the poet may create scenes of happiness brighter than reality affords ; but neither the one nor the other can picture nature to the life, in her sordid and baser scenes. Let the beggar be portrayed in his rags, and you will find that the dilapidated and worn attire has a freshness and brightness of colour, far different from the dingy and dusty hue of the original : and the case is similar with all the imaginative arts ! Such is the exalting and beautifying powers of ideality. Seen through this lens of the intellect, the terrible attracts while it awes—beauty is exalted—grandeur acquires sublimity, and even sorrow may be invested with a charm. The province of imagination is to elevate ; to reflect pictures, but refined and exalted pictures, of all around her : and it is through this peculiar property that we sympathise with the woes, and even with the passions of ideal beings, though such as we should shrink from in actual life. Imagination paints for hope, and even the pictures of memory bear the touches of her hand : and thus, in retrospection, we rather sympathise with our past emotions than feel them again. In real sorrow we feel the pain of the burning—in its ideal reflections we see but the light of the flame ! When the storm has passed over us, we can turn, and, beholding it in the distance, admire its grandeur. Nay, viewing what we have undergone, we feel strengthened to meet the future ; and thus retrospection, in which we all love to indulge, though rarely cheerful, is improving. We behold how our hearts budded and blossomed in the sunshine of happiness ; how adversity tried and strengthened our stronger feelings. The clouds that darken the mind, often bring the showers that awaken its fertility ; the lightnings that flash across its heaven, lighten up and reveal its grandeur ; the thunders that peal within it, awaken the echoes of its depths ! I wish, my friend, to entrust to you a short history of my own life, and an account of the extraordinary phenomenon that has made it so wonderful to myself ; and, if you consider me under delusion, look charitably on my feelings.

As long as I can remember, one of the most prominent features of my character has been a love, a passion for reflection. This led me to sink deep into my own thoughts, to watch the workings of my own mind, and seek to analyse the mysteries of my own nature ; and from it I think that I acquired the power of deciphering the minds of others, and of entering into their natures. I knew no fixed rules of physiognomy, but felt instinctive in me a power of interpreting feature ; and often have I felt, as my eyes were fixed on the countenances of others, that not only their characters, but even their thoughts, and sometimes the events of their lives, were open before me. This might have been fancy, and, when first I found my mind taking this turn, I believed it to be so ; but it was strange—was it not strange?—that often a more intimate acquaintance with such individuals has proved these involuntary guesses to have been correct ?

In youth I was debarred the privilege of an acquaintance with the beautiful creations of intellect ; but I am convinced that the love of

the great and beautiful was ever strong within me. My mind mirrored the poetry of nature, ere instruction had taught me how to fix and preserve the shadows ; and I knew not that what was passing silently within me was akin to all that is most great and glorious in our nature. In youth I was an accurate though silent observer, and had treasured up a multitude of singular observations and thoughts, and thus, with a habit of comparing one thing with another, of deducing principles from facts, and stringing, as it were, various facts on one thread of principle, I had nursed and tutored the thought within me ; and long ere I could claim a man's position and importance on the stage of life, although I had gained so little from books, I felt that I was more than equal with those to whom years gave the precedence. Thus passed my youth, with its loves, sorrows, and hopes, each, for the moment, absorbing and important as the heavier cares of manhood. You will see how constantly I have been the prey of morbid reflection. I condemn it. Imagination and reflection are magicians who, if properly ruled, are as mighty slaves who work to elevate and adorn our existence ; but, if we suffer ourselves to be ruled by them, they become oppressive and debasing tyrants.

I now opened the intellectual treasures of my race, and revelled and exulted in their greatness and glory. The secret bosom of society was opened to me ; the chain of thought that, like the operations of one mind, has continued unbroken from the creation of man. As, in the common intercourse of society, we know but little of the internal nature of those with whom we are most intimate, so I found that he who knows mankind but as they appear in their actions,—he who has never opened this repository of their thoughts, their literature, which may be called the memory of the race, must form an erroneous estimation of them. He sees society in its vice and degradation, but he knows not the mighty thoughts it carries in its bosom—the germs of its future regeneration. And it is worthy of remark, that men do not hesitate to give utterance to thoughts and feelings, when addressing mankind in general, although they would conceal them from their most intimate friends. And he who speaks sincerely and unaffectedly, may do so without fear of derision, for there is no one whose nature is so diverse from all others, that his thoughts can find no echo in the minds around him.

Now was my time for study. I entered into the mind of the poet, the philosopher, the orator, the statesman ; I compared and comprehended their differences, I measured their minds with mine, I weighed myself against my fellows, and found the balance in my favour. Imagination was mine—reason was mine—my thoughts would burst almost involuntarily into words, and I felt that I could wield and control men by policy and persuasion. This was a glorious period—what a proud career I saw then before me ! I looked forward into life like a young warrior on the eve of battle, who exults in the consciousness of his powers before they are tried in the conflict. I perceive that on reading this you will be ready to inquire why, if such were my powers, I make no greater figure in the world. I had courage and perseverance, and in the actual essay difficulties vanished before me ; but the telescope whose power enabled me to

penetrate the distance, also showed me its barrenness. I reflected on all things, and as each of the objects that usually attract men's desires passed under my examination, its nothingness became apparent to me. I contrasted the tomb of the mighty with the grave of the humble dead; "they are equal here," I exclaimed; "the dead heed not the applause of the living: to benefit others we must sacrifice self, and how many, from errors in judgment, have sacrificed themselves, and drawn others into the vortex of their ruin, to the injury of the world they wished to benefit. These were the crude fruits of a sapling of philosophy; they awaited not the wind of adversity to fell them, but fell blighted of themselves. I have looked up to the stars, and sighed to think that they should still beam in their beauty when I should no longer behold them; now I rejoice that they will exist for other minds to behold and delight in when I am at peace. Reflection is a microscopic power, by which we can pierce into the real nature of things. We penetrate beyond their mere outward appearance; but in that external their beauty exists. Life, as I advanced, lost its charms; whilst I gazed on the form of beauty, my mind would remind me that I beheld but a fleshy integument covering unsightly veins and tendons beneath. In all things the same spirit actuated me. I examined scrupulously into the motives and characters of my friends. I found them not to be what I in my earlier years had believed them; and yet a youth, and well for me that it was but in youth, a painful melancholy came upon me. I shunned converse with men, and buried myself deeper and deeper in my own thoughts. I now studied for its own pleasure—I loved the intoxication of knowledge—I had ever felt a passion for the mysterious and wonderful, and I engaged in the exploration of that science that professes to reveal to us the mysteries of fate and time. Why, I thought, should we, for whose comprehension every hair of our heads possesses a mystery too wonderful—why, when the world and its affairs are all so conducted that one thing is but the resemblance or type of another—why, when one event but prefigures another, should we consider it impossible that the destinies of the world and the fates of men should be figured by the bright worlds above us? When I look at them, I can almost believe them endowed with intelligence; they are certainly guided by the same Mind that directs the affairs of the world; why, then, should they not form part of the same great plan? and if they are part of the same machine, why should not their operations be conducted on the same model? Thus I became more and abstracted from the world, my countenance grew saddened and darkened with thought, my heart bled for man, while it hated the world. I felt that a curse had grown in my eye and a sneer on my lip, whilst benevolence was the mainspring of my bosom; and raising my eyes inadvertently to the glass, I have started as if I had beheld some other spirit than my own looking through my eyes, so different was their expression from the feelings I felt within me. Though I know not why, there was that in my gaze which men mistrusted, and innocence sought to escape from. Forgive me, my friend, I beseech you, for this egotism; all that I speak of I have strongly felt, and it is the importance which these thoughts possessed for me that makes me

dwelt on them so long. I will now speak of that extraordinary faculty to which I have alluded, and relate to you the first instance of its manifestation.

With years my power of deciphering character increased. I have been ever subject to fits of abstraction. So involuntarily and suddenly do they come upon me, that my mind is totally lost to all around me, and, ere I am aware of it, my thoughts are pursuing a track far, far away from the scenes in which I may be. I can compare it to nothing but the double life of the somnambulist, and I believe it may be traced to the same causes. Often, in such states, wonderful truths have been made known to me, and I have seen in my mind visions of occurrences which have afterwards happened in my presence. I then remembered that similar impressions had crossed my brain before, and it must have been either in my dreams or in these fits of abstraction that I had beheld them.

Early in my twenty-second year I paid a casual visit to an old friend ; he was from home, but his wife received me. Of all female charms the purest is virtue—there is a holiness it imparts to the most brilliant features, unsanctified by which they lose their purest attraction. But here was a woman—so beauteous—so feminine—with a countenance beaming so full of the virtuous spirit within, I could have worshipped woman in her lovely representative before me. I felt for her a feeling more akin to homage than love ; she wanted the intellect, the strong mind, the self-dependence, that was necessary to awaken that passion in me. But so beautiful an impersonation of the lovely moral, of which woman is the earthly representative, I had never before beheld. She presented her two children to me, two boys, and the mother's pride rose in her eyes as the beautiful little fellows came forward to meet me, with all the confidence and familiarity of fearless childhood. But, before I spoke to them, I saw them shrink back to the side of their mother ; my eye had fallen upon them, and its glance had chilled their feelings towards me. Why was this ? women and children are instinctively physiognomists. What vice had I indulged in, or what crime had I committed, to stamp my features with characters so legible and repulsive ? What to me, in that moment, were the gifts on which I prided myself ? I could not gain the confidence of an artless child. My mind, pursuing this train of reflection, diverged into one of my accustomed fits of abstraction, and in a moment, forgetting all around me, I was reasoning on the equity of Heaven's dispensations, and on the various equivalents with which the Creator recompenses his creatures for the endowments of which he deprives them. Suddenly my mind quitted the theme!—the most beautiful of the two boys was before me—I saw his cheek was thin ; a dark red spot was upon it—he was dying—he was dead !

I left, deeply impressed with the vision. I mentioned it to some of my friends, and, as I expected, it was received with ridicule, and classed with the thousand vagaries for which I had become notorious. But, about two months afterwards, I met my friend, and inquired for his wife and children—the eldest was dead. Was this the mere working of a decayed intellect ? Was it the suggestion of excited imagination and morbid vanity, or was it a mere accidental coincidence ? Had the

phenomenon occurred but once, I should have attributed it to one of these causes, accident or derangement ; but in other instances similar visions have crossed my mind, and they have always been fulfilled. While the cheek of beauty beamed in the glow and freshness of health, I have seen it in decay—the man yet strong in mind and body, I have seen weakened in frame, and with an idiot's imbecility approaching the grave. I once stood with a mother and her son—that son was the image of his departed father, and his mother's heart clung to him. She spoke to my ear of his virtues ; he was her last hope, her sole dependence, the last prop of her steps. But whilst she yet spoke of him, I beheld him, not as he then stood, a few yards from me, but his fair hair was clotted with blood—his countenance was distorted—a huge and unsightly wound was in his breast—the life-blood was bubbling from his lips—he was dying ! In a short time the vision was realised ; the youth died by his own hand, and soon the unfortunate mother was no more. This was sad—most sad ; but what follows was worse. In my boyhood I had loved ardently, and perhaps with a passion beyond my years ; but since I had arrived at manhood, I had met no object to awaken it. I knew that no woman without beauty would long have maintained influence over me ; whilst, on the other hand, to beauty alone I should have soon become indifferent. There is nothing more calculated to make men reckless in conduct, and to fill them with bitterness to the world, than the conviction that they have no friend in it—that they are either shunned or disregarded by their fellows ; and if they are not allied by affection to them, their only ties will soon be those of an opposite character. I have known what it is to look around on the world, and to feel, whilst encompassed by my fellows, that there existed not one in the world's thousands who cared a thought for my welfare ; and yet, at the same time, I knew that my heart bled for the woes of mankind, and overflowed with feelings of benevolence towards them. I felt that my features belied my disposition, and, in my bitterest moments, have sometimes almost wished that my heart had been such as they proclaimed it, that I might have returned hatred for the world's dislike. But one who could discover and understand my true nature was found at last. My friend, my friend, could you know what I feel as I write, how this unburying the past, like recrossing the troubled waters, afflicts me now, then you might imagine what I felt at the time of the actual occurrence of the things I relate.

I had found the being I had so long looked for—one who could share my pleasures, and pardon and bear with my weaknesses—one who felt with me the glory, the grandeur, the love, the beauty of the things in which I delighted—one who in herself compensated for all the injuries the world had cast upon me. For her sake I could have re-entered the field of ambition. I loved her in the full strength of my nature—my thoughts collected from the world around me, and, centred in her, my imagination hallowed but her. Her mind, heart, and beauty were mine ! I developed the powers of my mind before her—she knew the countenance of my spirit—she loved me for the greatness of my soul. One evening she stood beside me ; my mind was opened by the beauties of nature which were spread around me, and passionate

thoughts flowed from me. Never was she so dear as at that moment. We spoke of happiness to come, when, in a moment, my thoughts were far distant from me; I saw her before me in a vision—blood was on her lips—she was pale—and soon she was dead! “What have you been thinking of,” she exclaimed, as her voice recalled me from abstraction. I spoke to you, and you did not answer me—you looked at me, but your eyes were fixed, and their expression was terrible.” I evaded the question—I knew that her fate was sealed—that the prestige was infallible. How I passed that night!—From short slumbers, wherein the vision was repeated, I awoke to struggle and contend with fears, with presentiments that I knew were certain of accomplishment!—to heap curses on my destiny—to rave—to plead with our Great Maker—to pray—to pray, but in vain. Ere a month the prediction was accomplished, and I was again alone. But let me escape from the harrowing picture—I dare not return to it—never was misery greater than mine. O! sorrow makes misanthropes—the best hearts feel the keenest, and are broken first! Deeper and deeper grew the shade of melancholy on my countenance; sadder grew my thoughts, and more painful my feelings. I felt as if the hand of my Maker was upon me to curse me; but why, I knew not.

From this time, my visions grew more frequent and more distinct, but they were always fulfilled. I felt as if my glance had something fatal to blast wherever it fell. *Let no one aspire to the knowledge of futurity; it can only be a blessing to those whom it cannot affect.* I have looked on beauty in her hour of triumph, and whilst all hearts yielded to her power, and all eyes paid her devotion. I have known that, ere a few short months could pass, the form they admired would be dust; that the lovely, conscious, animated being before me would be senseless and cold. In the crowd I have singled out the man of vigorous strength and health, and have known that, of all the number around me, he would be first to fall. I have sat by the hearth of friends, and families united by the electrical bond of love, and whilst they were happy before me, I have seen the rents that would soon be made in their circle; in the smiling and happy beings before me, I have seen the victims of death. While enjoying their converse and society, I have known that my own, my loved, my personal friends would be soon snatched from me, and have suffered the agony of a long, protracted, painful separation, feeling that they were beings torn from me, even before disease, the shadow of death falling on them, had proclaimed the conqueror’s approach. Others suffer but one separation from their friends—mine died in every thought of them!

To imagine the misery of such a fate is impossible. In the hope of escaping the pain of such occurrences, I fled into solitude, but there I was only delivered more entirely to my thoughts. I then rushed into society—I endeavoured to tame down my peculiarities of disposition and conduct; and to interest myself in the frivolities of polite society, and to escape from reflection in the inanities called amusement. For a time I succeeded, but my natural disposition soon regained the ascendancy. My knowledge and powers of conversation caused my society to be courted, and, when I spoke, men listened with attention; but my wit would often degenerate to irony. I found that

there was in my manner that which gave to my jests the air of serious satire. I often unconsciously wounded, when I had only sought to amuse. My acquaintance, at this period, was large, my intimates were few ; but you, my friend, were of their number, and you can witness if what foes I had were of my own seeking. Yes, often have those who shrunk from me at first learned to love me afterwards ; and few, when they heard me speak, could easily believe that the gentle voice and unassuming manner in which I conversed, were those of a man whom they had been accustomed to behold with aversion, if not with awe. The openings of futurity have now become less frequent, and less regarded ; age has grown upon me, and time accustomed me to my lot. My power of entering and exploring character has become more and more mature. Vice can wear no mask before me—it is mine to behold the face of death beneath the features of beauty—but my superiority to common mortals has made me unhappy. I shall soon have left this land behind me. In the countries to which I am about to travel, I may perhaps meet with some who share this extraordinary faculty with me ; and I hope to find there that seclusion for which I feel an earnest and irresistible longing. Remember, my friend, to whom I shall commit this record of my life, that however strange its contents may be, however unexplainable, however wonderful, it is true ; and let those who sigh for a knowledge of futurity read it, and acknowledge that God, in the arrangements he has made for mankind, has shown that He is wiser than they are.

MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

EDITED BY ELI BLACKGOWN, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST ORTHODOX CHURCH IN OSWALD COUNTY,
VIRGINIA.

" 'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed."

To the best-natured of English readers, Eli Blackgown, greeting ;—

" D'une terre chérie,
C'est un fils désolé ;
Rendons une patrie
Au pauvre exilé."

That the name of an honest but obscure pastor of a newly-established church in the "far west" should be utterly unknown in England would be no subject of wonder to me, nor should I even be surprised if the very name of Oswald County, Virginia, should be looked for in vain in your English atlases, for our young country is going so fast "*a-head*," that sleepy old Europe has hardly any time to watch over its progress.

Before I come to the agreeable task of speaking of myself, I deem it therefore necessary to say a few words on the history of our country, a not less gratifying, perhaps, but less impudently selfish, and without comparison more profitable, subject.

Know then, honest reader, that far beyond the Alleghany, in one of the remotest counties of West Virginia, there lies a solitary dale, which ancient traditions have designated by the appellation of "Oswald's Dell, or Vale of the Bloody Hearth." The place has been of old the scene of many daring achievements of the roving adventurers who paved the way for the progress of civilisation ; and appalling tales are on record of the bloody reprisals to which the hunted-down indigenous tribes were driven by despair. Major Oswald, in his youth one of the heroes of our glorious revolution, afterwards a restless *pioneer*, who had carried his warlike excursions as far as the Mississippi ; finally stricken in years and disabled by wounds, settled in the dale, with a few negroes and a young wife he had sent for from Richmond ; and his house, the only human dwelling for twenty or thirty miles around, under the name of "Oswald Station," became, for a good number of years, the resort of adventurers of every description.

One evening, however, at the close of a squally day of December, the hospitable establishment was assaulted, it is supposed, by a party of Cherokee Indians, who were still lurking in the neighbourhood, and to whom the name of Oswald had long been a subject of inveterate resentment. His murderers, it seems, had taken him unawares. His slaves were slain in their huts, and his body was found lying across the fireplace, with a deep gash in the head, his face awfully burnt, cold, on the cold ashes of the fire that he had actually put out with his

blood. His wife and two infant children disappeared and were never heard of.

For a long interval of time Oswald's Station, under its new ominous appellation of the "Bloody Hearth," remained silent and desolate; but, in proportion as the country around became settled and quiet, the amenity of its situation and the fertility of its soil allured new planters and farmers from the east, until at length, on the spot where the humble caravansery of the unhappy major had stood, timidly hiding its solitary roof among the oaks of the forest, the nice county-town of Oswald-court-house is now growing with all the speed, bustle, and mettle of a young American settlement.

The hand of man has not yet so far laid waste the work of nature that this county may not be numbered among the most privileged spots for man to live in. The valley, originally a wide, luxuriant heath, an enchanted prairie, has been turned into a smiling garden, fenced, as it were, by two branches of the Cumberland mountains, which, starting from the main chain in a diverging direction, form two long ridges, sloping with a gentle declivity down to the main branch of the Tennessee river.

In front, the view is closed by the crest of the Alleghany, which, receding in a south-easterly direction, appears as if painted in the azure of the sky, and as if deriving its blue-purple hues from the purest ether of heaven.

The eastern coast, craggy and steep, is an immense heap of sable rocks, piled upon each other in a sublime disorder, and frowning from all their cliffs. From the height of those rocks, maddening and roaring, falls a mountain-torrent, which, under the name of "Oswald Creek," after hiding its head in a deep dell in the upper region, rushes forth, a silver stream upon the plain, wandering and wantoning in the full enjoyment of its independence, and seems to linger with fondness on its native vale, and approach with regret and reluctance to its end.

On the other side the hills rise even and slow, and, as far as the eye can reach, the whole ridge was once mantled with a lofty forest as old as creation, naturally clear of all undergrowth, accessible for many miles to its inmost recesses, in every direction; a hallowed ground, inhabited by a holy, deep, overawing silence unbroken. The industry of the new settlers has waged a sad war against that venerable forest.—Those primeval trees, the Titans of the vegetable kingdom, which nature had fostered for perhaps fifty centuries, and which no human effort could have removed from their soil, have been disposed of by that easy process that the Americans call *girdling*; a modern contrivance, which, by a deep incision round the trees, dries up their sources of life; a great improvement, by which the vegetation of many miles can be paralysed, as it were, at one stroke. The ill-fated timber is still standing, and will stand, thus bleaching and withering, maybe, for an age; the wide-spreading branches rising to the sky in their squalid nakedness, howling and groaning in the gale, and glimmering in the twilight, grim, bleak, desolate, like an army of ghosts.

A witness, as I have been, of the greatest part of these improvements, and numbered among the earliest colonists, the very fathers of the land, I am, however, a stranger, and a native of a far-off country.

I was "*raised down east*," in that part of the Union that is most properly entitled to the appellation of Yankee land; I am from the village of Woodstock, Windham county, Conn. My father, a plain farmer, with moderate wishes and limited notions, would fain have doomed me, his eldest son, to the plough; but schoolmaster Riddle, who had discovered in my brain the latent seeds of a fast-rising genius, prevailed upon him to look upon his heir with brighter expectations, so that, fitted up and equipped as a divinity student, I was stowed on one of the monthly wagons for New Haven, where I arrived safe and sound after a week's ride, and was soon admitted as a freshman in Yale College, principally by the exertions of Deacon Flinch, the college beadle, to whom I brought warm recommendations from my loving schoolmaster. At the end of four years I returned to Woodstock an orthodox minister, a divinity doctor, and a betrothed lover of Hosanna Flinch, the beadle's daughter, whom I was to wed as soon as I should get a livelihood for myself, for her, and for those *who were to come out of her*. After a short greeting, and staring, and wondering of friends and neighbours at home, I ventured on my experimental tour from village to village, in quest of a parish. It was then a blessed age for young men of my calling, when pulpits wanting a preacher were as frequent as are now preachers wanting a pulpit, when a young pastor was not obliged to start up a new sect for the sake of getting a flock;—but there is luck in all things, and luck was against me. In one village I was found too tall, in another too thin; the old folks found my sermons too short, the young people too long; the mothers objected to an unmarried clergyman, the daughters found fault with my engagement; until, preceded everywhere by the report of my failures in my successive attempts, I was judged and sentenced before I was heard. Miss Hosanna Flinch, meanwhile, who began to wax tired of her long engagement, accepted the more ready offers of a sea-captain, and shipped herself on board the brig *Swallow*, bound for the Pacific ocean, whence neither vessel, nor captain, nor cargo ever returned.

Disappointed on so many sides, and by the death of my father left in possession of a small sum of money, I bade my country a bitter adieu, and wandering from one to another of the western settlements, I was led by chance to this valley, where I purchased two slaves, built a house, and setting up "*a farming*," as my father had done before me, I forgot that I had ever been bred up for a minister.

In progress of time, however, and as I was advancing in the vale of years, it happened, as it is often the case with human things, that the parish I had so long run after in vain came over to me by itself, when I had laid down for ever the thought of it. The valley, where at my arrival I had found but two small and shabby plantations, began to be invaded at different intervals by new speculators, who for a long time measured out lands, cleared woods, fenced, tilled, and built at leisure, without encroaching upon each other. But when at length all was taken that was worth taking, and the old tenants felt the necessity of securing their property against new emigrants, and of avoiding all subjects of collision between themselves, it was unanimously resolved that the valley and the adjacent territories should be incorporated into a county, and that a council should be held of the landed proprietors

to appoint the county magistrates, and to build a court-house. To build a court-house in the western settlements is an event of the highest moment. It signalises the epoch in which the patriarchal life, the golden age of independent settlers, is to give place to that artificial state of constraint that is called among men social order. A court-house is a bond of union, a centre, a name, to a district that without it had hitherto grown and flourished unknown; but that edifice is likewise the forerunner of workhouses and jails; it becomes a nest of lawyers, sheriffs, and constables; mischievous beings, that had been deemed hitherto quite unnecessary and beyond whose reach the earliest colonists had flattered themselves to have for all their lifetime escaped.

It is, however, a day of excitement and public rejoicing, and far from undergoing the ceremony as a matter of fatal necessity, the newly-chartered territory assumes an air of importance and dignity, that reminds us of a young colt proud of the finery of his housings and trappings, when he is for the first time saddled or harnessed.

The council of electors of Oswald County, like the parliament of the ancient Saxons and Franks, met in the open air, in the very spot where Oswald's Station had stood, chosen now as the centre of the little province of which it was to become the metropolis. The freeholders of all farms and plantations for twenty miles around came on horseback, followed by their women, children, and slaves, carrying rifles, provisions, and chairs, for the meeting. There came likewise a crowd of attorneys, notaries, masons, and architects, from the neighbouring counties, two generals of the militia, two parsons, three Yankee pedlars, two tavern-keepers, and two fiddlers from Abingdon, besides a great number of people without name or description; so that we had on the same day, and on the same green turf, a church and town meeting, a fair, a pic-nic, a shooting-match, and a ball. The result of the great transactions of the day ended in a low, square, brick building, half Gothic, half Greek, with four short and thick columns, two small oval windows, and a round, dwarfish steeple in front, bearing a strong resemblance to the legs, eyes, and horn of a rhinoceros.

Now, wherever rises a town-hall there must necessarily be a town. By the side of the court-house two half-starved attorneys built their offices and dwelling-houses; on the other side of the road Giles Sharpe opened "an entertainment," what you would call in your old English a tavern. The three Yankee pedlars settled in town as regular shopkeepers; a Dutch bankrupt merchant opened a comb manufactory; the rest of the ground was filled up by washerwomen, butchers, cobblers, and tinkers, a paper-mill, a smithy, a bakehouse, a bank, a jail, and finally a church.

For in these matters they proceed in Virginia after a system perfectly opposite to what is generally practised in New England, where the pious inhabitants, the descendants of righteous Puritan pilgrims, cannot rest comfortably under their roof unless it be within hearing of the sabbath bell, and quite under the shade of the steeple of their meeting-house, rising gay and trim in its unspotted purity, and glittering from hill and vale above its green cluster of elms.

A church in West Virginia is not unfrequently a low building, which

men and cattle would equally object to live in, a dark, grim, lurking-place, hidden in the corner of a wood, as if ashamed of appearing into light,—a barn, a stable, such as the very Indians would have blushed to raise to the High Spirit.

As soon as the funds for the house of worship were voted, Giles Sharpe, the publican, whose influence ruled uncontrolled all over the district, took it warmly into his head that I should be elected to officiate as its parson. He was a Yankee himself, from Connecticut, and from his first settling in the valley, he, the three pedlars, and I, had formed an alliance offensive and defensive, to bear against the prejudice and ill-will deeply rooted in the south and west against the name of New England.

But as the trades of parson, schoolmaster, and doctor, are still most generally given up to *Down-Easters*, it was no hard task for my favourers to carry the day. One evening I went to bed a farmer, the next morning I woke up a minister. My house lay on the top of a hill rising immediately behind the court-house. At the end of six months the new church was built by the side of my orchard, and my plain, farming establishment was decorated with the august title of parsonage.

I dusted what I considered the best of my sermons; I rubbed, and strained, and mustered my faculties; I donned my long-forgotten suit of black clothes, combed my hair smooth, and washed my hands white, and, supported arm-in-arm by two of my patrons, I was led for the first time in front of my congregation.

It was a day of complete triumph. As soon as my last blessings were over, the whole flock arose like one man, surrounded their new pastor with due love and reverence, escorted him to the parsonage with congratulations and plaudits, and the very heads of the people even deigned to stop and take a dinner with him. These warm demonstrations, however, and that air of popular favour, did not, kind reader, so far cloud my understanding as to extinguish for a moment in my heart the sense of my real unworthiness. They were aware that the money they had voted for the support of their clergyman was but a starving income, and they contrived to make up by fine words what was deficient in specie.

Thanks to Providence, however, twenty years of laborious life and thrifty economy had placed me far above want; the number of my slaves had been increased from two to twenty, my plantation extended from the creek to the outskirts of the forest: I could now afford a few years of rest, and, as the Lord had so far bountifully bestowed his blessings on the labour of my fields, I was now at leisure to set up as a labourer of his vineyard.

Surrounded by ease and comfort at home, and risen into public opinion abroad, it seemed as if I ought to have had little occasion to envy the happiest of my neighbours. Yet some of my friends, some of those zealous Utopists who find always something to mend even in the best order of things, so managed as to make me aware that something was still wanting to complete my happiness. They reminded me by adroit insinuations what I had long forgotten, and cared not to remember, that I was on the shady side of fifty, and was an old bachelor. Now, if it be true in all the universe, that "it is not good

for man to be alone," it is especially so in America, and much more so in the west, in whose thin settlements marriage is so far the order of the day that the land can hardly be supplied by the constant importation of young and old spinsters from the eastern states, where they grow wild, and whence they shower to the westward in large flocks, there to be given off by wholesale, at sight, on their very first landing; it being nobody's fault but theirs if they wear their wreath of lilies and snowdrops unstrung to the churchyard.

Leaving aside for a moment how much of the awkward and ludicrous is always attached to the situation of a man living in open contradiction to the best accepted rules, leaving aside the dignity, weight, and consequence, which a clergyman derives by a wife and a long train of children, it must be allowed that a single life is a dog's life in America, where domestic service being either in the hands of slaves, who work only by compulsion, or of free and enlightened citizens, who do not work at all, a bachelor's establishment, notwithstanding the terrors of the overseer's whip, and the awe of the housekeeper's frown, is always a prey to an anarchy, of which the master, the sole unconstituted authority, must be the first victim.

The benevolent remonstrances of the male, and the bitter sarcasms of the female part of my friends, (to whom the whole of Hosannah Flinch's story was not well known,) conspiring with my own wishes for domestic welfare, and my fondness for quiet living, were then about to urge me to the sad, irrevocable step; and a formal invitation had already been penned and sealed, whose object it was to call Mlle. Ledru, a French boarding-school mistress of my ancient acquaintance in Abingdon, to the helm of my domestic concerns, under the title of helpmate, lady, and mistress, when I was relieved from the temptation I was fatally giving in to, by the interference of an angel in the shape of my niece Emily, whom Providence in its clemency conveyed to me all the way from the east.

My brother, with whom I had parted since my father's death, though we had from time to time exchanged a few letters, had settled and married in Salem, Massachusetts, had invested his petty capital in the East Indian commerce, and thriven with astonishing speed. Emily, his only daughter, whose hand he destined for the heir of one of the aristocratic families in Salem, constituting herself a judge in her own cause with true Yankee independence, eloped with an English adventurer, to whom she was wedded in Providence, and whom she followed all the way to the south as far as Washington, where she lost him, three weeks only after her marriage, in the disaster of the steam-boat *Susquehannah*, whose shipwreck she alone, with a few cabin passengers, had the good luck to survive.

Landed on a deserted shore, near Frederick-town, and thrown upon the charity of strangers, dreading the consequences of her rebellious conduct, if she had gone back to her friends, she expressed a wish to be directed to her uncle's, in Oswald county, whither she proceeded, aided and supported, wherever she passed, with real Virginian hospitality, and where she arrived one fair summer evening, in deep mourning attire, pale, emaciated, half melted in tears.

I embraced her a thousand times: when she made herself known

I dried her tears by a thousand kisses as she was telling her piteous tale, and casting the letter for Miss Ledru into the fire, I vowed never to suffer any mistress in my house but sweet Emily.

She lived inconsolable for several months, and I repeatedly conceived serious apprehensions for her life, but the vital part of the female heart lies too inward for any wound to reach its depth. The full pardon, of which her alarmed parents hastened to assure her in their letters, the cares and affection of all that surrounded her, and, above all, the first signs of life from the being she bore in her bosom, reconciled her to life; and when her fondest hopes of becoming a mother were frustrated by a premature birth, that event found her already resigned to any stroke that it might please Providence to inflict.

It would be superfluous to tell you, honest reader, that everything took a better aspect at the manse since dear Emily had brought us the blessings of heaven with her. In proportion as the weight of her anguish began gradually to give way, and she was enabled to bestow her cares upon the things of this world, the sweet expression of her beautiful countenance, and the serene melancholy that accompanied all her acts and words, gave her orders such a tone of irresistible persuasion, that the rudest of my negroes would rather have expired under the horsewhip than endure a rebuke from her, or suffer the slightest cloud of displeasure to pass over her brow.

But the new sources of enjoyment she opened for me in my wilderness, the spell she cast over the idle hours, which the discontinuation of my rural labours had distressingly lengthened, were derived not so much from the increase of visitors attracted by the fame of her loveliness, coming from near and from afar, the men to worship, the women to envy, and against whom I was finally obliged to shut my door—not so much from the sweet intercourse of her animated conversation, and the sunshine of her heavenly face, as from an intellectual pastime to which she was desperately given, and in which, after vain remonstrances, I was not only obliged to allow her freely to indulge, but even to plunge into it myself with such eagerness and fury, as to leave my fair seductress at a great distance behind. She made me a novel reader.

From the hastiness and levity of her clandestine conduct at home, you must have justly apprehended in her mind the symptoms of an enthusiastic mood, of a wild romantic disposition. The ecstatic glare with which her eyes sparkled at times, and, to use the phrases of a science in which I have become of late an adept, the organs of marvellousness and ideality strongly marked in her noble head, by the side of those of benevolence and veneration, satisfied me that her juvenile sally from home was not so much in her the consequence of a momentary imprudence, as it was the effect of a deeply-set constitutional organization.

But when once installed in Oswald county, and long ere her grief allowed me safely to interfere, she had, before all other things, sent home for her books, and sought among them a refuge against her chagrin, with that same deplorable instinct that prompts a man in a state of ebriety to have recourse to his cup, as if hoping to rescue his reason from the liquor in which it was drowned. Now it happened, that after gazing long upon her, as leaning on her desk with both

elbows, and half hiding her face with both hands, she pored on her favourite volumes as unconscious, still, and completely absorbed, as a spell-bound heroine of one of her tales, if she chanced to raise up her head for a moment, to dash off a tear that dimmed her eyes, I, with the hope of operating a diversion, would now and then venture on some inquiries about the tale, when she not only would enter into its details with more fervour and earnestness than I had wished, but even read over again and again the very passage that heaved her bosom and moistened her cheeks.

The experiment was too dangerous and too often repeated for all my austerity to resist. In vain I shook my head, in vain I attempted to laugh. The charm of her voice made up for what the book was wanting in common sense, and after two or three sittings I surrendered, and begged to be admitted as a sharer of her literary pursuits.

Soon her Werther and Ortis, her Nouvelle Heloise, and her Waverley novels, were used up, and I, having now warmly adopted the maxim of Rousseau, that "*Il faut des spectacles dans les grands villes, il faut des romans dans les provinces,*" opened a correspondence with Carey and Lea, booksellers and publishers in Philadelphia, as a subscriber to all new works of fiction that the press of the old world, or the new, could contrive to send into the light.

Thus becoming more and more inaccessible to my matter-of-fact, prosaic neighbours, I made of my parsonage an enchanted castle, haunted by a benevolent fairy, who condescended to raise me up to her region of dreams, where, especially in the long winter evenings, we forgot ourselves so long and so far, that all our servants having retired for their night's rest, and our fire and light having gone out, the curtain would fall oftentimes on the most pathetic scenes of our dramas, leaving us to grope our way, vexed and disappointed, to our apartments.

This continual dealing in chimeras and fantasies, this brooding over so many crowding and jarring impressions, in the long hours of musing to which we were left in our solitude, could not fail to work hard on our brain; and though matters did not go so far with us as to set out, I on my steed as a warrior, Emily as a page on her palfrey, in quest of adventures, yet we both displayed a visible tendency to extravagance and mysticism that eminently qualified us for romance. Only on account of that necessary difference that must exist between an old bachelor, drawing near threescore, and a young widow of two-and-twenty, she would fain have played the heroine in our novel, while my ambition aimed no farther than to the glory of writer.

But as neither the rude swains of Oswald county could have helped her to a knight, nor the daily transactions of our quiet settlement could afford me a subject, so her romance was for a long time confined to that sorrowful past, to which she could never turn without sighing; and the bright images with which my brain was teeming were exhausted in my sermons, on whose poetical style I was repeatedly complimented by such as would have shuddered with horror had they known its sources.

An unexpected event, however, led one evening to our door what

we would perhaps have looked for in vain all our lifetime—to me my hero, to Emily her lover.

One evening, I said, as Emily had just laid down the last volume of "*Henrietta Temple*," Cassius, our negro, who dwelt in a small hut near the outer gate, performing the duties of master-of-the-bolt, ushered in a man of highly prepossessing mien, whose appearance was of one somewhat short of thirty years of age. His garb was strictly decent, his address free and easy; but a few seconds of closer inspection soon satisfied me that his apparent composure was the effect of a strong violence he exerted upon himself, and that he was, in fact, exhausted and suffering. He spoke English fluent and correct, but his accent, as well as his look at his first appearance, betrayed the foreigner. He had, he said, lost his way in a pedestrian excursion to our valley, and asked for a night's rest and shelter with us.

Now all this sounded rather awkward at least, if not suspicious, for there was scarcely any practicable path to our gate, save through the town, nor was it possible to cross the town, without, as it were, stumbling against the post on which rose Giles Sharpe's sign of the Wild Buffalo, and to which the honest publican added, by night, a lantern, or beacon, for stage-drivers and waggoners, a ray of hope to cheer weary wayfarers and "pilgrims led astray."

Forasmuch, however, as the first opening of a house of public entertainment may prove fatal to the rights of private hospitality, it could never be I who would find fault with a stranger for preferring the parsonage's cheer to the tavern; and without further comment or inquiry, I bade my guest a hearty welcome. We sat down at table with him for the sake of company, though our tea-time was over long since, but after a few vain attempts to eat and converse, he pleaded indisposition and weariness, was shown to his apartment, and left alone.

"Well," said I, as the parlour door was closing after him, "well, Emily dear, what think you of the French gentleman?" Emily, who had scarcely spoken, though hardly withdrawn her eyes from the stranger, now looked down to the portrait of her ill-fated lover that hung from her neck, sighed deeply, took up her light, and was gone.

Our guest was up in the morning before us, and I found him in the garden, waiting for an opportunity to take his leave. I prevailed on him to tarry a few minutes and have his breakfast with us, took him a short walk through our grounds, showed him the vistas, and told him the annals of our valley; and, at length trusting that unerring instinct that reads the heart of our fellow beings in their countenance, lowering my voice and choosing the best phrases my delicacy could suggest, I expressed all the interest his appearance had impressed us with.

He seemed to understand what I dared not say. He was touched by my frankness, he took hold of my arm as we were walking along, and with the precipitation of a man who is afraid his resolution would fail if he should stop to take breath, he told me in a few words his story.

He was an Italian by birth, since many years an exile from his native country for political reasons, had landed in America after long

wandering, and sought in vain for a subsistence in some of our eastern cities, by literary employment, and was now, despondent and dejected, travelling to the west without any settled design. His health had forsaken him on his way, and he had lain on a bed of sickness in Abingdon: where, at his recovery, unable to settle accounts with his landlord, he had been obliged to leave with him all he had, without any expectation of ever being able to redeem it.

There was truth, there was calm, there was firmness in all he said. I believed and admired him; I vowed in my heart I would stand between him and his fortune. Mastering my emotion as I could best, I told him how ardently my niece Emily, who was above all things fond of music, had for many years longed to be initiated in the study of foreign languages, especially in the Italian, the soul of all music. I added that if he would consent to stop for a season in Oswald county, I should look upon his fortuitous arrival as a special favour of Providence.

He turned away his head with visible embarrassment, but, as I thought, at the same time, I felt his arm trembling on my arm, I took that movement for an expression of assent, and turning the conversation to other topics, I led the way to the parlour.

There we found sweet Emily awaiting us with her smile of welcome; and perceiving, from our familiar intercourse, that the best intelligence was established between us, she performed with freedom and grace those duties of hospitality that a guest whom her uncle had honoured with his intimacy had a right to expect. I thought I perceived that the charm of her smile worked its usual wonders on the stranger's heart, and called a smile, perhaps a long-forgotten smile, on his face. I thought I surprised his looks as, while talking with me, they stole restless and ardent upon her. I thought I could plainly see how deeply she coloured when, after rising from breakfast, I introduced him to her as a member of our family, and her teacher of Italian. But, as this is written long after the verification of my surmises, I state the fact with some hesitation, lest it should be ascribed to a vain opinion I might have cherished of my own penetration, and to a desire of arrogating the credit of prophesying the past.

A few days after, a large collection of books having been sent for, and rescued from Abingdon, together with the rest of the gentleman's luggage,—master and pupil sat down to work in the library. It was from the beginning agreed that there should be a lesson every day, and these, in progress of time, became wondrously long. I was with them the best part of the time, rocking in my easy chair, and apparently busy with a book that lay open in my hands, but in reality watching the process of that parrot schooling which has, however, so far succeeded in removing the curse that weighed upon mankind since the days of the tower of Babel. It is certainly a ludicrous, but withal not an uninteresting spectacle, to see two young people of different sex—both young to be sure, but not children—seated close to each other, holding a book with four hands, their arms crossed, their heads bent; starting at times as their hair comes into contact—at times staring at each other wistfully, as a

word occurs of particularly hard pronunciation, for which a more careful inspection of the inflections of the organs of speech is required; for, I observed, the study of language is a matter altogether of organs, that of the southern tongues especially, whose articulation entirely depends on the play of lips and teeth. Diligence and assiduity were soon crowned with a brilliant success. They had soon entered what they called the sanctuary of the Italian muses; and now, I confess, that listening to the empty sounds of a language utterly unknown, was not deprived of some real, though unaccountable delight, especially as, though an incompetent judge, I was inclined to think that, if softness and melody are the characteristics of the Italian language, my Emily's flexible voice had got the advantage even of the native accent of the signor.

The Italian lessons, however, were not the only benefit by which our guest more than amply repaid what he considered his debt towards our hospitality. To the advantages of a classical education, to the high gifts of a mind eminently of a poetical cast, he added—though it was only fortuitously and reluctantly that he allowed us to arrive at them, and though he seemed to look upon them with something short of contempt—other talents of a more fashionable and attractive nature, which form, as I understand, an essential part of a gentleman's education in Europe, but which are not always within our reach in our backwoods of the west. He was an able musician and an able imitator, as well as a good admirer of natural beauties; and our primeval forests and mighty rivers struck him, amazed him with such a continual spectacle of luxuriance and grandeur, as you dare scarcely to dream of on the other side of the Atlantic.

Emily, who, possessed of such talents only so much as a hasty boarding-school education in Yankee land can afford, at every discovery she made of her teacher's perfections, came to me delighted, enraptured, exhibiting all the emotions of a child, who, being made to climb a hill for the first time, turns round at every step to look on the plain, exclaiming and wondering how wide the world is.

From that moment they became indivisible. Tasso and Alfieri in the morning, Bellini in the evening, absorbed all their time; hence early rides by day, and moonlight walks by night, duets, fantasias, serenades, and at times long pleasure excursions to the Alleghany or the springs, in which my age or duties did not allow me to join them, would finally have given me some uneasiness and alarm, had I not had reason to be confirmed in my opinion of our guest's character in the same measure as I was made aware of the ascendancy he was rapidly gaining over all his pupil's senses and faculties. Reassured on that ground, and rejecting as base and unworthy the idea that had frequently crossed my mind, of asking information from some of my friends in New York, where our young adventurer was well known, I permitted myself no remark or remonstrance, which I feared might rouse and irritate the high spirit of independence, of which dear Emily had given such a striking instance at home.

Resolved, therefore, to resign myself to their discretion, and abide all consequences, I refused my ear to all reports and suggestions on the part of my charitable neighbours, and despised all sneers and

whispers with which I, my niece, and the *foreign beggar*—as they outrageously styled him—never failed to be received, once a week, on our first appearance at church.

Meanwhile the excitement of this new style of living had re-awakened Emily's naturally gay disposition. The weight of sorrow that her late disasters had accumulated upon her, began now to give way, her mourning dress was gradually laid aside, and even—I am grieved to say—even the miniature of her short-lived husband, that had so long hung indivisible on her breast, even that last token of blighted hopes and withered affections—there was no *guessing* what had now become of it.

But while she revived thus to existence, and plunged headlong into the sources of enjoyment so unexpectedly opened before her, her new lover—for lover he certainly was—seemed to sink lower and lower in his melancholy mood; and though he endeavoured with all his best efforts to dissimulate, though for short intervals he seemed really to give himself up without restraint to her undisguised warmth of affection, yet it was evident that he dreaded and shunned a crisis, as if his love could not bear the test of an open avowal, and as if he found no courage to undeceive her confiding heart, or to renounce himself a hope on which the happiness of all his life might depend.

This uncertainty and embarrassment on his part would at times spread a shade of gloom upon our domestic intercourse; and when his eyes, as if unconsciously, cowered and sank before Emily's ingenuous and confiding glance, the whole frame of the young woman would tremble, and she fell back on her chair without any further attempt to revive the conversation, that languished thus and froze, until I gave the signal to retire.

For, it must be remarked, that in all these transactions I was the principal loser, and that, between studying, practising, and love-making, our evening readings had been utterly laid aside; and unless rainy and stormy weather came to my rescue, the most part of the time I was left alone. There were moments, to be sure, in which my successful rival amply indemnified me for the assiduity with which he monopolized my sweet Emily; for his powers of conversation were unequalled, his information extensive, and as he had seen a great deal of the world, his accounts of distant countries, and his frequent anecdotes, gave his table-talk all the piquancy and variety of the well-written novel.

But even in these agreeable entertainments I observed, with some uneasiness, that there was one topic into which he carefully declined to enter, and that was the very subject of which other men are most partial, the very one indeed that excited our fondest curiosity—he never spoke of himself. It was only incidentally that we could find out what countries he had visited, with what men he had been brought into contact. Fond of entering into minute details of other people's adventures, his own life seemed alone to form a blank in his memory. More than once, indeed, we endeavoured, by direct or indirect suggestions, carried perhaps even farther than the delicacy of hospitality permitted, to lead the conversation to that subject which

ought to have most personally concerned him ; but as I perceived that our persistence visibly discountenanced him, and ended by deepening the cloud so obstinately set on his brow, I beckoned to Emily to desist, and forbore myself from entering into any further inquiry.

One morning at length—he had been with us a whole autumn and winter—one morning, as the postman had left at the door my weekly supply of journals and papers, I handed to him a small packet bearing his direction, the first communication he had ever received, to my knowledge, since he first settled with us. There was a transient radiancy in his face as he cast the first glance on the address. “Marina, my love, my only love,” he cried ; but he had no sooner broken the seal than he turned deadly pale, and the packet dropped from his hands. “O Marina !” he exclaimed in a paroxysm of anguish—then he rose, and hastily withdrew.

It was now my turn and Emily’s to grow pale : the unhappy girl remained for several minutes entranced, thunder-struck, unable to utter one word. At length, when she seemed to have recovered sufficient strength and composure, she inquired with a low but unshaken voice, “What did he say, uncle ? what did he say ?” I had no answer to give.

The packet lay still on the table half open, as it had fallen from his hands.

“Don’t, uncle !” cried my niece, as I seized deliberately and opened the letter ; “how dare you read his papers ?”

“He must be a clever man indeed who can read this, my love,” said I, laying the open letter before her. The paper contained nothing but a lock of fine raven hair, and there was not a word written in it. Poor Emily looked as blank as the paper.

“I must go to the bottom of this mystery,” cried I, at length, my spirits roused by the sight of her agony ; “I must know all, by Heaven ! and in this very moment.”

I hurried up stairs to our guest’s apartments—he was not there—I rushed down to the garden—the gate was wide open—I needed no further inquiry—he was gone.

For three days and three nights things went on with a sad monotony at the parsonage. There was not a sigh from poor Emily’s breast, not a tear in her eyes. She sat the whole day busy with her needle, an unwonted occupation with her, and to all my attempts to engage conversation she answered by a mute beseeching glance, imploring to be left alone.

Late in the third evening the bell at the gate was hastily and furiously rung. “Here he is ! here he is !” exclaimed the forsaken one, starting on her feet. It was not him, however, but a message from him—a letter to her. A blaze of fire rushed to her face, and it was long before she could open the parcel. She raised the paper three times to her eyes, three times she laid it down. Her eyes were dim, her head dizzy, her hand trembled.—I have often found an irresistible charm—a wanton amusement, I confess, and not quite consistent with delicacy and good breeding, but still irresistible—in watching the flitting emotions successively changing the countenance of a person engaged in reading a letter. The ebbing and flowing of

blood on the cheeks, the quivering lips, the bent brow, the thousand expressions of wonder, of impatience, of scorn, of disappointment, of eager curiosity, which a human face, for once off its guard, unconsciously betrays.

But all the pleasure I have ever derived from this uncharitable habit during all the course of my life, I would gladly have given in that moment not to see the torture that the beautiful creature underwent between her convulsive impatience to read the contents of her letter, and the tumult of vague hopes that that paper was for ever to revive or to blast.

It was more than all my firmness could bear ; and when finally a copious flood of tears having restored her to her senses, and to the use of her eyes, she resumed for the fourth time her letter, I turned my head from her, without daring again to look up, until all should be over. She read for more than half an hour ; the whole apartment was plunged into an ominous stillness, so that I could distinctly hear every stroke of her throbbing breast. She finally came to me, pale but calm, put her hand on my arm as if to engage my attention, gave me the letter, and by one of her looks asked me to read. It ran thus—

“EMILY,

“I have been a coward ! I have yielded to an instant of despair—I have fled from you as if conscious of guilt. Emily, I have been a coward !

“But I fly no longer ; I tear asunder all mystery—I lay my heart open before you. I come to plead my cause, to restore my character, to vindicate my rights, and unless through weakness and cecity I give you up, Emily, what power on earth could take you from me ?

“My heart is not new, nor could you expect it of a man of my age, of my temper—I never said it was, never led you to the belief that it was : neither is your heart new, Emily. You have loved, you have been loved—you have made another man happy, you have been happy with him.

“So be it. I leave to weak minds the prejudice of the exclusive omnipotence of a first love. I deny the unsusceptibility of the human heart for a second existence. I firmly believe that, like all other faculties, the faculty of loving is increased and strengthened by exercise. I did not aspire to awaken in a virgin heart its first impression, to engage, to absorb all its tenderness from its earliest development. My aim was higher. I sought a heart exhausted, despondent, bleeding to death—I wished for love from a heart where hope was fled. I wished to reconcile it to existence, to raise it from dejection, to surprise it with the consciousness of the extent of its own vitality. I wished to prove that all was not over with the first race it had run, that it was yet to move, to move in a larger orbit, and with more entrancing speed. I would have overwhelmed it with so large a torrent of fire, that the embers of all ancient flames should shrink into utter annihilation. I would have filled that heart with so new, with so mighty a passion, that it could no longer believe that all it

had previously felt or inspired had ever been love. I did not want a new heart, but a heart to renew.

"My heart is not new, Emily. Like you, I have yearned, I have run after love, but less fortunate, or perhaps more confiding than you, I have only pursued dreams and chimeras. The rosy visions of my youth have faded one by one in my embrace, like shades and phantoms of the night. From disenchantment to disenchantment my heart had been led to despair, and I had long since disbelieved in love. One only illusion remained, the first and more lasting illusion, blended, as it were, with the fondest recollections of childhood. A blank letter, and a lock of black hair, have since three days demolished the last bulwark of my faith. My belief in love is hopelessly extinct in my heart, Emily, unless you revive it. The former man is dead within me; but I have seen you, Emily, and feel myself a new being. What I am you know—I am what you have made me. But you must equally know what I was. The bearer of this letter will hand you what in leisure hours I have with scarcely any design intended for the memoirs of my life. It is my portrait, drawn by my own hand. You have seen enough of me to judge for yourself if it be faithful to the original. You will find a style wild and desultory. The memoirs have been dictated at various intervals, and with different designs. Sometimes I intended them for publication, sometimes they were only meant for an expansion of my feelings, an echo of my thoughts. Never could have I dreamt that on them should one day depend my fate. Read, Emily, and judge! See if the subject of these memoirs is worthy of the happiness it is in your hands to bestow.

"I shall await your sentence in this neighbourhood; for whatever be the issue of your deliberations, this weary drama of life, which I have reluctantly dragged on so far, must have here its close."

This letter, which I should venture to call a good specimen of style for courting a widow, threw my poor niece and me into a maze of perplexity. The letter was read again and again, and so was the autobiographical manuscript, on which we were, as our guest expressed it, to write the last page.

After a whole week of consultations and deliberations——But as it is my purpose to write, and send you the life and adventures of this stranger, that the hand of Providence, by imperceptible ways, led from far-off lands to my door, I shall not so far break all the rules of composition, as to begin my story where, as you may easily perceive by yourself, it draws to its close. Be it sufficient for you to know that Emily has not given, though she is quite on the point of giving, her decision; and, as a woman's mind is greatly to be governed by other people's opinion, there is no saying what influence the popularity of her lover's character with the universality of readers might have on her resolutions; so that if you read what follows, you will be naturally called upon, gentle reader, to give your vote on the matter, and may, by the weight of your sentence, bring about, or break off, one of those matches, which, according to the good faith of our ancestors, are formed in heaven.

However it may be, here are before you those same autobiographical memoirs, collected and compiled by my assiduous care, as after having for several days made my delight of their perusal, I returned with more sanguine hopes to my favourite project of conveying one more drop to the ocean, by assuming the task of writing a novel, and choosing sweet Emily's teacher and love for my hero. I thought that every man's life constitutes a page of the great history of mankind, and that, if this one page could only be well written, a few years of a life of wanderings and sufferings, all the phases on an anxious existence, a series of papers, to which a man of feeling has entrusted, warm with the inspiration of the present moment, all his immediate impressions, all the secret workings of his soul, could hardly fail to captivate your sympathy.

Not that I am, however, unaware of the wide difference that there must of necessity be, between the taste of an old moonstruck romance reader, as I am, a backwoodsman of the western hemisphere, and the tone of your literary and fashionable coteries in Europe. Nor am I without serious apprehensions as to the probable fate of these pages, in old England especially, where Italian exiles have become now-a-days too common a sight to be any longer an interesting subject of fiction, and where, in fine, nothing under the sun, true or false, past, present, or future, transcendently grand or egregiously absurd, nothing is new.

That, however, you may not feel too greatly flattered by the preference I give to the English over our American press, be it understood that it was done with this view: that if the work succeeded in this country, there was little chance of my selling it respectably in England, while, if it rise into any popularity in England, there is no lack of means of smuggling English publications back to America.

The memoirs were, of course, written in Italian; but the proficiency of my Emily in that language in which love, she tells me, sounded so charming and irresistible to her ears, enabled us in our evening lucubrations to overcome all difficulties, and I could afterwards leisurely translate it into English. Let it therefore not be surprising to you, if you meet now and then with some phrases which you might feel inclined to take for foreign idioms; and if, in my anxiety to avoid them, I may, unawares, have interspersed my style with some of those Attic manners, which you English presume to call "*Yankeeisms*," I beg of you to remember that it was from the adoption of all the dialects of Greece that the beauty, roundness, and melody of Homeric poetry chiefly resulted.

The work comes before you not without important modifications; for whenever the original writer, giving full scope to his wild fancy, struck me as being too much of an Italian, or too much of a Catholic, or too much of a man of the world; when some of his descriptions appeared too rose-coloured, or some of his melancholy fits too much resembled despair and fatalism, I took upon my own responsibility, either to suppress the passages altogether, or to add, by way of counter-poison, in a note, the confutation of what was hastily or passionately concluded.

All this additional labour, and the cares of an elaborate translation, seem fairly to entitle me to consider the work as my own; and as my good friend and guest will never call upon you to claim his rights of authorship, I shall have no scruple to receive in his name, good reader, your felicitations and thanks.

THE DEAD CHILD.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

HUSH! 'tis a mother bending o'er that bed,
For on it lies her only infant dead!
O, think of that! *her only one!* can pain
E'er give to her so sharp a pang again?
Would'st thou presume to question her despair?
Or to her anguish proffer Pity's share?
And idly hope to yield its cold relief
To such a woe? *A mother's hallow'd grief?*
Still let her weep, and press that little hand,
And strive its rigid fingers to expand;
And snatch it to her breast with one wild strain,
Hoping to warm it back to life again,
Calling upon it by the thousand names
Her lavish eloquence from sorrow claims.
Oh, hardest task to teach that straining ear
He is insensate to those terms so dear!
Oh, hardest task to teach that straining eye
Her babe's are seal'd for dread eternity!
Oh, hardest task to teach the breast that's closed
Against belief, that Death's cold hand's opposed
To the warm hopes that circle round it yet
A mother's hopes! Affection can't forget!
Forbear to speak of resignation now,
Till the hot blood has fled that fev'rish brow!
Forbear to whisper Time her grief may cure,
Her heart rejects the thought, nor will endure
Aught so repugnant to the tenderness
She nurses there, in woman's wild excess!
But when her tears in gentler currents flow,
Then mayst thou pity and deplore her woe,
Give sigh for sigh, and render tear for tear,
And lead her thoughts to that seraphic sphere
Where the sweet babe her fondness still deplores,
Is safely haven'd from life's sinful shores—
Freed from the pangs affection could not spare,
And timely snatch'd from vice's poison'd snare;
And though her heart may never smile again,
Still must it own a mitigated pain;
And grateful bless the tender sympathy,
That lured from sorrow one regretful sigh!

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XV.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ANTHONY MALONE.

"Omnia conveniebant Antonio in mentem, eaque suo quæque loco ubi plurimum proficere et valere possint. Erat summa memoria—nulla meditationis suspicio; sed ita erat paratus, ut judices, illo dicente, nonnunquam viderentur non satis parati ad cavendum fuisse. Verba ipsa non illa quidem elegantissimo sermone, sed tamen Antonius in verbis et eligendis, et collocandis, et comprehensione devinciendis nihil non ad rationem et tanquam ad artem dirigebat."—DE CLARIS ORATORIBUS.

MR. Grattan, in the life of his father, has given short sketches of many of the distinguished men who were his cotemporaries. Long before the publication of that work, we resolved to discharge the same duty to our illustrious though scarce-remembered countrymen, who merit a more permanent record than the pages of a magazine. The memoirs of Lords Avonmore and Clare, which have already appeared, bear testimony to our intention of passing through the whole eminent circle, in which we have been, in some degree, anticipated by Mr. Grattan. But his success does not compel us to forego our task of love. Occupied in the affectionate discharge of a great duty to the memory and reputation of his father, he had not space to render equally comprehensive justice to the characters of others. It was not to be expected, and we do not find fault with the deficiency. In a work exclusively devoted to the purpose he might have been more successful—the range of his information would be more extended—his knowledge of the times in which they lived, and the part they took in public affairs, more ample and satisfactory—his critical opinions on their conduct more correct and clear. He would not, for instance, have pressed into three or four loose pages the acts of Mr. Malone's life, which spread over a space of thirty eventful years. For this necessary meagreness we do not censure Mr. Grattan, we merely justify ourselves for discussing in some detail what he was compelled to omit. His work resembles an historical picture, in which his father justly stands in the foreground in all his grandeur and dignity, while all the other figures are subordinate and indistinct. Now, we wish to make each figure the subject of a picture of convenient size, and though the breadth of our canvass may not be imposing, though our colours may not be rich or well harmonized, we will endeavour to give at least a faithful likeness.

Anthony Malone was one of the wisest, ablest, and most virtuous men who ever lived in any age, or adorned any profession. His integrity would have reflected honour on the best days of ancient Greece, as his brilliant genius would have illumined it. Born at a period when Ireland socially and politically was sunk in the lowest state of degradation, when the despotism of England was a tyranny

of the most arbitrary and oppressive character, he learned in the school of Locke and Molyneaux those high principles of liberty which he afterwards promulgated with such boldness and eloquence. He received his education at Christ's Church, Oxford, where he eminently distinguished himself by the solidity of his attainments. Mr. Grattan assures us that he was "no great scholar." Now we assure Mr. Grattan that he was, and, though unambitious of display, his erudition was extensive and accurate. At an early age he applied himself to the study of the law in its severer branches, and soon acquired a profound knowledge of the deepest departments of our jurisprudence. The clearness and sagacity of his comprehension, the compact strength and massiveness of his intellect, combined with an assiduity and love of labour which scarcely knew repose, soon carried him through every branch of the most toilsome of professions; and when he appeared at the bar he was looked on as a miracle. Chief Baron Marlay, in the hearing of the court, stated "that Mr. Malone made one of the ablest arguments it was his good fortune ever to have heard delivered," though he was then only a few years at the bar; and so high an opinion did the chief baron entertain of his knowledge, that he was always called as *amicus curiæ* to solve any legal difficulty. It is not surprising that such learning and ability would soon find a ready market, and before the expiration of six years Mr. Malone enjoyed the highest reputation at the Irish bar.

When Mr. Malone entered the profession, the influence of England was overwhelming, both on the bench and at the bar. The judges were all corrupt, the subordinate officers corrupt and tyrannous. Primate Boulter's advice was strictly adhered to in filling up every vacancy, and if, as he said, "Irish lawyers were inferior in skill and experience to the English," the fault lay with the government, which transferred to the Irish bench every obscure and corrupt partisan, whose moral character was as exceptionable as his ignorance was unbounded. From this abandoned category may be excepted Lord Chancellor Wyndham, whose knowledge was as profound as it was correct. In his time the Chancery Court was a school where the young Irish lawyer first learned sound principles of equity. He was a mild and benevolent man, a most upright and honourable magistrate, and by his practice and example excited a generous emulation among the members of the bar. An instance of his honesty, as well as of Mr. Malone's striking boldness, occurred in 1732, which deserves record. In that year Mr. Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare's father, applied to be called to the bar. He was descended from Roman Catholic parents, but some time before the application he conformed. He was refused admission, and the reason is a curious one. While Mr. Fitzgibbon was in London he attended the courts of Westminster for five years, and published notes of the cases. They are well known to lawyers, and bear testimony to his legal knowledge and industry. It was the usual custom in England in those days not to publish reports without a judicial sanction, a practice that was never recognised in this country. Mr. Fitzgibbon published his reports in England without the stamp of judicial approbation, either deeming it unnecessary, or calculating on a refusal, which would render nugatory a five years' labour. At all events, it was looked on by the English

judges as derogating from their dignity ; and though Lord Hardwicke praised the correctness of the reports, he refused to receive them as an authority. The English faction in the Irish courts bristled up at Fitzgibbon's contempt, and would not permit him to be sworn. At a meeting of the indignant functionaries, Wyndham stated his reasons for admission, and on a division was left in a minority, being supported only by Chief Justice Reynolds, the best lawyer in Ireland. Mr. Malone, who valued Fitzgibbon's character, and thoroughly despised the petulant and unfeeling malignity of the slavish faction, who acted not so much through respect for the English judges, as subserviency to the government, to whom Fitzgibbon was obnoxious on account of his foreign education, undertook his cause. He accordingly waited on the chancellor, who advised him to argue the case before all the judges, which was obtained through the chancellor's influence. In the beginning of the argument a Mr. Justice Rose, one of those judges of whom Roger North says that time has kept no record of their abilities, except in a sinister way, endeavoured to embarrass him in consequence of the omission of some form. "If this," said Mr. Malone, "were a demurrer on the ground of informality, your lordship's objection might be worthy of some consideration. But I am not here to argue about frivolous forms, but about the privileges of the Irish bar, which are violated in a manner unheard of and unprecedented." Here he was again interrupted, and told to confine himself to the subject. "The subject is, as I have stated, the rights of the bar, I repeat, and the rights of common justice are infringed in the person of my client. In all matters of English law and practice, your lordship," looking sarcastically at Judge Rose, "may be a good authority, but you will permit me to doubt your authority in the present case. I do not deny that the publication of reports by English lawyers required the sanction of their judges, and the violation was accompanied with a penalty ; but no Irish lawyer ever incurred that penalty, because the custom was never in force in this country. Reports have been published here without the sanction of our judges. Sir John Davis and Chief Baron Gilbert did so. They, no doubt, were Englishmen, but they wrote in Ireland. Baron Barry, an Irish lawyer, did the same. But I put Mr. Fitzgibbon's case on a different ground. If he required to be called to the English bar, the objection to his admission might be valid, but the English and the Irish bars are distinct for other purposes as well as this. My opinion is, that if any person comply with the statute law of this country, and the prescriptive forms ordained by long-established authority, he has as positive a right to be called to the Irish bar as your lordships to sit on the Irish bench." He continued to argue the case much to the chagrin of the judges, who were unaccustomed to hear such bold and unwelcome truths. They were for some time reluctant to do justice to Fitzgibbon, but after consulting their English brethren, to whom Mr. Malone's argument was transmitted, they quietly yielded. Ever after Mr. Malone and Fitzgibbon continued on the most intimate terms of friendship, and it is little to Lord Clare's credit to have attacked the memory of a man to whom he was mainly indebted for his own station and fortune. Had his father heard him slandering so

honoured a man, what would have been his feelings? Lord Clare had none.

Mr. Malone was first returned to parliament for the borough of Castlemartyr, and immediately ranged himself under the banners of Boyle, the leader of the patriotic party, and Speaker of the Commons. He was vain and popular, and though a man of very moderate capacity, contrived to make himself formidable to the Castle by his personal boldness, as well as the influence of his family, which was all-powerful. While Boyle was a courtier, the Castle, through him, governed the Commons; and when he broke off the alliance, he put himself at the head of the minority, and soon generated a strong spirit of opposition. He and Primate Stone were irreconcilable enemies, and when the Duke of Dorset took the primate to his councils, Boyle withdrew and vowed vengeance; which, however, he only half accomplished. He and Malone were intimate friends, and through his influence he obtained a seat in parliament. Besides him, Boyle was principally supported by Carter, and Sir Richard Cox, to whom Ireland was indebted for her linen trade. He and Malone were by far the ablest men at that time in the Commons. To their wisdom and intellect the Speaker brought a romantic readiness for duelling, which was not without good effect. Night after night the discontent of the minority increased—charges were continually brought against the government, which at length grew alarmed; and, in order to quell the tumult, Lord George Sackville, then secretary, offered Boyle a peerage and pension. “No!” said he, “I am greater as Henry Boyle, than a Castle peer. I despise the offer as much as he who offers it.” War being now proclaimed, the patriots resolved to try their power on Neville Jones, the corrupt tool of the primate, and Malone moved for a call of the House in three weeks. Lord Sackville moved an amendment, that it be convened in six weeks, and he was beaten—the first division of the Irish parliament in which the government was ever defeated. Boyle was almost deified—Malone shared amply in the triumph. The primate’s true effigy banded and cassocked as in life, was burned before his own house; and so high did the tide of patriotism run, that, according to Horace Walpole, that disinterested class of public men, the hackney-coach drivers, refused to carry any fare to the Castle! Jones fled, and left the victory with the patriots. On a subsequent debate, when Lord Sackville ascribed the persecution of Jones to the rage of party, Malone answered—“I do not believe that any such feeling exists; but if it does, it is at least more laudable and honourable than threats, bribes, and pensions, which the noble lord has resorted to, with equal disregard to the laws of morality and of the constitution, to procure a majority.” The fact was so, for Sir James Hamilton openly stated in the House that he had refused an offer of 2,000*l.*, and 200*l.* a year. The patriots now grew more confident, and the government more haughty and insolent. At this time the national debt amounted to a quarter of a million; to liquidate which, a fund was set apart. The crown was anxious to appropriate this money, without any guarantee for its repayment; and it was moved that the fund be granted to his Majesty, his heirs and successors for ever.

Malone denounced such a proposition as flagrantly unconstitutional; and moved an amendment "that, from session to session," be substituted for "his heirs and successors." The amendment was carried. In the next session the government renewed the struggle, and demanded the fund for twenty-one years. Many of the patriotic party, who voted against a perpetual grant, saw no great danger in the limited time required; but Malone was not of them. "What," said he, "surrender the industry of the country for one-and-twenty years! I see no distinction in principle between a perpetual grant, which we have already defeated, and the period now demanded. If you abandon the principle, you abandon the constitution. I call on you to resist the encroachment—I will to the last." The moderation of some, and the cowardice of others, almost ensured the success of the minister, for he was defeated only by a single voice. Colonel Tottenham arrived just as the doors were closing. His name was long after remembered with affectionate gratitude: and "*Tottenham in boots*" became the favourite toast of every convivial circle. It was usual in those days of bagwigs and buckles to appear in parliament in full dress; but the patriotic colonel galloped, Gilpin-like, from Wexford, and, begrimed and booted as he was, rushed into the House. He was received with joyous and vehement cheers. The numbers were, 123 to 122.

In 1753 there was some surplus in the Treasury, and the patriots, now acting on the offensive, determined to appropriate it, if possible, to the improvement of the country. Malone addressed the people on the subject, and though public feeling in a general form was scarcely known, the counties and boroughs nearly through the whole kingdom replied by calling on their representatives and stimulating them to action. The popular party often showed considerable spirit—in this they proved a bold and steady enthusiasm without the least trace of imprudence. With a head like Malone's to guide them, and a courage like Boyle's to buoy them up, there was little fear of rashness on the one side, or intimidation on the other. Here, as on the perpetual grant, Malone stood on principle—the true vantage ground of statesmen. The question was the celebrated one of *previous consent*. The opposition rightly felt that the people who supported the government were entitled to dispose of any surplus, after the exigencies of the government were satisfied, without the previous consent of the crown, and the crown considered such a privilege to be subversive of its prerogative. The money-bill was sent over as usual for the approbation of the crown, but it was forthwith returned with the following extraordinary endorsement:—"that his Majesty would be pleased to condescend that it should be paid in liquidation of the national debt." This condescension of the crown did not, however, allay the exasperation of the patriots—the good-nature of his Majesty encountered a storm of reprobation. Malone demanded a committee to examine and report on the bill. It was granted. The committee agreed to all the bill except the alteration inserted in the preamble, which contained the gist of the matter at issue. It was rejected by a majority of five. Malone was at this time prime-sergeant, but he heeded not the consequences, he was menaced—he disregarded it. Parliament was

immediately prorogued by an arrogant proclamation, and in the true high-hand style of unequivocal tyranny, against the vote of the Commons and the sense of the nation, England plundered the Irish treasury. Persecution followed close on injury—a leading principle in the government of those evil days. Boyle was removed from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer—Carter from the Rolls—Malone from the Prime-Sergeantcy. "Such measures," said Walpole, "must either oppress the Irish spirit, or, what is worse, inflame it to despair."* The triumph of the administration was short. One year after, the Duke of Dorset was driven from the country mid the execrations of the people. Primate Stone, by the king's special order, withdrew from the privy council—Boyle created Earl of Shannon with a pension of 2,000*l.* a year, and John Ponsonby succeeded him as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Speaker. Several others of the party who had been displaced were appointed to lucrative offices—Malone only obtained a patent of precedence.

Flood's maxim, that a patriot in office is not the less a patriot for being there, was contradicted, for almost all of them, when once they breathed the Castle atmosphere, became as corrupt and servile as before they had been pure and independent. The glorious stand made in 1753 was venally forgotten in 1756, or remembered only with the excessive coldness of placemen who once were patriots. When a bill was brought in by Lucas to compel members to vacate their seats who had accepted any office, it was lost. Malone supported it. Once his eloquence recalled the House to a sense of its duty. He moved resolutions, which were passed, condemnatory of pensions improperly granted on the civil list. The Speaker and the Commons waited on the Duke of Bedford, requesting that he would lay the resolutions before the king. He answered, that the matter was of such an important nature that he could not suddenly determine on its propriety. Malone moved an adjournment till a satisfactory answer should be returned. It was opposed by Warden Flood, and, after a sharp debate, carried by a majority of twenty-two. This was a great cardinal point gained to the people. It was no less a question than this, whether the representatives of the nation should be deprived of access to the throne by ministerial influence. The Commons decided in the negative, and

* During these troubles a great riot took place in the theatre, of which Mr. Sheridan was then manager. Digges played Voltaire's *Mahomet*, and when he repeated these lines—

" If, ye powers divine,
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account—crush, crush those vipers,
Who, singled out by a community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe."

The audience loudly called for their repetition, but Digges, by order of the manager, refused. Sheridan was called for, but appeared not. Mobs, in their most prudent moods, are never good reasoners, and in an instant the house was demolished, of course including the Duke of Dorset's box, which was the first offering. The mayor was sent for; he, poor gentleman, was sick. The high-constable returned for answer, that he was out of town. No assistance came, and the theatre in an hour was a ruin. This was not the first evil of which Voltaire was the cause.

the duke immediately acquainted the House that the resolutions should be forwarded. They were sent, but without any beneficial result. Lord Chatham, then prime minister, was anxious to assuage, and recommended gentleness, as will be seen from the following letter :—

“ TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,

“ The picture your grace has given of parties in Ireland—the great fermentation of spirits in that kingdom, and their aptitude in such critical circumstances to kindle in higher and more mischievous heats and asperities, cannot but have made due impressions on his majesty, and has given room, by the king’s order, to the most serious deliberations of his servants on the several parts of your grace’s important letter, and on the most salutary and efficacious mode of allaying present animosities, and securing future strength and harmony to government. I am first to observe to your grace, with regard to the disagreeable but short postponing of the supply, that as an apprehension of the privileges of the House being at stake had first raised and would have nourished dissatisfaction, on a common principle of parliamentary union, found at all times more comprehensive than any other, your grace’s prudence in not persevering to maintain so disadvantageous and difficult a ground has met with entire approbation.

“ I must not omit remarking that an observation in your grace’s letter, on the near equality in strength of the two predominant parties, highly deserves, and has not escaped, the attention of his majesty ; and if in the present unhappy division, those gentlemen who are determined against all government, in whatever hands it may be placed, will be enabled, as your grace justly represents, by the junction of either of the two parties which may be discontented, to embarrass matters to such a degree as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on affairs to his majesty’s satisfaction and to the advantage of the public, I am to observe that a juncture so constituted seems naturally to suggest and almost necessitate all softening and healing arts of government consistent with its dignity, and, as far as may be practicable, plans of comprehension and harmony.

“ Yours, &c., W. PITT.”

On the receipt of this letter Mr. Malone was raised to the chancellorship of the exchequer, an office for which he was peculiarly well fitted. It was not in the House of Commons alone that the public derived the most advantage from his promotion, although that was considerable, but in the Court of Exchequer, where, with equal assiduity and knowledge, he discharged the whole duties of the equity side. An abler judge, or one more necessary at the time, never sat before in that court. His labour was persevering—“ Herculean ” Mr. Duhigg terms it : in the morning at the Castle—during the day in the Exchequer—at night in the Commons, he allowed himself little repose ; and when to these were added the affairs of his bank, we are surprised that human industry could accomplish such a task.

The principles of the Duke of Bedford’s government soon changed from conciliation to attack—the measures tending to good-will and harmony which Lord Chatham recommended, were altogether treated with disregard. In 1758, the scornful manner in which the government behaved towards the Commons created deep discontent. The Duke of Bedford rivalled his predecessor in unpopularity, and Malone was bitterly hated—he could scarcely appear in public without insult, but trusted to time and good services to restore that affection which

he had never forfeited. When Mr. Fitzgibbon, his intimate friend, once spoke to him of the dislike of the people—"O," said he, "I am never hooted by the mob that I don't remember that wise saying of Cicero, *Qui ex errore imperitæ multitudinis pendet, hic in magnis viris non habendus est.*"

During a debate in 1759, some member of the Commons asked the secretary whether England did not contemplate a union? When this rumour went abroad, the people of Dublin rose in tumult. Corrupt as the parliament generally was, they loved it, and when it was bruited about that it would sit for the last time on the 3rd of December, they appeared before the House in vast numbers on that day. Rigby, the Secretary and Master of the Rolls, scorning, as he said, "a rude and ignorant mob," passed unaccompanied through the midst of them—a rash exploit, which we saw repeated by a viceroy in our own times—but his impetuosity well nigh cost him his life. The cry was raised "Rigby to the Liffey"—he escaped by an accident. The Chancellor, on his way to the Lords, was dragged from his carriage, and saved by the intervention of the mayor. The Attorney-general was struck, with a staff, and severely wounded. He took refuge in the college. Mr. Malone escaped with no other injury than a dirty hand. A gang of coal-porters recognised him, and one plumping his hand into the mud, by way of indignity offered it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he very prudently accepted. The mob, as they afterwards did in 1799, stopped every member, and made him swear to maintain the parliament. Here their excesses ended, with the exception of an item furnished by Mr. Grattan, that they broke into the House of Lords, placed an old dame from the Liberties on the woolsack, and supplied the representative of that venerable body with pipes and tobacco. Horace Walpole narrates all this, save the pipes and tobacco, which we suspect is only a little imaginative colouring from the pencil of the member for Meath.*

On the death of George II., in 1760, the Duke of Bedford was recalled, and Lord Halifax succeeded him. His administration was short-lived, but it comprehended in its brief duration more injustice and oppression than any preceding it. Infringements on the few privileges of parliament were persevering. Every opportunity was seized

* Rigby gives the following picturesque account of the business:—"The mob of this kingdom seek to terrify by numbers, and say, since they have no chance of numbers in the House, they must have recourse to the old method of numbers out of doors. There is no tale so absurd that the people will not swallow with a few shillings' worth of whisky. An infamous, disappointed old lawyer, who offered me a bribe of one thousand pounds to make him a judge, for which I treated him as he deserved, I suspect to have been at great pains to poison the minds of the people, particularly on the dreaded subject of the union, there being no more parliaments to be held in Ireland. The Protestants, you say, have hands and zeal; I am sorry to say there is a sect among the Protestants who have a zeal too dangerous to be trusted. They are descended from Cromwell's followers, and still retain that stubborn spirit." These stubborn Protestants were the future volunteers, and Rigby spoke right when he doubted their attachment to England. Mr. Grattan does not know who the aforesaid "old lawyer" was. Now we are happy to give him some information on the subject. This infamous "old lawyer" was raised to the Bench in 1779, whether by the influence of a thousand pounds or not we cannot say, but he was a judge in the Common Pleas from that year to 1783. This corrupt conduct was well known at the time, and was even mentioned in the debates of the House.

to undermine its rights, and secure its dependence on the Crown. To promote this object, Poyning's law, the miserable charter of the Irish Commons, was most shamefully perverted, and forced constructions resorted to, which, if recognised, would render parliament wholly useless for legislative purposes. By that law it was enacted, that before a parliament should be convened, the necessity should be certified to the crown, the viceroy, and privy-council. The heads of all bills, except money-bills, which the Commons claimed the right to originate, were forwarded to the crown; if objectionable, they were cushioned; if allowed, sent back stamped with the great seal, to undergo the usual process in the two Houses. The right of transmitting the heads of bills was never before questioned. Mr. Malone never disapproved of it, but he changed his opinion, and supported Tisdall in a very weak argument, that every measure should take its rise and be certified in England, and that no bill without such certificate could be debated. The government, however, was beaten, and the heads of bills considered as usual. In this instance, Mr. Malone showed little of his habitual caution, though he rarely committed mistakes in law, for every person saw that Tisdall's interpretation was the most palpable misconstruction, as well as at variance with prescriptive right. Before we leave Poyning's law, we may mention another error of Mr. Malone on the side of ignorance, recorded by Lord Mountnorris in his Parliamentary History. Mr. Perry made a motion concerning its construction which produced a vigorous debate, in the course of which Mr. Malone unguardedly said "that Mr. Perry would do well to reflect on what he proposed, for possibly he might be involved in the penalties of felony!" This assertion, says the historian, from a man of the greatest weight, knowledge, and character, had a most extraordinary effect. Mr. Perry insisted that parliament had an undeniable right to canvass any law on the statute-book, and the discussion ended in Mr. French, member for Galway, moving, "That it is the undoubted right of every member to declare his opinion touching Poyning's law, and to move for its repeal, without incurring any pains or penalties for the same, and any threat to deter a member from so doing is a breach of the privileges of this House." Rigby did not divide, for he was sure to be left in a minority, so it was declared to be carried unanimously. Mr. Malone, being afterwards asked why he hazarded such an assertion, confessed that he made a mistake, and incautiously alluded to a provision in the 33d of Hen. VIII., by which persons who called the validity of that parliament into question were declared liable to the penalties of felony. Lord Mountnorris adds, "The merit of this very able lawyer cannot be depreciated, and the anecdote only proves that the most illustrious characters are sometimes liable to err."

Though bound up with the government, he did not lay aside his integrity, or surrender the principles on which he acted truthfully and conscientiously. He proved himself no slavish instrument, who could slumber quietly in his official collar. Whatever he did was from a conviction of its being right—to that sense he appealed, and though it sometimes led him astray, he acted on its dictates. The money-bills, the most fruitful source of contention between the crown and parliament, were taken up by Lord Halifax, as deter-

minedly as by his predecessors, and as determinedly resisted. The business of the Irish parliament has been unsparingly censured, but we doubt much if the English parliament at any period exhibited so much strenuous resistance to the encroachments of the crown. When the subject was again debated in the privy council, Mr. Malone exerted all the powers of eloquence and argument to dissuade the government. He counselled Lord Halifax, who was vain, rash, and hot-headed, of the extreme danger of attempting it in the irritated state of the public mind. He was asked to support it. "Never," said he. "His majesty may strip me of my office, but he cannot make me insensible to what I owe my own conscience, the country, and the constitution." The bill was carried—he spoke and voted against it, and one hour after he was dismissed from office. The pliancy of Hutchinson was rewarded with a serjeantcy and sinecure, but honest Anthony had no such suppleness—he stood on the right, and for it was content to fall—a fall which might well be envied.

Such arbitrary conduct would have stirred up revenge in tempers less philosophically constituted, but his equanimity was too great to be disturbed, even by an act so tyrannous and insulting. His friends tried to seduce him into the leadership of the opposition—that, he considered, might be deemed the effect of spleen, and he refused it. He reflected on the overwhelming power of England and the weakness of Ireland, and, whether wisely or unwisely, he did not withdraw his countenance from a government that treated him with such marked disdain. He still continued to advise them; so that, as Mr. Grattan well observes, "if no good measures were carried, he had the merit of advising them against many that were bad, and of deterring them from others." This manly conduct first excited suspicion, then very general disapprobation, and he was at length looked on as a recreant from his principles, and as eager to recover the official power he had lost, as he was before honest in laying it down. He was accused of taking money, for which there is no foundation, except his support of the government; his character, free from the remotest taint of avarice, belied the imputation. It cannot, however, be denied that he acted with extreme inconsistency after his patent of precedence was renewed, and his return to the privy council, for he not only supported, but moved, the very money-bills for which he was dismissed. It is no excuse to say he acted officially—that as chairman of the committee of supply he was bound to introduce it. Though for some purposes a statesman's official and personal conduct should be considered distinct, Mr. Malone's case comes not within the rule. If he was right in 1760, when he voted against the bill, he was now wrong in supporting it. But we can only say with Sir Hercules Langrishe, "that it is a matter of great wonder that a person of his wisdom should so suddenly shift an opinion—that one of his dignity and character should adopt inconsistency and degradation—and that a man of the most unparalleled powers of memory should so speedily forget the injuries he had received." Some of his most successful efforts of eloquence were delivered in justifying himself. Almost every night he had to defend himself from the pointed re-

bukes of the opposition, though they were always accompanied with compliments on his genius, and allusion to his former services.

It is much to be regretted that none of his speeches are recorded at any length—a few periods only are scattered through the slovenly publications of the day, which contain less eloquence than blunders. No regular notes were taken of the proceedings of the House, save the publication of accounts and the general votes. Down to 1763 there are no reports, but in that and the following years the debates were attempted to be taken down;—and such reports!—they are shrivelled and sapless skeletons—lean as hunger, and lifeless as death. A debate of three nights scarcely occupies as many pages. To seek for a true specimen of Mr. Malone's power in such a work would be vain, but such as it is we give it. The subject is curious, for two reasons—first, as showing the wretched state of the freedom of the press, and because Mr. Flood, then a very young man, highly distinguished himself by his opposition to Mr. Malone. Peter Wilson, the publisher of a newspaper, made some very innocent and unmeaning remarks on Sir Arthur Brooke, member for Fermanagh. Among others, and this was the gist of the breach of privilege, he stated that some papers in the *North Briton* were falsely attributed to Sir Arthur, inasmuch as he had not the ability to write them. The House was in a furious passion—nothing was heard for an entire week but Wilson's audacious breach of privilege; and well had it been for the House, had it maintained its rights as stubbornly on all occasions as it did in the case of poor Wilson. On the first day of the discussion, Sexton Pery defended Wilson with great ability and eloquence—and concluded with a hope, “that for the sake of the ignorant and inadvertent offender—for the sake of the natural rights of every free subject of this country—for the sake of the liberty of the press, the great bulwark of the constitution—and for the sake of the truly honourable and amiable gentleman who can be injured only by our mistaken zeal to do him justice, that nothing more would be done in the affair.” Mr. Malone replied very powerfully. Some vestiges of his fine eloquence will be traced in the following:—

“I never was more surprised in my life than I am at the whole purport of what the honourable gentleman who has spoken last has said on this occasion. He has endeavoured to prevent our bringing a man before us, charged with a most flagitious breach of privilege, by telling us that the liberty of the press should be kept sacred, and that the delinquent deserves our compassion. Now, sir, as to the liberty of the press, it is wholly out of the question. That liberty, so much and so justly valued, is not surely a liberty of defaming and calumniating private persons. With the characters of private individuals the constitution has no connexion, nor can a freedom of disclosing or disguising their characters in print tend in the least to secure us our common privileges as members of a free state. The liberty of the press, of which we are and ought to be tender and jealous, is the liberty of making known to the community those truths by which the community is affected—it is the liberty of publicly examining those questions relative to political and religious principles in which all have a common interest. As to the character of the honourable gentleman who has been aspersed, it is the first time I ever heard it advanced that the more merit a gentleman possessed the less crime it is to abuse him. Can it possibly be supposed that a man's

innocence—nay, that his eminence for positive good qualities, should be a reason why he should be openly slandered, as being destitute of such qualities, with impunity? Are we only to punish defamation when it is true, and to take no notice of it when false? The aspersion, I know, has been treated as a trifle, because it has no relation to moral conduct; but a man may be more injured by a public imputation of folly than of vice. With respect to the person himself, it is better to want understanding than virtue; but I am afraid he will suffer less in the estimation of the many by the want of virtue than understanding. The honourable gentleman is a member of this House; and to insinuate that he wants understanding is to insinuate that he is unequal to his trust. It tends to destroy the confidence placed in him by his constituents, and to expose him to every attempt that fraud and cunning may be encouraged to practise against those whom they may suppose unable to detect them. The injury of such defamation is great—that it is unmerited is an aggravation, and it may be punished without discountenancing any privilege of the public, or any practice of general utility. As to the delinquent, if it be granted that he is an object of our lenity, it cannot for that reason be pretended that he should escape unquestioned. To take no cognizance of offence is not mercy—it is betraying the cause of the public, and encouraging an indiscriminate violation of every law that was intended to unite society in the bonds of peace. If he be an object of our mercy, let us show it with the sword of justice in our hands. We shall then give a sanction to the law, and encouragement to merit. If we do not bring him before us, we can do neither.”

Mr. Flood. “The right honourable gentleman has, in a very ingenious manner, turned and twisted the paragraph in question to make it appear a libel, and I hope I may be allowed to turn and twist it till it appears not to be a libel. The *North Briton*, whatever its merits or demerits may be, as to its principles and tendency is invariably allowed to be the performance of a person who has acquired the habit of writing—an ability of expressing sentiment clearly, correctly, and forcibly. And this, sir, is an ability very different from quickness of conception, soundness of judgment, or any other natural powers of the mind. Sir Arthur Brooke may be a gentleman of very quick conception, and very sound judgment, and yet may not have the art of writing in the same degree as the author of the *North Briton*. To say, therefore, that he had not the literary ability, did not imply that he was deficient in understanding. Suppose I should read some anonymous verses, and say they were not as polished as Pope’s, and suppose somebody should say they were written by Sir A. B., would it be a reflection on his understanding, if I should say, I did not think him capable of writing verses so well?”

Mr. Malone (interrupting him) “It is very indifferent to me, sir——”

Mr. Flood (without stopping.) “I, therefore, can never consider——”

Mr. Malone. “I beg pardon. I thought the honourable gentleman had done.”

Mr. Flood. “No, sir. I, therefore, can never consider the paragraph a libel. The honourable gentleman has, indeed, informed us that it is libellous in the sense of the House, that it is a breach of privilege; and this inference would be just, if the paragraph alluded to, or mentioned, Sir A. B. in his private capacity only. I am extremely sorry to differ from the right honourable gentleman, whose years, experience, and powerful ability must give a great sanction to his construction of the words, but I deemed it my duty to explain my sense of them; and as in my sense they are not a libel, I must oppose the motion.”

Mr. Malone. “It is very indifferent to me what sense the fire and imagination of that young gentleman may give to the words in ques-

tion—his sense is certainly contrary to my own—and, I believe, to that of every one else in the house. I am obliged to him for the compliment he has been pleased to pay to my abilities, but, for my own part, I make no pretensions to any other qualities than a little common sense, which naturally interprets words in their own common and natural signification. I shall, therefore, make no further reply, than to order the paragraph to be read, that every member may judge for himself."

Mr. Wilson was accordingly brought to the bar, and, after a reprimand, was discharged. Mr. Malone interposed between him and Newgate.

To be continued.

LINES WRITTEN IN BARBADOES.

Oh, lovely do the moonlight nights above Barbadoes smile !
In truth, at such calm hours, it seems a fair Elysian isle ;
A spot which Happiness might make her own peculiar seat,
And woo the votaries of Love to share the bright retreat.

A gem upon the sea it lies—an emerald on the blue
Of far-surrounding waves, wherein the skies their glory view ;
And o'er whose crests of glancing white the breezes sport and play,
To waft the swan-like barques upon their heaven-reflecting way.

I've left afar the pleasant homes beyond the northern strand,
The mountains, valleys, and the streams of my own native land,
"The old familiar faces," and the kindly words of friends,
To gaze upon the glorious sky that o'er this island bends.

The morning's ray is lovely as it paints the wakening sea,
And lovely are the tender hues of evening unto me ;
But when the stars are set in heaven, each like a brilliant seal,
My spirit drinks the rich delight such hours alone reveal.

Such moonlight hours—in after years, dear Memory will throw
Along the vista of the past her mild and chastened glow ;
And when in my own land some cloud of winter darkly lowers,
Illumined will my spirit be by thoughts of moonlight hours.

Sweet island! I must soon to thee proclaim a last farewell,
For on thy strange, romantic shores my loved ones do not dwell ;
I go to native skies, and them—for oh! their stars and smiles
Are dearer to my heart than thine, thou Queen of Western Isles!

New York

P. B.

THE CORALLINES.*

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THIRD.

The Catastrophe.

It is to be most fervently hoped that, in every man's life, at some period, his conversion will take place. We do not use the term "conversion" in its fanatical, or in a bitter sectarian sense. We would mean only a firm conviction that the perishable body is not the *man*, but is merely the transient tenement of, and an adjunct to, the imperishable soul—and in which soul, of a truth, the lasting identity of the man consists. The entreaties, the prayers, and the mild and unanswerable arguments of his daughter prevailed, and the reason of Sir Hugh Eustace walked forth out of the heavy and chilling mists of scepticism, in all the unclouded majesty of an immortal spirit.

But neither the long worldly habitudes, nor the grave stability of his character, would permit Sir Hugh to evince any marked outward display of the great change that had taken place within him. We will not even affirm that he was happier. Indeed, what right has a man to expect felicity who has passed a long and active life in a total disregard of, if not enmity to, the sacred truths? Repentance is not, nor should it be, a mere form of words,—contrition, a pleasing ceremony. He was as a barefoot pilgrim in a thorny and flinty path, but supported in his stumblings, and cheered in his agonies, by an angel:—that angel was his daughter, Florence Fontbelle.

But we will not longer dwell upon these serious matters. The beautiful frigate flew through the waters; in her unpausing course, she raced with the winds, sported with the storm, and, when only the lightest airs rippled over the face of the sea, she spread to them the broad and white bosom of her magnificent sails, and moved on slowly in conscious beauty, as steps a queen to her place of honour among the courtly and the noble. Captain Sir Hugh Eustace was too good a sailor, and possessed a mind too acute, to permit a barbarous, convict-conducted ship to escape him. Every vessel that came in sight was spoken with, and sufficient information was obtained to put the pursuers upon the right track; still the pursued had so much the start, that though ultimate evasion was impossible, yet capture was indefinitely postponed.

At length, the Cape of Good Hope was rounded, and a fresh supply of water having been received from another man-of-war, this chase of months was resumed. During this time, a gradual but most marked change had taken place, not only in Sir Eustace, but also in

* Continued from p. 16.

the officers and men of the ship that he commanded. He preached no sermons, read no homilies, quoted not the Holy Scriptures, nor made use of scriptural language in his conversation. Yet those about him felt and understood that swearing would no longer be permitted, nor profanity endured. The duty went on with equal precision and energy, and the ship was tacked and the topsails reefed with as much neatness and rapidity, as when the cursing was most loud and the swearing most tremendous.

Though this reformation was general, yet were there one or two obstinate exceptions to it, among whom the third lieutenant was sadly pre-eminent. He kept himself under tolerable control when near the captain, but even then, occasionally, an oath would unconsciously burst out from the corner of his mouth, which was no further re-proved than by Sir Eustace looking serious, and holding up a cautionary fore-finger. One forenoon it blew very fresh, and the wind had increased so suddenly, that it became necessary to take the fore-course off the ship with the greatest precaution, in order to prevent the splitting of the sail. It was the third lieutenant's watch, and it devolved on him to see this duty performed. In the midst of the operation, unperceived, the captain came on deck, whilst the lieutenant was in the very vigour and flourish of his damnatory exhortations, speaking evil things of eyes and limbs, and demitting souls and bodies to eternal torments. After the evolution, he turned round to take breath, and suddenly found himself face to face with his captain.

"When you are relieved, Mr. Black," said the captain to him, calmly but seriously, "I wish to speak to you, alone, in my cabin."

Mr. Black had too much honesty to reply "With much pleasure, Sir Hugh;" so he merely touched his hat, and responded officially, with the technical "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Won't he nab it?" said the midshipmen one to another, felicitating themselves.

"Serves him right," said one; "my eyes and limbs are quite as good as his. He wigged me horribly last middle watch. Quite awful to hear him."

"Well," said another, "he is not a bad fellow after all. The loudest barking dog is not often the worst biter. 'To the mast-head, Mr. Tomkins, and stay there till I call you down,' is less to my taste than the hardest oath, even were it breathed in a nor'-wester, and mouthed in thunder. Indeed, when I'm vexed, I swear a little myself—but elegantly."

The conversation in the cabin between Sir Hugh Eustace and Mr. Black, when that officer had been relieved, took quite another turn. The captain received the lieutenant standing, and, as one country says to another, when she has manned her navy and recruited her army, he took an imposing attitude, his brow was thoughtful, with a shade of sternness darkening over it; and beneath his right hand lay the Bible, in which were several marks of reference placed between the leaves; the articles of war were open upon the table.

"I send for you, Mr. Black," said Sir Hugh calmly, "in much sorrow, but not at all in anger—with anger, I trust, I have done for

ever. I will not repeat to you that which you well know, how offensive the vainly taking of His name is to me. You are continually acting in opposition to that article of war expressly made and provided against profane cursing and swearing. Shall I read it to you, Mr. Black?"

Mr. Black, with the most profound humility, declined the condescension.

"If you will not regard either me or the article of war, surely, surely, my young friend, you cannot be so hardened in wickedness as to condemn the precepts, and spurn at the solemn admonitions, contained in this holy book. I have noted, with papers, the different passages applicable to your offending; take a chair, and when you have perused them all, I will resume."

As the lieutenant displayed evident reluctance to commence the task, the captain continued.

"O, Mr. Black, I wish to treat you as a christian friend; but if you prefer my bearing myself towards you as your commanding officer, we will dispense with the Bible, and, confining ourselves to the articles of war, substitute a court-martial for a brotherly reproof."

Was there not a little of the bitterness and the sign of religious persecution in this speech? Alas! for the weakness of human nature. Whatever might have been its tendency, it had the desired effect on Mr. Black, who very assiduously read every text indicated. He then rose with a very humble and chastened look.

"You have grievously offended, and I see, by your appearance, that you are conscious of it. Let me hear some word of repentance and contrition, and I will say to you, in all kindness, 'Go, and sin no more.'"

But the soul of man is more stubborn than the gnarled oak, and too often the disinclination to apology is strong within him in proportion to his consciousness of wrong. Besides, Mr. Black could not forget the well-earned character of his reprover, and that, but two months before, upon occasions, he would rap out as smart a volley of words unlawful as ever startled a dilatory seaman into activity. All these considerations operating strongly on Mr. Black, with the usual prologue of insubordination and dissent, he commenced, "With all submission, Sir Hugh Eustace, I conceive that you take a harsh, and not strictly fair view of my indiscretion."

"Indiscretion! A habitual violation of one of the commandments an indiscretion! Explain to me, sir, in what manner I take a harsh and unfair view of this *indiscretion*. Had I called it blasphemy, would the term have been too strong? Proceed, sir."

"In these foolish expletives, which I am, under excitement, in the habit of using, nothing is meant but to rouse attention. No disrespect is intended to the Deity; and, however shocking these oaths may seem to the ears of the pious, in the spirit that I use them they are nothing more nor worse than the usual interjections—O, ah, and the like—they are, Sir Hugh, *vox et præterea nihil*."

The captain smiled faintly at this quotation of his swearing lieutenant, and replied, "You have made the best defence of which

your transgression is capable: but it is a marvellously weak one, and would apply to every description of sin; for we sin, not in order to make ourselves guilty, but to satisfy some wicked impulse. But I will make the weakness of your argument more apparent to you. You will allow that the Almighty is ever present?"

"I have been taught to believe so."

"Can you conceive other than that the eye of the Omniscient must not only be upon this miserable world, but must scan the vast universe; and that, though we are not so blessed as to be sensible of it, we are as much in his actual presence as the angels who surround his throne in the courts of heaven?"

"It cannot be denied."

"Well, sir, conceive yourself, for a moment, in St. James's palace, in the throne-room, his most gracious Majesty George III. seated on his throne—"

"I wish I were there instead of here," thought the exhorting sailor.

"And you, Nicholas Black, lieutenant of his Majesty's ship *Amelia*, being there, with the royal eye fixedly upon you, receive an order immediately to perform some service."

In order to make a diversion, and to perplex the captain in his castigatory harangue, Mr. Black humbly submitted, that, being there, he could not possibly conceive what service he could be put upon.

"Suppose that there were intruders in the royal presence—people in court, who had no business there."

"I can very easily comprehend that, Sir Hugh."

"Very well, sir; and you can comprehend also that you might receive the royal command to remove them. Now, possibly you may conceive that the hangers about a court may be very tenacious of their places, and that there would be some little difficulty in removing them."

"I *can* conceive it."

"Well, you meeting with this difficulty, the eye of royalty being all the while full upon you, imagine yourself going on in this strain—'George damn you, my lord duke—by Guelph, if your grace do not freshen your way, may his Majesty pitch you into hell—Countess, make yourself scarce, or the defender of the faith shiver your precious limbs.' Nay, you smile—but this is not the worst—in your imprecations I have repeatedly heard you, laying aside the language of entreaty, actually *command* the Deity to curse and utterly destroy. Suppose, then, to carry out the comparison, you turned round insolently to the king, and authoritatively bade him——"

"Spare me, Sir Hugh, it is a madness—I am humbled, I am ashamed."

"And yet," continued the captain, becoming more impressive, "you have dared to treat the awful Majesty of heaven, the sublime presence of the Deity, the immortal King, with a temerity and an insolence, that, for your very life, you dare not exhibit to your earthly perishable sovereign, a fallible and sinful mortal like yourself."

"I am overwhelmed with confusion—but the habit is strong upon me—I am afraid of myself."

"My young friend, I am glad to hear you say so. Let us see what we can do for you. I know that it is very seldom that naval officers have had the advantage of a classical education—but you quoted Latin just now—do you remember anything of your Eton grammar?"

"But very little."

"As the plain language of our country is not sufficiently powerful for you, suppose that, to give vent to your superfluous energy, and to convince the men that you really are in earnest, you interlard your orders with any or all of the words in the following line from Virgil—you may grind them between your teeth as grimly as you like—

'Monstr' horrend' inform' ingens, cui lumen ademptum.'

I think they would make the men start up the rigging."

"You are laughing at me, Sir Hugh."

"Not so—I was never more serious. Try it."

"I should never remember those words."

"Well, then, we must have recourse to—'Propria quæ maribus, tribuuntur mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo.' We will stop there—by the time you get to Apollo you may begin again. Whenever you feel the least inclined to swear, you know your preventive."

After more conversation in the like strain, Mr. Black, finding that his captain would have nonsense oaths, or none at all, they parted, and the lieutenant, after a little trouble, did remarkably well. The foremast men, when they first had these scraps of latinity poured upon their unlucky heads, were a little frightened, and moved faster than the accustomed oaths could make them; but, in time, even Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo, lost their exciting virtue, and swearing gradually fell into total disuse in his Majesty's ship *Amelia*. However, the officers, even to the midshipmen, became very classical in their expletives of asseveration and attestation, and "me Herculé" entirely superseded — — — — .

We have given this episode, and its attendant conversation at length, merely to indicate the great change that had taken place in the mind of Sir Hugh. The fruits of conversion were gradually made apparent in his conduct. He commenced the keeping holy of the sabbath, by inviting as many of the officers as felt religiously inclined into his cabin, on the Sundays, to read the Scriptures, and to descant upon them. This was soon followed by extempore prayer, and then the most sedate of the seamen were bidden to come and unite in this pious demonstration.

The bashfulness of the captain gradually wore away, till, at length, he did that which is enjoined on all commanders by the rules of the navy—he performed divine service to the ship's company, officiating himself, and read to them afterwards one of Blair's moral sermons. So little, in our day, was religion attended to, that we served for more than three years in a frigate, during all which time the Word of God was never publicly read, excepting on the frequent occasions of the burials at sea; and this omission was common in the navy.

Chaplains were allowed only to the largest vessels, and there they were generally considered as a nuisance, and any pretence was sufficient to avoid the performance of service on Sundays, and eagerly sought for. This being the case, it required no small degree of moral courage on the part of Sir Hugh to hoist, almost alone, the ensign of piety.

We have been so much occupied in tracing the effects of the appearance of Florence on board the *Amelia*, that we seem a little to have neglected the lady herself. She always excited a great deal of curiosity; but custom had, in some measure, blunted this feeling among the ship's company. All wondered at her surpassing beauty, yet none suspected her real sex, save one. Of course, her father and Dr. McQuillet are exceptions.

So deeply and so truly religious a person as was Florence Fontbelle, required but little that this world could afford her, to be completely and enthusiastically happy. She lived in the light, and cherished her heart with the glow of the bliss of another existence. The annoyances and the ills of her present state were scarcely regarded, and when they would make themselves felt, they were gratefully accepted as checks to presumption, and received as marks of divine favour. A mind thus circumstanced, could not but render its possessor intensely happy. This internal felicity shone forth gloriously in every feature of her face, lighted up her eyes, and irradiated her smile with that ineffable sweetness that we imagine only to belong to the angelic nature. Her health was in all the luxuriance that peace of mind and extreme temperance produce. Her father gazed upon her, wondered, and his bosom acknowledged a deep sensation of bliss that came and filled it with such gushings of tenderness and rapture, that it often required all his manliness to prevent him from seeking relief in floods of tears. Completely, indeed, was the man changed.

Florence occupied herself chiefly in religious conversations with her father, arguments upon points of faith with the doctor, and in scripturally instructing and catechising the heavy Frank Flylightly. He was her constant attendant, and the only one suffered about her person. He was bewildered into stupidity and awe. He followed her about with a dog-like fidelity. It was his office to accompany her on the few occasions on which she took air and exercise on deck, and it was a part of his duty to prevent any one conversing with, or even approaching her. This he performed with a ferocity that was totally foreign to his nature. The mild, easy-tempered disposition of the animal was then absolutely changed to the morose and irritable vigilance of a gaoler. No one of the hundreds on board could boast of having exchanged a word with her, excepting her father, the doctor, and himself. He refused his food, or ate only enough to preserve life. Instead of retiring to his hammock that was slung for him in the fore cabin, he invariably stretched himself before the door of the little berth in which his mistress slept—not himself to sleep, but to murmur over the last words that she had spoken to him, to repeat the lessons that she had taught him, to pronounce her name softly to himself, and to watch with an idolatrous patience for the sound of her voice, for her gentle breathings, and that bliss greater than all the rest, the open-

ing of her door. The man, to the utter dismay and astonishment of the doctor, grew palpably and rapidly thin. He, the medical sage, endeavoured vainly to account for it by all manner of physiological reasons; he examined Frank as he would a most important patient; he felt his pulse, demanded symptoms,—but everything was useless. With his emaciation he became pale and deplorably stupid. It required but one little word to solve the mystery. Frank Flylightly had discovered the sex of the prisoner and reputed spy; and, though he had unravelled this secret, he guardedly kept his own, which was, that he was disastrously in love.

Love!—it was to poor Frank like the rising of the sun upon the sick chamber. The torch of affection disclosed to him his own unworthiness. He had felt the omnipotence of beauty; its surpassing radiance was upon and about him daily and all day long. He saw himself, and was ashamed; and then he hated himself with the deep intensity of perfect loathing—the bitterness of spirit was upon him for not being distinguished of his kind. “Had I a been but a smartish sort of a dog, or even a caged-up bird, she would have loved and a fondled me? but as a human critur, wouldn’t she shiver if so be as she was to touch the top of my finger?” And then he would grind his teeth, wish impossible things, and murmur prayers that were impious.

The love of Frank Flylightly was ridiculous—nay, it was highly laughable; and the manner in which it was displayed very amusing to every one but himself. There was a general game of cross purposes and mutual misunderstandings going forward. Neither the captain, his daughter, nor the doctor, relying too much upon the apparent heaviness and dulness of Frank, suspected that he had made the important discovery; whilst Frank himself was grievously perplexed in endeavouring to ascertain if Sir Hugh and M’Quillet knew as much as he did. Sometimes he thought it was his duty to acquaint his commanding officer that the young and beautiful Mr. Fontbelle was a young and beautiful Miss Fontbelle; but then he feared to be moved from his place of attendant, which he fancied would be tantamount to a sentence of death. Sometimes he was tempted to make known to the young lady herself his knowledge of her sex, boldly avow his love, and jump overboard. But in his distractions he did nothing but grow ferocious, thin, more devoted, and unutterably stupid; the last so much so, that the captain took it seriously into consideration whether he should not be removed from his post; and removed he certainly would have been, were it not that he feared to expose the disguise of his daughter to some person who might be less simple and more scrutinising than Frank was wrongly supposed to be.

Whenever Sir Hugh wished for the society of his daughter, they always retired to the after-cabin, and at these meetings the surgeon was sometimes present, sometimes not; but Frank and the usual servants were, on these occasions, sent out of the fore-cabin, and forbidden strictly to enter it, unless rung for: this precaution was to prevent eaves-dropping. When Sir Hugh dined with his officers in rotation, Florence was never visible, being either in her own little berth, or in the after-cabin.

Affairs had remained in this state nearly four months, when a vessel was spoken with that had been met and plundered by the armed and revolted transport, not only of all that was valuable, but also all her water and provisions had been taken from her. The *Amelia* having hastily supplied her with all that was absolutely necessary to enable her to reach the nearest port, made all sail, being now certain of the track of the convicts, and in all probability would, in a few days, overtake them. The excitement on board had become great, for the object of the *Amelia's* cruise had transpired, and was well known fore and aft. Sir Hugh's distress of mind was now pitiable, whilst his daughter, though more serious, was collected and calm, and seemed almost happy in the foreboding, that if everything did not happen for the welfare of the parties so deeply interested, the event would redound to the glory of God. The sweet enthusiast, strong in her faith, and unshaken in her duty, had no misgivings.

We have before stated that Frank Flylightly had become her pupil in spiritual matters, and she was much pained to see that his health evidently declined daily; and the pain was more acute to her, from the conviction that he made but little progress in genuine religious matters. "My good Frank," said she to him one day, when they were together in the after-cabin, and he had just given her some very dark answers concerning the new light, "I begin to think that your religion must be of the heart, and not of the head; that you must not attempt to reason upon these divine things. Henceforward, instead of instruction we will have prayer. Let me teach you to pray; kneel before me, hold your hands thus, and say after me."

Poor fellow! and he repeated after her, with his supplicatory and joined hands between hers, whilst she stood like a young prophet before him; but the words he uttered had not meaning to his senses—his heart did not rise beyond her divine countenance, nor his gaze higher than her lustrous and beautiful eyes. His brain was turned, his health was shattered, his very identity was changed. This well-meant praying completed his ruin.

Frank was now so tortured by his inexpressible feelings, that actual fever had supervened. His actions were scarcely under his control—he became miserably restless, and careless of giving offence. He was disturbed by an unconquerable desire of ascertaining whether Sir Hugh were as well acquainted as himself with the sex of Florence. Mad with this anxiety, he disobeyed his orders, and the next time that the father and daughter were alone together, he dared to listen, and he dared to look. This guilty curiosity was fatal to him. He beheld, through the keyhole of the door, Florence sitting contentedly and fondly on the knee of Sir Hugh; he saw him kiss her white forehead, and there was that air of security and abandonment between them—that little regard to the disguise of her dress, that convinced the unfortunate sailor that her sex was well known to the captain. Indeed, when Florence was alone with her father, and she fancied herself secure from interruption, she wished rather to appear like what she really was, than to be studious about a disguise that was really hateful to her.

Flylightly could not long witness what he conceived to be a guilty dalliance. His acts afterwards partook of the nature of insanity. He

no longer regarded the new order of things, but cursed and swore most abominably. Religion, and all those who professed, and all those who had any respect for it, he execrated bitterly. His imprecations were horrible, and the first object of his wrath was the idol of his loving worship. We dare not repeat his ravings, mingled as they were with oaths. He immediately concluded that she was a wanton, and had smuggled herself on board the frigate, in all probability with the connivance of the captain. But this conviction lasted not long, and then his concentrated hate fell upon Sir Hugh. The huge hypocrite! How deeply Frank despised piety! He fell into the error of throwing upon it the odium due to the unjust professors of it. His ignorance was his excuse. How many of us have not his excuse to plead!

This placid, fat young man, in whose blood, a few months back, not an acrid drop could be found, now circulated through his veins currents of liquid fire. The heart of him who was so lately in loving-kindness with all mankind, was now one vast receptacle of hate. When the wildness of passion had given way to its bitterness, he went and provided himself with arms, secreting them about his person. They consisted of two ship's pistols, and a small dirk, that he hesitated not to steal from one of the young gentlemen. Though he had not decided how he should use his advantage, he felt a stern consolation in being thus armed.

Shortly after this violent access of all base suspicions and bad feelings, Captain Sir Hugh Eustace summoned him into the cabin, to give him some customary order. He entered trembling, with his eyes rolling and his once plump and florid cheeks hanging down, pale and haggard, from either jaw, like two pouches. He glared savagely on the captain, and with a demoniac expression of desire, mingled with exasperation, upon Florence.

"May God in his goodness watch over and preserve you, Frank," said Florence, gently and kindly; "what has happened to you, my friend?"

"Sweet words!—O, let us pray!—da——n pleasant, however!"

"You rascal! what do you mean?" said the captain, hastily rising.

"O my father!—O Sir Eustace!—be slow to wrath. Remember!—peradventure he aileth."

"Very true, very true; but, sick or well, we must preserve discipline in his majesty's service. What is the meaning of this insubordinate conduct, Flylightly, in persevering to swear in my presence?"

"Please your honour—hypocrite!—your honour's honour—psalm-spinning—I arn't my own self, Sir Hugh—had a drop—now I lie like a hypocrite—like a d——d hypocrite, Sir Hugh—hav'n't wet my whistle—but I arn't myself, however; and for the matter of that, begging your honour's pardon, you arn't yourself—nor this here young gentleman neither."

"This is astonishing! What can the man mean?" said Sir Hugh, starting up very angry, but a little alarmed also.

"I am a poor fat fo'castle-man, that was, and have just larned by heart all Dr. Watts's first cat-he-kiss'm, and a goodish taste of the church's, and I've left off swearing; but still I've a great mind to

mutiny—I have—for 'tain't fair to break a poor fellow's heart in this way, under false colours, d'ye see."

"My dear Sir Hugh," said Florence, "our poor Frank is evidently in a fever—perhaps some epidemic of the climate; we had better send for the good doctor, and then commit him to the care of his ship-mates."

"As to the doctor, I am of your opinion," said Sir Hugh, moodily; "but the less communication that he has with his messmates, or with any of the ship's company, the better. After M·Quillet has bled and blistered him into tranquillity and obedience, he shall be put in irons under the half-deck, with a sentry over him."

In this speech all the anger of the captain of a man-of-war broke forth, and the Christian was momentarily forgotten. Florence felt the flush of shame for her father burning upon her cheek, and, after her manner, was going to lift up her voice in reproof, for, like the martyrs of old, no earthly considerations could ever divert her from her duty. The captain saw the coming storm, and dreaded it. He therefore interposed, and said, "Do not yet speak, there's a good child; I will listen to you attentively when alone. We must, in the first place, deal with this man; for, whether his insubordination proceed from bad health or from a bad spirit, it must be immediately checked, and with the strong hand of discipline."

"No, no," interposed the fair enthusiast; "leave the poor man to me—I will reason and pray with him—he will see the error of his ways, repent, and amend them."

"Praying!—pleasant, but all sham!" said Frank, doggedly—"like it, however—hypocrites always tyrants—don't mean your honour, no ways—you may bleed, and blister, and flog me, just as much as your honour likes—I'll bear it all for the love of one as shall be nameless—I'll take it like a man, though I *arn't got my girl aboard*—I'll drop at the gangway sooner than peach, but it's all for the sake of one—but if she'd only say the word"—and he looked fiercely at Florence, and convulsively snatched at his concealed dagger, "blood and fury—hill, ull, loo! but fat Frank will die like a man."

Whilst Florence was trembling exceedingly at this outbreak of violence and jealousy, Sir Hugh was lost in astonishment for a moment, but it was for a moment only; when he seized Frank by the collar of his jacket, and well shaking his emaciated frame, that was, however, still ponderous with the relics of his obesity, he exclaimed, "And is it so, you treacherous villain? after all my kindness to you, you have been listening and playing the spy! Reptile!—but baseness is the birthgift of the low-born—I am a fool to be discomposed by him. Here, steward, send me the master-at-arms directly. Irons and the gag for the scoundrel!"

Florence knew that this was not the moment to interfere. The irons were brought, and whilst they were putting Frank's leg into them, he continued to talk disjointedly until the gag was placed in his mouth, which gag consisted of a marling-spike, placed between the jaws, exactly in the manner in which a horse is bitted, and being thrust as far back as the mouth will admit of, it is secured with lashings of

spun-yarn, passed across and across behind the head—a very amiable practice of silencing a man, that prevaieth in the navy. Frank Fly-lightly, being thus made taciturn, was placed between two guns in the fore-cabin, in order that he might ruminate on his unfortunate love, and feed his heart with the secret that he was unable to disclose.

Florence had led her father into the other cabin, and had just begun a startling and energetic remonstrance, when the first lieutenant called him out, and he went immediately upon deck. An unusual bustle struck the ears of the young devotee; she heard the tramp of feet, the rattling of blocks, and the swinging of the massive yards. This was followed by the shrill call of the fife and the rolling of the drum, and then, all was unusually silent.

The long-pursued chase was, at last, in view. The *Amelia* was now in the midst of a cluster of small islands, a few degrees to the northward of the east end of New Holland. They were at that time called the Corallines, and most aptly so, though by what name they may now be known is of no consequence to our veracious narrative. The sea was so transparent, that the immense forest of red and white coral, some fathoms beneath the bottom of the ship, was distinctly visible. The lead was continually going, and the ship's way checked in such a manner by trimming the sails that she scarcely made progress, though, with the exception of the steadying-sails, all her canvass was set. Soon, all around, so far as the eye could reach, the ocean was seen studded with islands of all dimensions, whilst in various parts the ground-swell of the sea broke over some long reef, with an eternal moan, and, with its white foam, showed on the green main, like the vast plume of some giant warrior, lying broken upon the battle-field.

Florence could observe from the cabin-windows the groups of the islands as the ship passed them. Some were merely small planes of white sand, some a little larger, covered with a bright mantle of green herbage. On this, there was no other vegetation than a solitary coconut tree, teeming with untouched fruit—on that, a small grove of the same trees, intermingled with some few bushes, glowing with the colours of, to herself, unknown flowers. Many of the islands were of considerable extent and of refreshing verdure, but they all appeared not only to be uninhabited, but also, till then, unvisited, either by civilised man or untutored Indian.

No scene could be more bright, and but few more lovely. If the unshrinking eye of the sun looked down with intolerable ardour, all beneath him seemed verdant, fresh, and cool. Men's sight seemed gifted with supernatural powers of vision, so clear was the atmosphere, and so distinctly marked out everything around them.

At length, the hands were turned up to bring ship to an anchor, for the soundings had so much shoaled, and the navigation between the small and large islands and the reefs had become too intricate.

The day before, though all appeared so tranquil around, there had evidently been a violent tempest among those islands. There was a long undulating swell, though the surface of the water was glassy and unbroken, save upon the reefs, and the convict-ship had been whirled over several shoals, and was now lying much upon her broadside, upon a small sandy spit that ran before an island of consider-

able extent and of surprising fertility. This ship was just within the range of the *Amelia's* guns, and no more, so that it was not likely that more than one shot out of ten would have told. To bring the frigate nearer seemed much too hazardous.

As the frigate swung to her single anchor, the actual state of things became visible to Florence, and immediately she intuitively understood them. The crisis of her fate, and that of her mother and father, were approaching. For once she experienced the inefficacy of prayer—the name of the Strengthener of hearts gave her no fortitude—she became sick with anxiety, and feverish with anguish. With clasped hands and with bloodshot eyes she gazed upon the green island that contained her mother, and her mother's paramour. Immediately behind the stranded ship, she could descry a group of tents, rudely constructed with sails, and men and women mingled together, in what appeared to her a countless multitude; for the space of nearly a mile around, the greensward was dotted with casks, and chests, and bags, among which many children were seen to be straying. But the borders of the shore seemed to wear a sterner appearance. Four of the ship's guns were being placed to bear upon the frigate, and to command the channel that led to the beach, and many men seemed to be eagerly busy in preparing for bloodshed. There was among them a considerable number of soldiers, who appeared no less solicitous than the others in their arrangements for defence. Pre-eminent amidst the rest moved one tall and imposing figure, whom all obeyed. Soon a female came, and hung fondly upon his arm. Florence's heart changed into ice.

Sir Hugh Eustace had not cast loose the cabin guns, nor did he remove the bulk-heads of his cabin. A display of so much force would have been useless. All the vessels of the navy, situated as was the *Amelia*, could not have destroyed the convicts and the mutineers, if they chose to shelter themselves, and his orders were not to slay, but to capture. This being the case, his cabins preserved their usual solitude and privacy, and there were none in them save the distracted Florence, and the ironed and gagged Flylightly. At length the midship gun of the frigate's main-deck, a long eighteen pounder, was pointed upon the convicts, and fired, not with the absolute intention of harm, but merely to show them that the *Amelia* was in earnest, and to try the range of the ball. As the ponderous iron vomited forth its fire and thunder, the ensign and pennant were slowly hoisted, as in scorn of the inglorious contest. Florence watched the shot from the quarter-gallery, and shuddered as she beheld it ricochetting along the polished surface of the sea, as it appeared to her, in the exact direction where the person whom she fancied to be her mother stood. The gun was not sufficiently elevated, and the ball fell short. A shout of derision followed from the mutineers.

As a bravado reply to this implied summons of surrender, the tall person was himself seen training one of the guns, which was fired in contempt, and at an elevation of nearly forty-four degrees. Florence gazed intently. First, she descried the red flash, then the white and curling smoke, and immediately after the loud hissing of the ball made her believe that it was fated to strike her. This

passed, and then the reverberating report smote her startled ears, and she saw the shot splash and disappear a few feet astern of the ship. In the midst of her misery she felt something exciting in all this—nay, in spite of her piety, something pleasurable in the excitement. She deplored the original sin in her heart, and prayed the more fervently.

During all these proceedings, Sir Hugh Eustace took very good care not to approach his daughter, and not to afford her any opportunity of sending to or communicating with him. The door of the fore-cabin was impassable to her, and there was the sentry to prevent all egress. She paced the deck, wringing her hands in useless agitation, whenever she was not occupied in gazing at the shore. Her shrunk-up lover, Frank, followed her with his eyes, now strained to an unnatural width by the pressure of the gag. At length she noticed him, and, as an official would say, upon her own responsibility, and without the least hesitation, she ungagged him; and that he opened his mouth, and spoke, we will not say, for his mouth had been kept open for nearly a half hour, but he certainly spoke, and that to some purpose. Without much heeding his rhapsodies, she then unpinioned his arms, and the key of the padlock that fastened him to the bilboe having been left, according to the captain's directions, upon the table, not having the fear of the articles of war upon her, she immediately released him altogether, and placed him upon his legs, where he remained not long, for he flapped down upon his knees, seized her hands, and nearly masticated them with kisses, and then and there told his love.

The time and place were unpropitious, nor were his arguments either conclusive or understood, for he seemed to rely upon this, to her, unintelligible condescension, "that he would look over all that had passed, and make an honest woman of her."

However, she was fully aware that his respect for her had much diminished, and that he knew her sex, and had proposed marriage; more she could not well comprehend. She had too much natural dignity not to awe him into immediate and absolute submission, and with a few words he was silenced, and, if possible, his adoration increased.

We must now return to the measures that were adopted on board the frigate. The insolence of the convicts was not noticed by a return of shot, but the boats were hoisted out, manned, and armed, and all the marines of the frigate distributed among them. They were then displayed in battle array, in order to convince the mutineers of the inability of resistance.

The six-oared cutter was then disarmed, and Lieutenant Black was sent with the crew only, and a white flag flying at the bow, with orders to go parley with the contumacious, and summon them to surrender.

Florence's hopes rose high, for, by the explanations of Frank, she was made fully aware of all that was taking place. She watched the boat in its rapid progress, saw the crew first of all lying on their oars, then pull ashore, and land the lieutenant. She could even distinguish the violent gestures of the speakers, and saw that the

lady, whom she figured to herself as her mother, take an energetic part in the proceedings. The negotiations were not of long duration, for the boat returned, the lieutenant bending to the stroke of the oars, and the men putting forth their utmost strength. The cutter flew through the water, and was soon alongside. Lieutenant Black, who was the converted anathematizer, jumped up the ship's side, blurting out "*Propria quæ maribus*," by the way of an oath, and when he stood face to face with his captain, he had just ejaculated, *Mars, Bacchus, Apollo!*

"I have been grossly insulted, Sir Hugh! Damme—*sunt divorum*, I mean."

"Well, what do they say?"

"The jail-birds will vouchsafe us no other answer than that we 'may all go to hell.' That's not swearing, Sir Hugh, for I am bound to deliver the message verbatim; and if I had not been very nimble, they would have kicked me into the boat. One fellow actually voided his quid of tobacco into my eye. *Mars!*"

"Give me a detailed account of all that passed, and come farther aft, that we may not be overheard."

"I have come, ladies and gentlemen," said I, in the civilest way possible, "to tell you, that all the boats of his Majesty's ship *Amelia*—'Amelia!' screamed out a monstrous fine woman, leaning on a tall rogue's arm,—'the *Amelia*, did you say?' Yes, marm, said I. 'And pray who commands her?' said she, all in a flutter. I am not at liberty to say, madam."

Sir Hugh became pale, but did not interrupt his lieutenant.

"But the question is, are you prepared to come on board? 'Hookey Walker!' says one. 'Has your mother sold her mangle?' says another. 'Grease your elbows!' says a third, and a thousand other impertinences, till, at last, the tall rogue asked upon what terms. I told him, Sir Hugh, that I would guarantee kind treatment until they were delivered over to the proper authorities, to be dealt with according to law. The vagabonds, hearing this, set up such a yell, that you might have heard it here, Sir Hugh."

"I think I did."

"Then they began kicking and spitting at me, and told me by acclamation, that I, and those that sent me, might go to ——"

"Well—we must do our duty," said the captain, with a slight shudder; and the arrangements were soon completed.

It was at first the intention of the captain not to accompany the boats, but his anxiety was such, and his innate love of action so great, that he could not resist the temptation of being present. He proposed to employ the six-oared cutter as an hospital, taking in it one of the assistant surgeons to attend to slight hurts; and if the wounded became many, the boat might convey them to the ship, and return to the scene of action. He thus might be sufficiently near the spot to overlook the whole, without detracting from the authority of the first lieutenant, who had the command of the expedition.

Now Florence had need of all her energies. She saw the boats pull in, and her father, in the cutter, following them. She observed on shore the women and children retire to the upland, and finally dis-

appear in a low bushy copse. One female remained on the beach—her heart told her who it was. Everything on the island appeared steady and calm. The heads of the felons and the soldiers were just discernible above a rude breastwork made of chests and hammocks, whilst four of the guns of the transport stood in naked hostility upon the hard, smooth, white sand. These guns a sufficient number of men were carefully training as the boats advanced. Everything seemed to promise a bloody struggle, and the officers and men of the frigate then began—not to despise their enemy, although they were the sweepings of all the jails of England.

The boats then lay for some time on their oars, undoubtedly that they might gain strength for a rally. After a short space of time the men gave a lion-hearted huzza, and urged forward amidst sheets of foam caused by the bending oars, they had made more than half the distance, when the loud booming of cannon was heard from the transport, and the defenceless crew were in the midst of a shower of grape. At the same moment the shot from the four guns on shore swept along the sea, and streaks of blood upon the water, and abandoned oars, told of the deadly effects of the discharge. The assailants were checked, the wounded were handed into the cutter, and the hopelessly dead thrown overboard. The boats then separated, and the cutter returned, with the lacerated and dying, on board the *Amelia*.

Sir Hugh did not return with the cutter; for, carried away with ardour, he had sprung on board the launch, and took upon himself the sole direction of the attack. Before the boats could reach the land, they were obliged to submit to another discharge, which so much discomfited them, that they diverged different ways, and took temporary shelter under some sand-banks with which the channel abounded.

All this dreadful scene Florence had viewed from the cabin-windows. Almost unconscious of everything but the battle that was raging before her, and forgetting Frank's misplaced love in the faintness of her terrors, she had allowed her head to sink upon his shoulder; his arms encircled her slender waist, and he met with no reproof. Rousing herself, at length, she said, "My friend, explain this to me. Lo! the boats reel under the fire of the wicked. They seem to flee, and each goeth his own way. Have the unrighteous prevailed?"

"No, miss, not as yet, d'ye see. The boats, I take it, are going round the sand-banks to get out of the range of that infernal grape from the transport, and to take the shore higher up, and behind the un-hung beggars—hand to hand, miss, will be the skrimmage then—and many a brave fellow will lose the number of his mess."

"You mean that they will die the death of the battle-field?"

"I do, miss; bless your sweet eyes!"

"I must not stay here. I must be with them—they will slay each other—I must, in the name of *Him*!—not to be mentioned in this sinful strife—mediate between them. I must go, my friend—I must go!"

"Why, miss, that might be, if you could swim like a dolphin, or fly like a sea-gull."

"Assist me—assist me!" She then, in her misery, overwhelmed the humble Frank with such a torrent of entreaty, and spoke to him so movingly, that he determined to do so, but he put in what he termed a word for himself. Thus he easily extracted a promise from her that she would permit him to make her an honest woman, provided he succeeded in smuggling her ashore. This promise she freely gave him, as she did not at all understand it in the sense of her humble lover, but supposed that it merely related to her assuming the attire of her sex.

The cutter, having consigned her wounded to the care of Dr. McQuillet, was now lying alongside, receiving reinforcements in the shape of volunteers. These poured in promiscuously; and when the boat was just shoving off, Frank hailed the officer from the cabin port-hole, and very impudently asserted that the captain had left strict orders that he and the prisoner, meaning Florence, were to be sent to him by the very first boat that returned from the expedition, at the same time daring him to disobey. Frank was desperate, relying for immunity upon the power that he supposed the knowledge of the captain's disgraceful secret had given him. There was no hesitation made, and the young lady, well enveloped in a cloak, proceeded to the scene of strife.

Taught by fatal experience, the cutter did not take the nearest course, but making a *détour*, thus avoiding the hostile shot, and landed some distance from the tents of the convicts. The rest of the expedition had landed some minutes before, nearly in the same place, and were proceeding in good order to take the enemy in the rear, and to terminate the struggle hand to hand. The meeting was terrible, and the short conflict worthy a better cause. Discipline prevailed, and the rebels fled on all sides, excepting a small band of soldiers who surrounded him who, appeared to be the chief of the mutineers, and these appeared determined to die with arms in their hands.

Little more remains to be told. It is needless to detail the firing, the bayonet thrusts, the shouts, the curse, and the last rattle in the throat, that attended this dreadful struggle. The mutineers knew that the sword was sweeter than the gallows, and revenge, even in dying, sweeter still. Though in their lives they were less than men, in their deaths they were heroes. Their chief was mortally wounded, yet still fought on obstinately, yet languidly. Sir Hugh was before him, and his sword would have fatally reached him, had not a prostrate bleeding female impeded his steps. He looked down upon her. Their eyes met. They knew each other. The tortures of years were concentrated in the mutual glance. She screamed forth, "Perjured Eustace!"

The dying convict, who, it appears, had reserved a pistol for the last moment, or for self-destruction, discharged it at Sir Hugh. But the shot harmed him not. It shattered the shoulder of his daughter, who had sprung between him and death. At the same moment the leader of the convicts fell and expired. The bravest of his fol-

lowers fled, and Sir Hugh was left alone with the blood of his daughter and her mother mingling together at his feet.

The assistant-surgeon, who had accompanied the cutter on shore, assured Sir Hugh, that though the wounds of neither were mortal, they would become so, if removed. In the midst of his distractions, repeated guns were fired, signals of recall made from the frigate, and looking seaward, a large vessel, evidently French, was approaching. All exertions were then directed, not to destroy or capture the convicts, but to regain their own ship, which was, with the few hands on board, getting under weigh. Nothing would remove Frank Flylightly from the two wounded females. The last that was seen of him and of them was, that he had the head of each sufferer upon either knee, and was waving a white handkerchief to recall some of the convicts to his assistance.

Farewell to the Corallines.

Sir Hugh and his men got on board the *Amelia* just time enough to fight a well-contested action with a frigate of superior force to his own. He took her, and brought his prize safely to Madras. No more thought was given to the Corallines. He fell again into the world's gaieties, swore and raked as formerly, lived the life of an epicurean, with the principles of a sceptic, and died the death of a ———. But we judge not, lest we be judged.

A sloop of war, the *Scrutator*, was afterwards sent from England to reduce the convicts, and report upon the state of the Corallines; but after having cruised about for a year, and devoured much turtle, she returned and reported that no such island could be found.

THE MOTHERLESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Light is thy spirit, thou blooming boy,
 With the bounding step and the glance of joy,
 And gay is the laugh of thy sister fair,
 As she flings back the curls of her sunny hair ;
 A stranger might pause thy sports to see,
 And smile on the picture of health and glee ;
 But I view thy gladness in deep distress,
 For I mourn the fate of the Motherless.

Thou hast kissed that mother's clay-cold cheek—
 Thou know'st that her accents kind and meek
 Can cheer not thy listening ear again ;
 Thou hast joined the gloomy funeral train,
 And thy tears have flowed o'er the silent dead—
 But those tears were banished as soon as shed :
 O, the infant heart is slow to guess
 The woes in store for the Motherless.

Thy father loves thee, but earthly cares
 Spread in his way their engrossing snares,
 He toils for thee in the world's vast mart,
 But he only gives thee a share of his heart ;
 There are none to point out thy budding charms,
 Or to place thee fondly in his arms,
 And his passing visit and brief caress
 Can little profit the Motherless.

But thy childish glee is a blessed boon,
 The knowledge of ill will come all too soon ;
 Thou shalt tread in study's rugged ways,
 Yet welcome no fond familiar praise :
 Thou must not paint, in thy dreams of bliss,
 The clasping arm or the thrilling kiss ;
 A home indeed thou wilt still possess,
 But drear is the home of the Motherless.

When the flattering world shall thy steps invite
 To its flowery paths, and its halls of light,
 Thou wilt not the precious safeguard bear
 Of a gentle mother's whispered prayer.
 Those flowers shall perish, that light decline,
 And the pangs of blighted hope be thine ;
 But who shall pity thy soul's distress?—
 There are few to feel for the Motherless.

I may not the fearful storms allay,
 That darkly threaten thy future way ;
 I can but pray that a heavenly arm
 May kindly shield thee from wrong and harm.
 O turn, dear children, to One above,
 His mercy is more than human love,
 And his power can even soothe and bless
 The thorny path of the Motherless.

PUBLIC PUNISHMENTS AND POLICE REPORTS.

No. I.

IN philosophy truth is of progressive growth, and develops itself by very slow degrees ; in the science of government it is the same, but legislators, unlike philosophers, seldom avail themselves of the experience of the past ; at least they do not sufficiently watch the minor mutations, ever going on in society, from which major inferences may be deduced, and solid principles be established, for the foundation of healthful legislation.

From the earliest institution of government, legislators have been taught to think that *punishments* for the commission of crime should be *public*, and that the greatest possible publicity should be given to the details of criminal cases.

These opinions are sanctified by long custom, and supported by universal practice ; they are prejudices of such deep root that few can reasonably be expected at once, or without strong proof, to repudiate them.

The objects of penal law are generally acknowledged to be *prevention of crime* by making example of the guilty ; *restitution* to the parties injured ; and *reformation* of the criminal. Restitution took the lead in the Mosaic law, likewise in the ancient institutions of the Germans, which were subsequently introduced into England by the Saxons. In the time of Alfred there was scarcely any known crime that might not be acquitted by fine. This was perhaps an *error*—we say *perhaps*, for in legislation who shall say where error begins or ends ? The human mind rarely arrives at truth, either in morals or physics, till it has first reached the extreme of error. In matters of legislation, when this point has been attained, the fact is forced on rulers by those who are ruled ; but even then the power of habit and vested interests interpose and deprive the nation of the benefit which should result from the exposition of error.

It is, however, the imperative duty of the philanthropist to point out error, relying on the efficacy of truth to obtain a victory for itself. In the times when all men were soldiers, waging war for their liberty—their very existence—and for plunder, the voice of reason and humanity could not be heard. The dictum of a chief, perhaps brutal in disposition, and accustomed through life to scenes of cruelty, established laws which were afterwards embodied in the code of more civilized legislation. Enlightened days have produced efforts to establish the dominion of reason over that of brute force—efforts which very slowly produced any beneficial effects till within these last few years. The tenacity with which legislators cling to the old penal code of this country is now a subject of wonderment. The conviction of men's minds has undergone a change, whence the discontinuance of the custom of hanging in chains, burning, drawing and quartering of human bodies, with the practice of carting malefactors through

crowded streets, whipping at the cart's tail, and the desuetude of the pillory, together with the abolition of the punishment of death, formerly inflicted for upwards of one hundred and forty offences, leaving but a few crimes to stain our statute-book, marked in characters of blood. These facts are cheering to the philanthropist ; still much remains to be done.

Our subject comprises two considerations, namely, the effects of public punishments, and the practice of giving unrestrained publicity to the details of every case of public delinquency. It would be futile in this place to dwell on the questions of restitution and reformation, as neither of these objects has yet been effected in the slightest degree under the British law ; the latter, however, (reformation,) is necessarily interlaced with the question of, in what way the criminal is affected, and the public benefited by public punishments? It has long been the opinion of many of the most celebrated writers on the criminal law, that public punishments have a natural tendency both to harden the criminal, and to increase crime. Previously to entering more at large on the reasons which may be adduced in support of our views of the subject, we will at once put the reader in possession of what they are.

First, as public punishment is always connected with infamy, it necessarily destroys the sense of shame, which is the strongest outpost of virtue. Secondly, it exposes the party punished to the eyes of the world, and thereby prevents his ever again enjoying the benefits of society, however reformed, or disposed to pursue the paths of honesty. It may be said that this is very properly a part of his punishment, for having violated the laws of society ; but it is lost sight of in this mode of reasoning, that the law will punish him a second and third time for not having availed himself of that society, of which, in the first instance, it deprived him by exposition, and then returned him to it in a hopeless state. But let us suppose that it were the intention of the law to deprive him (under a short sentence of imprisonment, or any other penal denunciation) entirely of the means of obtaining bread by honest industry ; wherein is the policy of sending into the wholesome walks of society, day after day, persons who, it is known, have no other alternative but to starve or steal? It would appear that the aphorism, "once a thief always a thief," is derived from the law itself. Thirdly, public punishments, when of short duration, produce no change in body or mind, at least of such a nature as is necessary to reform obstinate habits of vice. The whipping-post, the treadmill, public disgrace on government works, leave the culprit nothing which society may have to regret in losing.

Pain begets insensibility to the lash, and shame infamy. "I have seen," says Gen. Sir C. Napier, C.B., "many hundreds of men flogged, and have observed that when the skin is thoroughly cut or flayed off, the great pain subsides. The men will often lie as without life, and the drummers appear to be flogging a lump of dead raw flesh." This agrees with the opinion of Sir Charles Bell, in his "*Bridgewater Treatise*," when speaking of the cuticle.

Where old habits of vice are fixed, public punishments engender a spirit of revenge, with hatred to all mankind. They leave men no-

thing worse to happen; their position in society is irretrievably lost, and they have no alternative but to dare the worst. It is easy to imagine that men so placed in the world will give an unrestrained loose to their passions, and become reckless of consequences.

Fourthly, if the infliction of public punishment be of long duration, it increases the evil in proportion to the time it lasts, as the longer the criminal is exposed to the public, the more certainty is there that every sense of shame will be obliterated.

Fifthly, public punishments excite no terror in the minds of those who behold them. The sensations evolved under punishment are either dogged insensibility, fortitude, or distress. The hardened and callous culprit excites no terror upon the spectators; *à contra*, it has from experience been proved to have the effect of hardening the sensibilities of all, whether of those engaged in crime or otherwise.

Fortitude is a virtue, under whatever circumstances it is displayed, that never fails to weaken, if not wholly to obliterate, the detestation of the crime for which the culprit suffers. The moral effect of example is lost in a mixed feeling of admiration and pity.

The generous and noble-minded irresistibly, after witnessing an execution in which fortitude has been displayed, fall into a train of thoughts that leave a lasting impression of the sufferer having been more sinned against than sinning.

Calmness, firmness, resolution, and even dignity, are often displayed on the scaffold, the effect of which is to leave an impression, that, after all, death is no such terrible thing.

"All men," said Voltaire, "die with fortitude who die in company." The bravery of sailors and soldiers is derived from this principle. The effects are terribly mischievous when criminals retaliate by profane or indecent insults, as in the case of Thistlewood's companions, and some hundreds of others, which might be cited out of upwards of eighty thousand executions which have taken place in Britain since the year 1688, averaging about five hundred and twenty-six per annum.

It has been stated that in Italy and Denmark, where the priests make a great ceremony with criminals, persons have been known to confess or feign crimes, in order to obtain the advantage of being so well attended at their exit out of a world they found it a trouble to live in. In every country where the punishment of death has been most frequent, there has the contempt for it been most displayed. In India, where the most cruel deaths were inflicted, we have proofs of this. A *Mohammedan* writer, Seir Mutakerm, speaking of a persecuted people called the *Sikhs*, some of whom had been made prisoners, together with their leader *Banda*, says, "It is singular that they should have such a contempt of death. I have witnessed the execution of upwards of thirty at one time, who wrangled with each other which should have the preference to suffer. So impatient was Banda, the chief, who was accompanied by his son, that he seized a sabre, and cut the throat of his own offspring, calling out, 'Now despatch the father.'"

The effects of *distress* at public punishments are obvious. Distress, by an immutable law of nature, when seen, invariably produces sym-

pathy, and a desire of relieving it. In generous minds this desire is not lessened by the distress being the consequence of crime.

In support of these general propositions it is the object of this paper to treat, together with the effects of police and other newspaper reports of criminal cases, under which head we will adopt the same course as on the previous question of public punishments, and state our general views, that the reader may be fully possessed of the nature of the subject under consideration.

First. Unrestrained publicity given to the daily cases connected with the commission of crime operates as so many suggestions to the classes or individuals either already embarked in crime, or, from circumstances connected with their place in society, are predisposed to its commission.

Secondly. It tends to vitiate the minds of all, especially of the lower classes, and youths in general, by informing them of the extent of human depravity. It is maintained that such an effect is the inevitable consequence of showing crime to be of frequent occurrence in society; and that in proportion as such knowledge is diffused in an inverse ratio, will the members of any community be less disposed to feel the influence of conscience, or the reproaches of their contemporaries.

Thirdly. When an offender comes out of what is designated the respectable walks of society, the innocent friends and relations of the guilty are punished unnecessarily, and made to suffer for the faults of others.

Fourthly. Police reports of every case brought before a magistrate punish the accused *à priori*, that is, on *ex parte* evidence, before conviction.

Fifthly. The publication of a criminal charge brought against an individual, even should he subsequently be declared guilty by a jury, precludes the hope of his ever recovering his lost position in society.

Sixthly. Publicity is in itself, in numerous cases, a heavy punishment *ab initio*, over and above that which the law awards, on the principle of adapting equitable or suitable punishment for offences.

Seventhly. Publicity punishes those whom the law frequently acquits.

Lastly. Police reports in every case are unjust, because they prejudge the accused, and not unfrequently deprive him of the assistance of his friends, to establish his innocence, or mitigate the punishment.

As a set-off against these evils, we may be told that police reports often lead to the detection of offenders, and operate as a caution to the public; but these advantages, on inquiry, will be found to be much overrated. But let us suppose it to be otherwise, would not the publication of all the occurring cases which are brought before the magistrates be equally usefully reported, if the names and addresses of the accused were suppressed? Might not the nature of the charge, the property found upon the accused, and his general appearance, &c., answer all the useful ends of justice, without publishing the name and station in society, at least before trial?

A case, with all the circumstances attending it, is the same, whether committed by A. or B. But the evils pointed out under the first and second head of reasons why police reports should be wholly suppressed, are considerations of much weightier importance than anything that has yet been adduced in support of the practice. Sir Richard Birnie was very much in the habit of laying great stress on the advantages the public derived from the publication of police reports; yet probably throughout his career not more than one case occurred in the course of a year of a newspaper report bringing forth a more successful or efficient prosecutor against a rogue who might otherwise have escaped; and in all such cases an order for publicity might be given, and under special circumstances even an order for posting bills, wherein the case justified the adoption of such measures.

These, however, do not occur, as before remarked, once in twelve months or in two years. Magistrates are very much in the habit of vaunting of their impartiality—"We make no distinction of persons:" "we see no reason for a private hearing," &c. It would seem as if the publication of their name, sagacious remarks, and witticisms, gratified their *amour propre*. A little thought, it might be supposed, would open the mind of any one acquainted with the nature of society, as to the evils arising from the report of public examinations at police offices—perhaps of public examinations altogether. In cases of family quarrels and disorderly charges, public examinations not only punish the parties unjustly by exposition, but lay the foundation for much subsequent evil. Crimination and recrimination, publicly made in the heat of the moment, can seldom fail of disgracing the parties, and, when published to the world, occasion the loss of friends, and affect their credit,—oftentimes destroy respectability altogether, by hurling the parties out of their previous position in society, they and their children losing caste thereby, and not unfrequently becoming an encumbrance on the parish funds. The exposition of trifling cases of irregularity, arising out of the buoyancy or indiscretion of youth, is equally unjust and mischievous. Young men of good moral character, who have been carefully educated and advantageously placed out in life, filling responsible situations, have had their prospects and the flattering hopes of their friends marred by one inadvertent indiscretion, in which their associates often were more inculpated than themselves. The insertion of one actual case in real life will serve to illustrate hundreds of a similar nature which continually occur in this metropolis.

A medical gentleman of great talent, but of circumscribed connexion, having an increasing family, availed himself of an extensive practice which was to be disposed of, and induced his father, who had already exceeded his means in qualifying his son for the profession, to advance the entire of his remaining property for its purchase.

The father joined the son's family, and all went on very prosperously and satisfactorily to all parties for nearly twelve months, when an occurrence took place which ruined all their fair prospects. The connexion, to which the son had been introduced, had realized to his

predecessor a considerable fortune, principally in the practice of midwifery. In an evil hour the son was induced to attend a christening party, for a few hours, late in the evening. It had been a dinner-party, but professional business had prevented his earlier attendance. When he arrived, he found the male part of the company much elevated with wine, among whom was his younger brother. After remaining about an hour, he took charge of him with a view of seeing him safe home to bed. On their way down Portland Place they were not a little annoyed by stones falling about them; and hearing that glass was broken, then perceived that several of the more inebriate of the party they had just before quitted were committing this folly; the accoucheur then left his brother to remonstrate with them. Just, however, as he reached the spot where they had stood, he was seized by a police officer, and accused of having broken the glass of three street lamps. In vain did he point to the party, who were at the same moment running away down New Cavendish Street, and to his brother, whom he said he was seeing home.

"No! somebody has broken the lamps, and somebody must answer for it," said the officer; "he (the accoucheur) was nearest the spot, and he must be the man whom he saw throw stones."

The remainder of the story is soon told; the accused was liberated on bail to appear the next morning. When before the magistrate, to the utter astonishment of all present, the facts of the inebriety, disorderly conduct, and the running away, were all charged by the policeman against the only one of the party that was, perhaps, entirely innocent. The payment of five pounds was inflicted as a fine; and here the law, even if it had been a case of guilt, was acquitted. What interest had the public in this affair, further than to be informed that those who wantonly broke lamps in the parish of St. Marylebone were liable to pay five pounds? But this notice might have been given in the daily papers as follows:—

"St. Marylebone Police Office—Before Mr. Rawlinson—Cases, January 1, 1839.

"1. A person of about thirty years of age, apparently respectable, was fined five pounds for wilfully breaking a lamp in Portland Place last evening.

"2, &c. &c. as other cases might have occurred."

But the law, as now practically carried out, says, No! this is not sufficient for the ends of justice—it is proper that after you have been judged and acquitted, you should be consigned over to a penny-a-line reporter, to ruin all your prospects in life, or otherwise, as he pleases, or as you can make terms with him. In this case a most exorbitant demand was made for the suppression of the report, which being refused, was industriously inserted in all the daily and Sunday journals, describing, under the colour of a faithful report of police proceedings, a respectable, sober gentleman, as being a drunkard, and in the habit of constantly mixing himself up with night broils. What lady, it may be asked, or where is the family, who would not, after having read the name and full description of the person they had selected to attend on them in a moment of emergency, who would not repudiate any connexion with a character described as being so

disgraced? The probability of their doing so was more than exemplified in this case. The newly inducted medical gentleman, having as yet but a slight hold on the feelings of his patients, was deserted by them all, as if by common consent;—in short, he, his family, and his father, were all ruined; for no other purpose or benefit to the world, than that a penny-a-line reporter might for one day obtain a dinner. These things ought not to be enacted in a civilised country; neither ought the wretch who was capable of inflicting, in cold blood, such an injury on an innocent family, to remain at large. “He that robs me of my good name,” &c., what is he but a moral murderer, without the excuse of excited passions to urge in palliation of his offence? “Thou dost kill me with thy falsehood, but it grieves me not to die; but it grieves me that such as thou art the murderer.”

If we turn to the other view of the question, and inquire what advantages accrue to the public from the publication of police reports in cases of felony, as regards the policy of the practice, it is still more censurable. Let us, however, keep in mind, that two—and only two—advantages are supposed to be derived from the custom; namely, caution to the public, and the hope of securing the conviction of one offender out of a thousand, who might otherwise escape. Caution to the public, as we have before hinted, is more than counterbalanced by the evil of suggestion to the class of thieves, and the classes or individuals predisposed to the commission of crime. Regarding the hints which are given to prosecutors to come forward, by the practice of giving publicity to police reports, it is astonishing that it should never have occurred to the magistracy of this large town, that such reports are so many notices to the confederates and associates of thieves, to secure themselves from an impending danger.

It must be a thick fog of prejudice which prevents magistrates seeing that, while they publish or sanction the publication of police examinations, a considerable portion of the public will ever be deterred from coming forward as prosecutors and witnesses. The nervousness of some persons, unaccustomed to appear in public, reaches to a disease; the mere idea of seeing their name in connexion with a police report superinduces an ague of fear and trepidation.

Even among the classes of tradesmen, it is a daily remark with those who have had occasion to give evidence at the commencement of a prosecution—“If I had foreseen in what manner my name would have been brought before the public, I would have had nothing to do with the business. It will be a long time before they get me into such another affair,” &c. &c. Magistrates count only the half dozen eggs they see hatched; they do not consider the grosses that are addled under their scheme of publicity. The disposition so frequently manifested by witnesses to decline submitting themselves to examination, it might be thought, would have opened the eyes of magistrates on this subject. There is a case now on the table before us.

“Sunday Times, December 15, 1839. Mr. Barlow gave evidence against Thomas Shelford, on a charge of swindling, at Hatton Garden Police Office.

"After the examination, the real Mr. Barlow, the landlord of the house in Alfred Street, refused to appear at the next examination, and the clerk inquired of Mr. Greenwood, whether he should bind him over in recognizance to appear?"

"Mr. Greenwood—Certainly so; he must appear."

"Mr. Barlow—But I won't. I have been ill-treated here, and you refuse to let me vindicate my character."

"Mr. Greenwood—Nothing has been said against your character here."

"Mr. Barlow—*But look how it has been published. Look at my name in all the newspapers.*"

Full one half of the public, in dread of their names appearing in the daily papers, will at all times prefer putting up with the loss of property, and connive at the escape of a thief, rather than publicly give evidence against one. This must ever be so, while individuals are liable to various stages of indisposition, natural timidity, and peculiar environment of circumstances, which make privacy desirable. Examinations need not be differently conducted from what they are now, to remove the objections of persons peculiarly situated to give evidence. It is the publication which forms the objection, and which would in a great measure be removed by the reporters being prohibited from inserting more than the substance of the evidence taken down in their reports, saying—"One witness deposed to," &c.; "another," &c. &c. The names and places of residence of witnesses cannot interest the public, while their publication annoys the family of those who are the subject of them.

The inconvenience to the public, and the distress and concern the publication of names occasion, are every day exemplified by the numerous addresses to the editors of newspapers, requesting that they will inform the public that Mr. Thomas Tomkins who gave his evidence on such a day is not the Thomas Tomkins who resides at, &c. To these daily occurring cases we may add the very numerous complaints of individuals who charge the reporters with giving unfair statements, and the oftentimes painful correspondence which arises therefrom.

When a supposed offender against the law is apprehended, it is always to be presumed that he is either a principal or an accessory in the affair, and that there are accomplices. What then can be worse policy, than within a few hours after his capture to publish an account of his examination, and thereby serve so many notices on his confederates to secrete themselves, or dispose of stolen property in such a way as to remove the proofs of theft against them. The more quietly and secretly the movements of the police are directed against the great body of habitual depredators on the public, the greater will be the prospect of successfully competing with them. A thief by profession, having no character to lose, cares not for exposure, further than as it may lead to increasing the chances of his conviction; still even his case ought not to be prejudiced by the jury who are to decide on his guilt or innocence. From the very general practice of reading the police reports, daily published in the newspapers, it is probable that not one juryman in a hundred enters the

box to be sworn, who is not already in possession of the case, as detailed in its proceedings before the magistrate.

If a known rogue be acquitted, or discharged after a period of imprisonment, he returns to his old associates, who receive him with open arms, get up a meeting of rejoicing on the occasion of his emancipation from trouble,* and a subscription to enable him to start again in decent trim on his old habit of plundering the public. Here we see that if the accused escape the law, public notice of the circumstances attending the case is no punishment to those wholly engaged in habits of crime. They have a community of their own to return to, where they meet with no reproaches, no cold looks, nor rejection of fellowship.

Now let us consider how it is with the incidental offender, with those who rush on the commission of crime under the dominion of passion, frequently under the influence of moral, perhaps mental aberration: those whom the law, while it punishes, should reclaim; at least fence round with as many protecting guides as possible, to show the way back to the position from which they have fallen. This can only be effected by rendering returning reason, the force of former habits, friends, and connexions, all available to them, when the law has been acquitted or satisfied. But the practice of the law does anything or everything but this; its very first act, even before it is assured of guilt, closes up all the retreats from crime; the doors are all immediately shut against the offender, should he resolve on retracing his steps the first opportunity offered him. He is publicly arraigned, —publicly examined—the evidence (*ex parte*) unmodified—often, very often, in these cases given spitefully or maliciously,—all of which, together with name and description, are forthwith published to the world. His case is prejudged; the very worst face is put on the affair; his friends, who might otherwise have come forward to assist him, fall away for lack of moral courage to publicly acknowledge one likely to be disgraced by appearing in a criminal court of law.

Friends and connexions are a man's only hope under circumstances of having fallen into error; if these hold out the hand of a Christian and pardon his fault, the road back is easily found to the paths of honesty.

It should, then, be the object of the law to encourage the aberrant's friends to exert themselves to save him, instead of scaring them away under the impression that there has already been so much publicity given to the case, that there is no prospect of ever serving him any more.

The mischief arising from police reports are, however, multifarious; they pollute all the streams of society from the highest to the lowest, while none can be rendered the better for having read them; to the practised class of delinquents they are daily lectures on their art; to the poor and ignorant they suggest the mode by which others avoid labour and hard fare; and thus, when the mind is wavering between continuing to obtain an honest living by labour, or living in idleness by stealing, the balance is turned against the public. It is more than

* This term all thieves use, when speaking of the number of times they have been apprehended or sentenced.

to be feared that in this metropolis hundreds successively fall into crime through the suggestive influence of the police reports, together with the force of example they hold out to the discontented to follow in the steps of those who have discovered the way to live without labour. The various modes in which robbery may be committed, or embezzlement successfully carried on for a length of time, should, as much as possible, be kept from the knowledge of youth in all classes of society, but more especially from those pressed by want, and morally unprotected because uneducated.

Nothing that has been written hitherto, including the romances of the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of Moore, Campanella's Commonwealth of the Sun, Mr. Harrington's Oceana, from Aristotle downwards to the Essays of Montlosier, and all modern writers on the subject—none have been enabled satisfactorily to explain the inefficacy of the law in restraining the commission of crime. It may perhaps, after all, be discovered in the disproportion of punishments to crimes, and the suggestive practical operation of the law itself. Not only does the execution of severe laws vitiate the morals and principles of a country, but their very existence has the effect. Mirabeau's axiom, that "words are things," is one verified in the laws of a country.

Fires, floods, storms, earthquakes, and every sudden visitation of calamity, short in their continuance and violent in their effects, are seldom spoken of without feelings of horror, or thought of without a shudder of fear. But evils that approach by degrees, unattended with the terrors and the throes which agitate the elements of nature, however ruinous and destructive in their consequences, seldom excite any apprehension by their insidious approach. When such evils are permitted to become denizens of a country, and form a part of its legal and moral system, they are suffered to continue their destructive work unopposed. The pernicious and malignant effects of such evils at length grow into familiarity with the people, and continue to find so many means in a variety of ways to form alliances, and strengthen themselves in society, that they are entertained as old acquaintances, or submitted to as a tyrannical master.

It can only in this way be accounted for, that such evils as public punishments, and the daily publication of details of crime, should have been so long cherished as benefits conferred on society.

The question may be mooted, in the present moral and physical condition of certain classes of society, and of individuals peculiarly situated, whether they have the power of self moral emancipation, with all the mass of crime brought under their notice, and spread before them as examples for imitation. The curse of society is the adherence to old customs and laws under new circumstances of society.

Whence it is, that the career of legislation, from the earliest period, has been attended with the axe, the stake, and the gibbet. Whence also it is, that the crimes of one state have been considered the virtues of another, and *vice versa*. Habitual prejudices take such deep root, that the wisdom of no government rises superior to them, or is enabled at one effort to emancipate itself from the thralldom of custom.

Ordeals, trial by battle, sorcery, witchcraft, and the instruments of cruelty to extort confessions, have all had a long reign, and were at

last parted with not without reluctance. Let us then hope the abolition of public punishments, and the foregoing of a custom which makes the knowledge of crime also public, will follow next. The fruit of the tree of knowledge may stand in the garden untouched; but the moment it is tasted, all prohibition will be in vain. Uncultivated man is but a machine. He is just what nature and circumstances have made him. He obeys the necessities which he cannot resist. If he is corrupt, it is because he has been corrupted. If he is unamiable, it is because he has been mocked and spitefully entreated and spit on. There are two sorts of corruption; one, when the people do not observe the laws, the other when the people are corrupted by the laws: an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself. Let us, however, consider what classes of society are affected by the criminal laws, and the manner in which they are administered.

It is often asked, from whence do the body of criminals come? In what class are they created and fostered? It is, however, now generally admitted that they come from among the lower orders of the people, and chiefly in large towns; a calculation having been made that the persons among whom crime is generated form one-fifth of the population of large towns, one-sixth in those of middle size, and one-seventh in those of small towns. These are said to be a certain portion of day-labourers, who almost of necessity suffer severe and constant difficulty, in the present state of society, of obtaining the means of subsistence. Justice and humanity both call on us to make every possible allowance for this class when their conduct is under consideration. They may be considered as partially cultivated savages. There is, however, another class, out of which numbers come to swell our calendar of crime: these are immoral, but mentally excited individuals who are cultivated above their natural status in society, and in whose persons comparative excessive intellectuality leads to excessive sensuality. Thus partial and excess of education are both causes of crime: a certain degree of culture will diminish the sensibility of a savage tribe or of a new colony, while cultivation rolls back with overwhelming waves upon the nations who have attained the height of refinement, and individually upon those whose intellectual faculties have been cultivated beyond the due proportion, or without any reference to their moral faculties. The effects of punishment operate but very weakly as a deterring principle, if at all, upon either of these classes. With cultivated men, under the circumstances which make them criminals, penal denunciations are wholly disregarded, because they neither count the risk of detection, or conviction.

Extravagance and imprudence of conduct lead them on by degrees to the threshold of ruin; then, under vehement desire to avoid the impending blow, they rush on to the commission of crime, under the dominion of passion, which lays their reason prostrate. The error, again, of assuming that criminals make calculation, is only equalled by supposing that at the time individuals make such calculations their minds are unbiassed and free to act. Legislators imagine that men about to commit crime consider the subject with calmness and deliberation—that they are in the same state of mind as they (the legislators) are when devising means of punishment for them; whereas they are invariably un-

der the influence of excitement. They have lost their all at a gaming-house—disgrace, loss of caste, and the terrors of the reproaches of their wife and children, are before them, if they cannot on the spur of the instant find money to cover their imprudence. It was their business and duty to have calculated before entering the dens of robbery and of vice; they might then have reasoned, but that is not the moment to which the penal denunciations are addressed—they think not at all till the consequence of their imprudence overwhelms them, and their whole mind is filled with their own ruin and that of their family.

When we reflect that the greatest of all enormities are almost invariably committed under the influence of mighty excitement, we need not express surprise at the inefficacy of penal denunciations. It is the madness of lust, and a rape is perpetrated; or the fury of momentary revenge, and murder is done; or hatred wrought up to frenzy, and houses are demolished or burnt: the stings of conscience are felt after the offence, in the calm that succeeds the tempest of passion.

We are in the habit of speaking of murders as being cool and deliberate; we make no allowance for the state of the murderer's mind, wrought upon by the reign of the worst passions, which master the reason. In this state the accursed and horrible deed of murder is most frequently committed. We speak of passion, too, as if it never exercised its pernicious influence to the total annihilation of reason.

It is for want of these considerations that among the numerous errors that legislators and the world in general fall into, none exceed the reliance ever placed on the efficacy of public examples.

"The laws," said the Marquis of Beccaria, "are the work of the passions of a few, or the consequences of fortuitous or temporary necessity, not dictated by cool examination of human nature, who knew how to concentrate in one point the actions of the multitude."

The creation of crime, its increase, or diminution, however, either wholly depend, or are much influenced by the nature of the laws, as adapted generally to the constitution of mankind, and in particular to the genius of a particular country. Men by nature were intended to be controlled wholly by reason, and consequently are unfitted for coercive rule. The mutations in the moral character of a nation and of its social system are generally less effected by great events than by a number of small causes, which, like under-currents, pursue their course unseen; their effects are unobserved. Strange as it may appear to the many on first view of the subject, we repeat that no causes render crime more prolific than *public punishments*, and the regular *publicity* given through the medium of the press to the daily *details of crime*. To those who have not given this subject any previous serious consideration, this opinion must appear to be of a startling nature.

Hitherto no legislator or philosopher has been enabled to discover the right method of treating the moral discrepancies in the character of man. Ought we not, then, to try all, and hold fast to the good, if that good can be found?

If there be one trait in the character of man more apparent than another, it is, that he was not created to endure coercive treatment from his fellow man.

Whether we look to nations, families, or individuals, everywhere we

find that under arbitrary and tyrannical rule has the human species deteriorated in moral character—degenerated into a state of semi-barbarism, and become gradually less and less restrainable by moral influences. In every country where the extremes of coercive laws have been tried, there has life and property been less respected, and consequently been less secure.

Ireland is an example near at hand. So likewise was France previous to the revolution : tyrannical rule, in conjunction with the severity of her penal code, prepared the people of that country to commit, in a temporary excitement, acts only fit for fiends or demons to have perpetrated. In the French people we have, too, a proof of the difficulty there is to recover the common feelings of humanity, when the mind has once become familiarised with the greatest enormities and the worst crimes of man.

There is no country in the world where punishments are so numerous, and more frequently or more publicly inflicted, than in China ; they are also, in a majority of cases, summarily carried into effect in the public streets or squares. The same in Japan. But shall we hold the people of either nation up as a moral community ? On the contrary, the masses of the population on whom public punishments operate, are the most thievishly disposed, and the most addicted to crime, of any in the known world.

In this country we have seen how tenaciously bygone legislators held by the old enactments for the punishment of death for even venial offences. The more blood the law exacted, the more were their minds prepared to grant an entire Draconian code. These are all examples of how hazardous and dangerous it is to accustom ourselves to witness or contemplate scenes of *blood*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.¹

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

DRUMMOND now became extremely desirous that his son, rather than follow the unsuitable occupation in which he had thus commenced, or any mere handicraft employment, should adopt the example of his younger brother, and try his fortunes in the merchant service. But the boy himself had no predilection for it; and his mother was strongly opposed to having both her sons entirely removed from her, and engaged in so hazardous a pursuit. Drummond communicated to his devoted wife, and for the first time, the full secret of his former rank and fortune, which, up to this period, she had only partially understood. The gentle Elizabeth felt not for herself. She was of a modest and retiring disposition, and did not sigh for grandeur which she had never known. But she felt most deeply for her idolised husband's altered state; and she pondered on the blighted prospects of her children with all a mother's fondness. Still there was no present remedy for the immediate evil; and the youthful James continued to accompany Armstrong to the coal-mine, and to devote himself to such operations as were suited to his age; while his parents vainly hoped that some friend might spring up, they knew not where, or some accident might arise, they knew not whence, to take the boy out of this objectionable way of life, and to change, in some degree, his untoward destiny.

In the latter end of the year 1771, a memorable flood occurred in the waters of the Tyne and Wear, which swept away the bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead, and destroyed many houses and buildings on the banks of both rivers, and, amongst others, the boat-house, in which resided Drummond and his family. The cottage was reduced to a complete ruin by the violence and suddenness of the inundation; the greater part of the furniture was floated down the stream and broken; and but for the opportune aid of the ferry-boat, by which the inmates were conveyed out of the house to a place of safety, the lives of some of them would probably have fallen a sacrifice, as well as those of many other persons, who were afterwards providentially saved from destruction by the same means.

The ill-fated Perth was reduced, by this wide-spreading calamity, to the greatest distress. This was, however, generously alleviated by his great friend and patron, Mr. Nicholas Lambton, the gentleman already alluded to, who not only rebuilt for him the boat-house, but kindly assisted in replacing his little stock of furniture. Some things, however, it was unfortunately beyond the power of generosity or friendship to replace. Amongst the articles carried away by the flood was a wooden box or chest, in which were contained a favourite diamond ring, with various family papers, letters, and documents, and amongst them the original royal patent granted by James II., at St. Germain, to Drummond's grandfather, the fourth Earl of Perth, and pur-

¹ Continued from vol. xxv. p. 356.

porting to advance him to the dignity of duke. Drummond's surviving daughter, Mrs. Peters, still remembers that after the inundation had subsided, her father frequently wandered along the banks of the river, in the vain hope of finding the box, or some of its contents, and more particularly the ducal patent, which he considered might possibly be of essential service at some future period, should such ever arrive, in assisting his family to regain their honours and estates. But, notwithstanding all the search and all the inquiries he could make, it was never afterwards recovered; and it is therefore probable that the box had floated down the river into the open sea.

Towards the close of the earl's life, and nearly thirty years after he had sought an asylum at Biddick, he conceived a longing desire to revisit his native Scotland, for the purpose of taking what he now felt would probably be a last farewell of his long-lost castle and domains. When he first made known his intention to his wife, her affectionate solicitude prompted her to offer a thousand objections to it, as needlessly hazarding his personal safety. He, however, reminded her of what the eyes of affection do not willingly or readily see—that time and grief had wrought their conjoint work upon him, and had sorely changed him since he and his Elizabeth “were first acquaint.” The young man was now become an old one, and, having long been generally believed to be dead, was not very likely to be recognised by any but the chosen few to whom he might think it prudent to make himself known. In addition to this, he declared it to be his intention to assume an effectual disguise; and he thus, at length, gained his wife's reluctant assent to his somewhat romantic undertaking. She went herself, a few days afterwards, to Newcastle, to purchase for him an old regimental coat, a light-coloured wig, and other articles suitable for his intended *incognito*; and on the following morning, just as the gray dawn began to appear behind Painshall Hill, Drummond lifted the latch, and, followed by the prayers and blessings of his family, went forth on his melancholy journey towards Scotland.

In the faded remnant of martial glory, with a crooked thorn stick in one hand, and a blue checked handkerchief, with a few things tied up in it, in the other, the earl looked the old soldier *gaberlunzie* to admiration. Thirty years of exile and anxiety had somewhat bent his fine athletic figure to the stoop of age, and deeply marked his forehead with the lines of thought, and the shade of melancholy: but he was still active and vigorous; and before the sun was fully risen, he was already several miles distant from his own fireside at Biddick. As he ascended the rising ground towards Gateshead Fell,* he stopped at the last point from whence he could obtain a view of the hill immediately above the village; and, after invoking a thousand blessings on his wife and children, he proceeded forward at a rapid pace to Newcastle.

A few weeks brought the wanderer safely back to his anxious family at Biddick, in the same uncouth habiliments in which they saw him depart. Great was the joy on both sides at meeting; and innumerable the questions which he had to answer, as, after having refreshed himself and changed his dress, they all gathered round their

* A moor or common.

humble hearth in the boat-house on that happy evening. He related all the incidents of his journey, and of his reception in Scotland by the few friends to whom he ventured to make himself known, but which it is unnecessary here to detail. He had sojourned for some time under the hospitable roof of a Mr. Græme, a gentleman in whom he could place implicit confidence : and here it was, that, having been accommodated by his host, on his arrival, with more suitable apparel, a lady, who had known him well in happier days, immediately exclaimed, on seeing him in his altered dress, "The duke looks like himself now !" He was also seen and recognised by some of his former tenantry ; and the memory of this visit of the unfortunate earl still lingers round his castle of Drummond, and his wide domains of Strathern, to this very day.

It was evident to his attached wife, that this journey to Scotland, and the sight of his ancient towers and long-lost lands, had stirred up in the mind of the ill-fated Perth a host of slumbering but undying regrets. He expressed his apprehension that all was irrecoverably lost ; but at the same time he gave his children many admonitions as to their future conduct and deportment in life, should they, by any unforeseen turn of events, ever regain the rank and fortune which in an evil hour their father had unhappily forfeited.

The earl survived this adventure a few years, and died in the lowly home of his adoption, at Biddick, in the year 1782, in the seventieth year of his age.* He lies interred at the little chapel of Painshaw, a rural and retired hamlet immediately under the hill of that name, and his dust mingles not with the long line of his renowned ancestry.

Thus ended the disastrous life of James, the sixth Earl of Perth, whose sun was clouded in the early morning of his existence, and finally set in obscurity and darkness. He was not, it is true, without the blessing of domestic ties and endearments to soothe the asperity of his fate ; but even these were not unalloyed by the remembrance of the past, and the hopelessness of any future change or amelioration in the destiny of those he loved. Even in the bosom of his family there must have been moments, not a few, in his long life, charged with feelings the most poignant, and regrets the most heartfelt. Though stripped of his title and estates, yet, still an accomplished gentleman and a brave cavalier, he could not but feel a certain degree of isolation and loneliness. His kind-hearted but humble and unlettered companions, chiefly employed in the labours of the coal-mine, were to him as the wild animals to a man cast upon a desert shore. They might regard, but they could not appreciate him. Not even his beloved Elizabeth, the beautiful and affectionate partner of his fate, could fully enter into and comprehend the whole of those feelings born of more refined and educated minds.

His younger son, William, had been extremely successful in his

* The duchess, his mother, who was the only daughter of George, first Duke of Gordon, was a warm partisan of the Stuarts, and is said to have been very instrumental in inducing her son to declare for the Pretender. After the final ruin of his cause, she retired to Stobhall, where she died, in the year 1773, at the advanced age of ninety. Though she lived to within nine years of the death of her son, it is said that she never forgave him for what she was pleased to consider his lukewarmness in the cause.

maritime pursuits. He became first mate, and afterwards commander and part owner of the vessel in which he sailed. Very shortly after his father's death, he heard a rumour in London that the forfeited Scotch estates were about to be restored by the crown to the heirs of the former owners. This induced him to institute some inquiry on the subject. But on a subsequent occasion his ship was unfortunately run down at sea, on her passage to London, by another vessel, and William Drummond and all the hands on board perished. With him perished too the best hopes of his family, at that time, for the recovery of their rights. He was a young man of intelligence and great activity: he was possessed of property; and, without money, little in a case of this kind could be done or hoped for; and, to complete the disaster, most of the documents and papers which had escaped the inundation of 1771 were supposed to have been with him on board his ship, at the time it was unhappily lost.

James Drummond, the eldest son, after his father's death, still continued, by the imperative force of circumstances, to follow the same humble and ungenial occupation into which his destiny had originally thrown him. Much was occasionally talked of with reference to the recovery of his family estates; but, from the insurmountable barrier which poverty presented, little was attempted, and nothing actually done: and in the year 1823, he sank into the grave at the age of seventy-one, and he now sleeps peacefully in the rural cemetery of Painshaw, beside his once-illustrious father.

James left a large family, and Thomas, his eldest son, became of course the heir and representative of the ancient house of Perth. And this is the identical Thomas Drummond, with whom, as I stated at the outset, my friend met and conversed on his way from Lumley Castle to Painshaw-hill. Part of the information (of which the reader has thus been presented with the substance) was oral, and part of it documentary. And my friend, after thanking Drummond for his kind and interesting communications, proceeded to the summit of the hill; paying, on his way to it, a visit to the little chapel-yard, where were now reposing the ashes of one of the bravest warriors and proudest nobles of the sister kingdom.

Since I received the foregoing account, I have myself had the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Peters' daughter, from whom I have learned some additional facts. She informed me, that many years ago, a French gentleman, styling himself Count Melfort, called upon her mother, and introduced himself as her "cousin," explaining that he was lineally descended from John Earl of Melfort, the brother of James, the fourth Earl of Perth. The count then proceeded to state the object of his visit. Many of the forfeited Scotch titles and estates having been recently restored to the heirs of the former owners, he was about to claim those of Perth, under the erroneous impression that he was himself the nearest *male* heir of that, the elder branch of the Drummond family. He was quite aware that Mrs. Peters' father (the sixth earl) had retired to Biddick after the battle of Culloden, and had there married and died, but leaving only, as the count had been informed, a family of daughters. He was,

therefore, very anxious to know what evidence Mrs. Peters could give, and also whether she was in possession of any family papers, which might be of use in assisting him to establish his right. When she informed him that she had a brother still living, and then resident at Biddick, who was only prevented by the want of funds from prosecuting his own undoubted claim, the count appeared to be greatly chagrined; and after making some further inquiries, which seemed to satisfy him of the hopelessness of any attempt on his part, he took his leave.

Mrs. Peters' daughter further informed me, that several years since she and her mother waited on the widow of Baron Perth, who, before his elevation to the peerage, was a Captain James Drummond. It appears that very shortly after the death of the Earl of Perth at Biddick, Captain Drummond put forward a claim to the earldom, as the lineal representative of the Melfort line; and being, of course, unable to establish his claim before the House of Lords, he was, some years afterwards, through the influence of the Dundas family with the crown, created Baron Perth, which latter title is now, I believe, extinct. My informant also said, that although so many years had elapsed since the visit alluded to, and she was then but a mere girl, she still distinctly remembered the various particulars which her mother (then a very beautiful and graceful woman) explained to the late Lady Perth, respecting her own family history, more especially as to the residence and death of her father at Biddick, and the right of her brother to the ancient honours and possessions of the house of Drummond.

THE PILLAR OF SIVA.¹

MEANWHILE the two sepoys, Ballo and Lalljee, had arrived before the dwelling of Amrut, Ballo still dragging forward by the arm his avaricious yet reluctant companion. It was a striking building, and had the advantage, very unusual in Benares, of having a vacant area of some size before the door, which afforded the beholder an opportunity of viewing its architecture. It was very irregular, built round a small court, two sides of which were taken up by the dwelling-house, the others by offices. The house was four lofty stories high, with a tower over the gate of one story more. The front had small windows of various forms, some of them projecting on brackets, and beautifully carved, while a great part of the wall itself was covered with a carved pattern of sprigs, leaves, and flowers. The entire was of stone, but painted a deep red. Entering a gateway, the sepoys passed under a groined arch of superb carving. On each side of this was a deep recess, also beautifully carved, in which were idols with lamps burning before them, the household gods of the family. The court was covered with plantains and rose-trees, from the centre of which rose an ornamented well. On the left hand a narrow and steep flights of stone steps, without balustrades, led to the state apartments of Amrut. At their foot the sepoys were met by an attendant, who demanded their business.

"We have business with thy master, and must be admitted instantly," answered Ballo.

"I must acquaint them first, however," returned the other.

"We cannot wait—so just say where he is—we shall find him without thy guidance ;" and he was pushing on with his comrade up the steps.

"Thou mayst not pass," said the official, raising his silver stick, to denote his resolution to punish the intruder, in case of further rudeness.

"We may, and must," insisted Ballo, renewing his forcible attempt to pass.

"Thinkest thou that thy violence will be permitted, because thou art in the service of the Company?" inquired the enraged official. "Very well—we shall see—we shall see;" he struck a small gong which hung upon the wall, and immediately a troop of a dozen servants, well armed, rushed from one of the neighbouring offices, and surrounded the sepoys.

"Seize those fellows, and confine them until they give a reasonable account of their business," dictated the furious man of office ; "we shall see whether the Company will sanction such licentiousness on the part of her soldiers."

The armed group were proceeding to execute their orders, when Amrut, who had been roused from reverie by the sudden sounding

¹ Continued from vol. xxv. p. 448.

of the gong, appeared at the head of the steps, to inquire into the cause of the clamour and alarm.

"Two sepoys demand admittance, but refuse to explain their business," answered he of the silver stick.

"They must be from the fakir," muttered Amrut aside; "a message from the resident," he said aloud, "and they deserve praise for their secrecy; admit them immediately;" and Ballo, followed by Lalljee, was ushered into the state-room of the baboo. Amrut dismissed his attendants, and looked carefully that the doors were firmly and safely closed, ere he opened his lips in conference with the sepoys.

"Whence come ye?" he inquired, abruptly turning towards the men.

"From the fakir," answered Ballo, who was spokesman.

"'Tis well; but ye are past the hour—think ye not ye will be late for your purpose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!—past the time—the hour hath not arrived; but if it were, an interview between two such lovers as Panama and Mustapha will not terminate so quickly—they will not so soon grow tired of kissing; didst thou hold within thy amorous grasp the enchanting Panama, thou wouldst not so soon give up."

"Peace! peace! babbler!" shouted Amrut in a tone of fierce anger; "but this Mustapha—this lover of Panama—what is his character, appearance, pretensions? Thou knowest, of course—speak!"

"Strong, handsome, young, and bold, and in general esteem with all who know him."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, sir, 'tis said the tigers of the jungle dare hardly meet his prowess, while his dignity is such that the very maidens who hang upon his smiles dread his reproof, and shrink in confusion from the lightning of his angry eye."

"How knowest thou this so perfectly?"

"The world reports it."

"Then art thou not fearful to encounter this young man?"

"Sir, I am a soldier; besides, we are two, and he will doubtless be unarmed."

"Only two," mused Amrut; "'tis too few—ye will not succeed."

"'Tis all the fakir hath provided; but yet I think sufficient."

"Thou seemest a brave man—where hast thou served?"

"Under the Rohilla chief, Hafiz."

"I was his soldier too," added Lalljee, jealous of losing his share of the fame of shedding blood with courage.

"Ay," continued Ballo, "we've seen some carnage; but never profaned the sanctity of a Brahmin."

"Never!" repeated Lalljee, with a gesture and voice of horror.

"The reward is great," urged Amrut.

"So is the duty," replied Ballo; "so is the risk—and if we get either hanged or shot, thy gold might as well be bestowed upon the crocodiles as upon us, for all the good which it can buy us."

"'Tis most monstrous sacrilege," ejaculated Lalljee.

"Fear not—ye shall be shielded; the law shall offer no obstacle to

your happiness ; but go—the times presses. I am impatient—I shall be in torment until your arrival.”

“But, if the resistance should be too obstinate, or if we ourselves should be obliged to buy aid, the money to us will be lessened,” said Ballo coolly, “and we shall fail of success.”

“Fiends and madness !” exclaimed Amrut, furiously stamping as he spoke ; “secure but Panama, and thy most mercenary desires shall be gratified ; but speed—speed—or ye will be too late.”

“But, the sum—the sum,” resumed Ballo, with the same air of indifference, resolved to wring from the passion of Amrut the utmost amount of personal profit.

“Double—treble the reward already named—only be quick, and successful.”

“Treble the sum !” repeated Ballo ; very good ! Remember !” as leisurely yielding to the voice and gesture of his employer, he and his companion departed to prepare for the execution of their commission.

When the fakir entered the pagoda, the brahmin was the sole worshipper within its walls. The gloomy peepul cast its consecrated shade, and the gigantic statue of Siva frowned in hideous vastness through the stern and partial twilight afforded by a single lamp, which burned before the shrine. Abdullah started on seeing a stranger in the sanctuary, but a glance thrown upon his religious garb caused his countenance to brighten. The brahminical string girded the fakir’s breast and shoulder, the marks of high caste were on his brow, and Abdullah mentally acknowledged that either in dignity or sanctity he suffered no diminution from the fakir’s presence.

“I am weary, padre,” said the fakir, fixing his keen eye on the countenance of the aged brahmin. “I have come a pilgrim to the most holy city, and have measured the way with my body.”

“Hast thou travelled far ?” inquired Abdullah.

“From a great distance,” he replied, still closely watching the face of his host ; “from a village once exposed to the ravages of the Rohilla chieftain Hafiz.”

Abdullah started and changed colour. “The Rohilla Hafiz,” he repeated ; “that name brings to my mind some recollections which are painful, though they ought not.”

“Indeed !” was the only remark of the immovable fakir.

“Rest thy limbs even here, and I will tell thee the matter. Some time since my residence was fixed in the far north, in that district whence thou camest. This Rohilla of whom thou speakest had been proscribed for some outrages, and a price set upon his head. Weary and exhausted even as thou art, but in a worse plight, because pursued like a baited tiger, he came to me, carrying his infant daughter in his tired arms, and implored for food and shelter. I could not grant his request—the very touch would have been pollution. He looked on me with a haggard stare, and seemed as about to clutch from my heart’s core the aid which he required. Then writhing his wasted features into a ghastly yet haughty smile,

“‘What is thy name ?’ he asked in a terrible tone.

“‘Abdullah,’ I replied.

“ ‘Well, Abdullah,’ he said, ‘remember thou hast refused relief to the Rohilla Hafiz and his helpless child. I am a man proscribed, ’tis true, but proud and vindictive. I will not slay thee now, because my arm would scarce second my inclination ; besides, my tender infant demands my wretched care ; but if Rohilla escapes and lives, that spot must be remote indeed which hides from vengeance the fanatic head and stony heart of Abdullah the brahmin.’ He staggered from my door, for he was feeble, but his words never have left my memory.”

Ere the fakir had time to reply, the sound of several feet and the clang of weapons were heard without the pagoda. Both hastened to the porch, but only caught the receding figures of two or three men, who were entering the close wood skirting the river.

“ Mussulmen about their preparations for the Mohurun, or perhaps a patrol entrusted with some duty by the president,” remarked the fakir carelessly.

The brahmin seemed satisfied with the explanation.

“ My daughter,” said he, “ hath retired to rest, in order the better to endure the fatigues of to-morrow’s festival ; but I will go and arouse her, that she may prepare some refreshment for thee.”

“ Nay, nay—I rest to-night within the city,” returned the fakir ; “ it would not become me to end a pilgrimage by too early indulgence—to-morrow I shall feast—to-morrow shall give satisfaction, both to the mendicant and the brahmin Abdullah—I must now depart.”

The brahmin gave his parting salute, and returned to pursue his sacred occupation.

“ My men repair to their rendezvous,” said the fakir as soon as Abdullah had disappeared, drawing forth a flask from which his lips presently imbibed a far more exhilarating draught than the temperate repast of the brahmin could have afforded him. “ So, they are punctual—I must away and give them my final orders.” So saying, he followed the same path by which the armed party had gone.

Within a wooded alley, shut in at one end by the tangled jungle, and opening on the other to the river, towards which the varied foliage swept until it overshadowed the borders of the stream, did Panama await the coming of her lover Mustapha. It was a spot propitious as the lurking-place of the decoit, or the lair of the tiger. The moon moved silently above the rolling Ganges, and shone over many a ruined palace and dismantled fort, whose dilapidated walls reared themselves in grim solemnity over the tall summits of the trees which grew around them. But Panama heeded neither the horrors nor the beauty of the scene. The gestures of the maniac proclaimed the chaos of her mind. Her bosom, rent in turn by the flames of love and the fierceness of fanaticism, divided between the eternal sacrifice of her earthly affections, which she had resolved yet shuddered to make, and the horrible consequences of forfeiting the privileges of her caste by a commerce with the unbelievers, the unhappy maiden, with dishevelled hair, clenched hand, fire-darting eyes, and disordered mien, presented an awful spectacle of the conflict of opposing passions. It was a dreadful struggle ; the issue of faith or desire yet trembled in the balance. It was doubtful whether nature

would yield the victory to filial duty, or to first and fiery affection. The branches rustled in the jungle, and the heart of Panama bounded at the sound, and her resolution wavered as she turned towards it. Footsteps drew near, and the maiden was again nerved to her iron purpose. The jungle at the extremity parted, and Mustapha appeared before her. With outstretched arms he rushed forward to embrace his love; but, averting her head, with her raised hand she waved him back. Mustapha stopped short, astonished at this reception. He had expected to find her all smiles, all tenderness.

"What means my Panama?" he said, again advancing.

"Nay, touch me not," she exclaimed frantically, raising herself to her full height, and bending her eyes on his with a cold and stern aspect. "I tell thee, approach me not—I have resolved.

"Panama, thou dost amaze me," returned Mustapha; "speak not thus in riddles, art thou mad?"

Panama shook her head, but was silent.

"Come, my adored Panama," continued the youth, "the precious moments fly; my swift Arab browses beyond the wood—he will bear us to safety and happiness."

"He cannot aid thee, Mustapha—thou art renounced;" but the heaving breast and choking voice were as if the heart-strings snapped as she pronounced the word.

"Holy Allah! what do I hear?" exclaimed the maddened and bewildered Mustapha; "Can the gentle, the trusting Panama have become the perfidious betrayer of my love? But yesterday, and thou didst promise on this spot, with all the sweet and smiling diffidence of maidenly affection, that thou wouldst fly with me from Benares, and bless my proudest hopes for ever. Hast thou in a moment forgotten the long, long months, and yet too brief, because delightful, in which we have enjoyed the stolen interviews of priceless pleasure? Hast thou forgotten the many hours when these arms, which now drive me from their embrace, encircled my neck in the soft assurance of mutual sincerity, and those eyes now, so stern and repulsive, beamed in languid ecstasy on mine."

"Too much—too much—say no more—I conjure thee by thy holy prophet," gasped the wretched Panama, striving with compressed lips to smother the emotions which struggled for utterance. "Oh! too long—too long," she continued in the hollow accents of despairing passion—"too long have I already listened to the wild enchantment of thy voice; no more for me will bloom the plantain and the tamarind—no more will the sun rise gladly over the glistening Ganges. Mustapha—go—mount thy swift Arab—fly to the desert thou didst tell me of, where nothing save the barren and scorching sand salutes the dazzled and aching sight of the houseless wanderer—there look around thee, and cry, I see the heart of Panama; far wider than the torrid wilderness is that void which henceforward is to be my doom; but," recovering her sterner tone and manner, "Brahma hath conquered; my gods, my country, my creed, demand my exertion. Mustapha, I have a father." Her trembling limbs told how badly the strength of her frame accorded with the firm tenor of her words.

"Thou hast a lover," urged Mustapha, "one who, notwithstanding thy broken faith—thy perfidy—would still be thy lover—would lay down his life for thy sake."

"Vishnu preserve us!—what was that?" exclaimed Panama, with signs of evident dismay. "'Twas reported that within these two days past a tiger was seen in the vicinity of this jungle."

A noise as of something creeping through the underwood reached the listening ear of Mustapha.

"Then hath my hour come for sacrifice, false Panama! The beast which robs me of my life is milder than thou, for he never offered me a treacherous love."

The young man bounded towards the place whence the sounds proceeded.

"Stay, stay, my Mustapha," shrieked the unhappy Panama, forgetting her resolution in his danger, and clinging to the arm which she had before refused to touch. "I will die with thee!"

"Is it so?" said the delighted Mustapha, pressing her panting form to his breast; "who knows but we may yet escape? Have courage—tremble not, my love."

"It is on the other side also," whispered the terrified maiden, as the boughs, crashing in the opposite quarter, announced the presence of a second foe. "Hark! it approaches," she added, "ha!—fly—fly, Mustapha—we are pursued, discovered—for thy life, and leave me to my fate."

But Mustapha had already released himself from the encumbrance of the clinging maiden, and rushed upon the sepoy Lalljee, who happened to be the foremost to emerge from his covert. The sepoy, however, was neither cowardly nor feeble, when opposed to an open enemy; and although Mustapha had deprived him of his musket, he struggled manfully with his powerful foe. The struggle, however, was brief: he fell beneath the strong gripe and giant nerve of Mustapha, who placed his foot upon his chest, and prepared to receive another enemy, when a violent blow, dealt him from behind by the butt-end of Ballo's musket, forced him from his post, and sent him, stunned and bleeding, to the earth. Panama beheld the encounter up to that moment; then, with a loud scream, she sprang forward, and sunk insensible beside her lover.

"If thou art not yet entirely throttled," said Ballo, stepping to his comrade, and stirring him with his foot, "rise, and assist me to carry off the girl, before the Mussulman shall cause us more trouble; I could not have answered for the issue, had both of us happened to be in front."

Lalljee arose, half stupified by the strangulation he had undergone; but, urged by Ballo, he quickly recovered, and then bearing the senseless Panama between them, they departed with all possible speed from the spot.

They had not proceeded far, however, before they were alarmed by the same sounds by which they had struck terror to the heart of the unfortunate Panama. At once, on all sides, the underwood creaked, and the jungle-grass shook, and presently they were surrounded by the naked sabres and the gleaming shields of the fakir's

men. Overwhelmed by numbers, and embarrassed by their fainting charge, they could make little or no resistance. They were seized and disarmed in a moment.

"Bind them securely hand and foot," ordered the leader of the party, dangling a pistol in his hand, and with his gold-laced skull-cap, embroidered muslin shirt and drawers, ear-rings, collar, and ring, together with a showy shawl wrapped round his body, presented rather a singular specimen of a military adventurer and Eastern buck. "Bind them hand and foot, but leave their muskets by them, and do not hurt them—east, west, north, and south, my influence and fame have extended—I am not going to sully either by the blood of two defenceless sepoys."

And with a swaggering air of conceited importance he surveyed the execution of his mandate. Scarce a word was spoken throughout the entire proceeding. Ballo submitted sullenly to his fate, and Lalljee asked for no forbearance from those who fettered him. Placing them at a distance from each other sufficient to prevent their affording any mutual aid, and suspending their fire-arms from an adjoining tree, the sword and shield-bearers departed. Panama but once discovered symptoms of revival. She opened her eyes widely, and stared in wild confusion at the throng of strange faces, as she was suddenly transferred to the custody of her new conductors; then closing them with a shudder, she relapsed into insensibility. A palanquin was in attendance at a convenient place, into which they thrust her, having first tied a handkerchief over her eyes—a needless precaution to the inanimate Panama. Then marshalling silently around her, they hurried towards the city.

"How feeblest thou, comrade?" said Ballo, who had held his tongue with singular patience until the bustle of their retiring assailants was no longer audible; "for my part, I confess I feel something like a crocodile with a stick in his throat and a knife under his belly."

Lalljee heaved his body over, and uttered an agonised groan.

"Eighteen hundred gold rupees lost," continued Ballo, "and we tied neck and heels to starve at our leisure, if we are not discovered, and to be shot or flogged for breach of discipline, if we are—mighty comfortable, either way, no doubt—speak, man, I say, and let two poor fools like you and me have at least the balm of each other's sympathy."

"To think of committing such a sacrilege for nothing," responded Lalljee, while another heavy groan lent strength and pathos to the burden of the sentiment.

"Sacrilege! ha, ha!" laughed Ballo, scornfully; "I don't care a pice for the thirty thousand million of gods—the idea of a man about to die in irons repenting of the crime of sacrilege!—ha, ha! It were wiser thou shouldst lament the consumption of thy last supper, seeing thou art not likely so soon to get another; I am pained in the flesh—thou art tormented in the spirit—but hark! they are coming back," he added, in a suppressed voice, as the boughs of the jungle again gave notice of some one's approach.

"They have repented of sparing our lives, and return to destroy us," moaned Lalljee.

"Rather think they have become sorry for their cruelty, and think it right to release us."

Both listened breathlessly, and raised and strained their eye-balls to catch the first glimpse of the expected shieldmen.

"We are dead men," murmured Lalljee, throwing himself flat upon the ground; "it is the Mussulman!"

"Silence!" growled Ballo, "lie close; he may pass us without notice. Curse on my imprudence—I should have made surer work—a bereaved lover will certainly be a deadly foe."

"This spot has been lately traversed," muttered Mustapha, coming forward with hurried and unsteady step, and striving with eager glance to explore the surrounding gloom. "See—it is trampled down!—by Alla, they must have passed this way! I know not how long I may have lain where that coward blow deprived me of sense; and they may be too far now for successful pursuit; but yet it is a satisfaction to find that I have followed the right track—they may be delayed by negligence or circumstance—Panama may not be lost to me for ever, Ha!" he exclaimed, "what is this?" seizing one of the muskets, whose butt had touched his person, as he passed beside the tree on which it hung, and lowering it from his place, "fire-arms!—by our holy prophet, they lurk about the spot! What blessed chance has put arms in my hands? Now then, to recover or avenge her."

Preparing his weapon for immediate service, Mustapha held it poised in one hand, while, with the other extended, he encircled every tree, groped through every darker shade, examined every recess, and pushed through every jungle tuft of the wooded enclosure. No discovery, however, rewarded the protracted search, and he was already penetrating into the inextricable mazes of the surrounding underwood. "It was but stratagem to leave these arms here, in order to deceive me, and delay my progress," he exclaimed, in despair; "and yet a thousand men might make their ambush within this labyrinth, and baffle all attempt to find their place of concealment; but if the girl be near and alive, she will know Mustapha's voice, and answer him—Panama! Panama!" he shouted, "it is Mustapha calls—Mustapha, thy deliverer—Panama!"

Then, in breathless agony, he listened; but the hollow voices of the leafy wilderness alone gave back the echoes of his own. Just when the last faint reverberation died away into silence—while he yet stood motionless with the strained attention of suspense, a gentle rustling caught his ear. It could not be the passing of the wakeful breeze—no breeze was moving through the darkness. It could not be a fluttering bird which brushed the crowded foliage—all these had long since sunk to stillness and repose. He trod cautiously towards the spot whence he thought the noise had issued, explored it more narrowly than he had done before, smote the empty air around it with his musket, crossed and re-crossed through its grassy cover; twice his foot brushed the garment of the sepoy Ballo, who shrank within his inmost soul at the threats of terrible vengeance which burst from the lips of the Mussulman; and once he stooped so low to strive to catch a repetition of the sound, that Ballo held his breath, lest its very respiration should betray him to the deadly fury of his foe. Again he

abandoned his search. "Perhaps my Panama's last sigh then reached me," he said, with a shudder, "and I so near, yet can neither drink it from her lips, nor avenge her murder!—God of my fathers! why wouldst thou curse me thus?" dashing his hand against his brow, and rushing madly forwards. At that moment his foot touched some object, over which he stumbled. Let imagination picture the effect of that contact on the over-wrought senses of Mustapha. It was like that of galvanism on the dead. His faculties were reanimated—his blood reboiled—he sprang—he stooped—he grasped—he raised the burden, nor heeded that it lived and writhed within his iron clutch—he dragged it forth to where the thinner herbage could not so much impede the view—he lifted it before his sight—his eyes glared from their sockets, for he thought he should behold the distorted features and mangled form of her whom he had loved and lost. He dashed the weapon on the ground, and with the disengaged hand felt the countenance of the sepoy, parted the hair upon his forehead, and gazed upon it—then laughed loudly and wildly; he did not recognise the features nor the garments of a stranger—it was the madness of bereavement succeeding to despair. The delusion, however, lasted but for a moment; with a howl of unsated vengeance he flung the fettered Ballo to the earth, regained his musket, and levelled it against the heart of the now revealed sepoy.

"Mercy!—hold thy hand," shouted Ballo.

"Mercy!" echoed Mustapha, in a tone of derision and bitterness, "thou taker of innocent lives and giver of tortured hearts! dardest thou talk of mercy?—ha, ha!"—again he uttered the wild laugh of frenzy and rage. "Where is she?—where is Panama—where have ye placed her body? Ruffian! speak, ere yet thy heart's blood shall have stained the soil on which thou crouchest."

"By thy holy prophet, alive!" answered the terrified Ballo.

Mustapha staggered backwards. "What saidst thou?—didst thou say alive? Thanks for that word! I begin to think thou art my friend—tell me where to find her."

"I am her keeper no longer," said the sepoy.

"Liar! mock me not: remember that this musket is loaded, and the Ganges deep—stand, speak—stand up, I say—I am mad!"

"Thou must be so, to make such a request to a man in my situation—behold!—I am bound—unfetter me—give me the use of my limbs, and I will obey thee."

"Bound! I saw no chain—no cord; ay, thou art bound. Well, now," he said, swinging the sepoy round upon his feet, "now—who hath bound thee?—if this be stratagem thou, at least, shalt not be the one to jest on its success."

"Unhand me."

"There."

"Now, on one condition thou shalt know all."

"What, am I then trifled with?" said the furious Mustapha; "nay then," and he dropped back, and once more levelled his ready musket.

"Nonsense, man; be calm," remonstrated the bold and now collected Ballo; "thou forgettest that I hold the fate of Panama within my power; killing me will not effect her rescue—fire, if thou wilt—I

shall die as silent as the grave ;" and in an attitude of resolute defiance he confronted the portentous muzzle of the weapon, which approached within a few inches of his head.

" Fiends and madness ! take thy life, and name the condition," exclaimed Mustapha, again lowering the musket to the earth, and pacing backwards and forwards with every symptom of the most violent agitation.

" Stand, then, and listen."

" I do," said Mustapha, suddenly halting, and bringing himself up before the sepoy, so that their persons nearly came in contact, " I do."

" It is that thou shalt leave us where we are, spare our lives, restore our arms, and give no information respecting our agency in this night's transaction—wilt thou fulfil them?"

" Ay ; now—to thy story," responded the Mussulman, with a gesture of impatience.

" Not so fast," retorted the imperturbable Ballo ; " this is a game of lives, and must not be played away at random—swear."

" Cold and calculating villain !" replied Mustapha ; " by the tortures I endure, and those I will inflict on thee if thou deceivest me—I know no higher oath—proceed."

" Thou hast not yet given up the weapon," said the sepoy, drily.

" Ruffian !" said the Mussulman, with fierceness, " fool me no further ; with this I hold thee at my mercy until I have heard thy words, and judged of their sincerity ; beware how thou triflest with me any longer. I've lost much time already—one moment more, and I shall punish in the liar what I forgave in the assassin. Speak that thou knowest, and then I will restore thy weapon, and will stand defenceless before thee, as thou dost now before myself ; and thou canst take my life, if, crime-polluted slave, thou wouldst dare so much against the virtuous."

" Whatever I am," observed Ballo, " thou art brave, and knowest the brave will take no cowardly advantage. Hear then. We were employed by a certain fakir, whom it boots not now to name, to seize Panama for him. How far we had succeeded, thou art aware. But when we reached this spot we were surrounded by armed shield-bearers, who bound us, and bore away the fainting maiden. Silence marked the whole proceeding, by the orders of their leader ; yet, from some incautious whispers which fell from those who fettered me, I could understand their destination was the house of Amrut."

" Amrut, the baboo ?" gasped Mustapha, starting, and placing his clenched hand hard upon the shoulder of the sepoy. " Well?"

" No more ; I've told thee all," said Ballo.

" 'Tis easy to perceive with what intent the licentious Amrut commissioned his nocturnal braves."

" The conditions—thou hast sworn to obey them," interposed Ballo.

" Peace, babbler ; they shall be obeyed—are these men long departed?"

" Not so long but that thou mayest, by using speed, be in time to prevent the intended mischief," returned the sepoy.

" Farewell, then ; here is thy musket ; depend upon my silence ;

but if thou hast in one tittle deceived me, remember, a time of reckoning will arrive."

"Farewell; fear not," replied Ballo, as he watched the impetuous Mustapha spring from his side, and disappear in an instant within the wood.

"Well, Lalljee, what thinkest thou?" said Ballo, marching up to his companion.

"I cannot sufficiently applaud thy cleverness," said Lalljee, who began to feel himself something more comfortable, though he could scarcely get rid of astonishment at his own deliverance.

"That," remarked Ballo, in a tone of self-gratified vanity, as he proceeded to loose the cords from his associate, "that was as fastidious a scrape as ever I had the luck to get into and out again with safety. Now, whether Amrut get the girl or not, we are free, and he is likely to be punished for our loss of the eighteen hundred rupees—curse him!"

"Ay, ay," said Lalljee, shaking his head with an air of despondency, "the eighteen hundred rupees—gold rupees; it is terrible even to encounter so much danger for nothing. We have polluted the brahmin—remember, Ballo, we have polluted the brahmin, and all for nothing—oh!"

"Nothing!" laughed Ballo; "what? to be deprived of all that sum when just in our grasp?—to be surrounded, and tied neck and heels like dogs, in this damp jungle—to be fooled by the treacherous fakir, and bearded by that infernal Mussulman?—call you that nothing?—ay, and unless thou dost make haste," (as Lalljee arose from the earth, and stretched himself, to get rid of the cramps, which still tortured his delivered limbs,) "shake off thy laziness with thy cords, take thy musket, and return with me to our post, ere the officer of the night pays us a visit—to be shot to morrow for desertion? Call ye that nothing? If those are thy ideas of nonentity, they are not mine, I can assure thee;"—and taking his comrade pleasantly by the shoulder, he pushed him onwards.

The foliage of the jungle closed upon their retreating figures. The cracking of the boughs soon ceased. The forest was left to night and solitude.

The famished wolf listens not more eagerly for the bleating of the lamb than did Amrut within his dwelling for those sounds which should announce to him the approach of his expected victim. He paced the room—he flung himself from side to side upon his sitringee—he went to the window which overlooked the court, strained his eyes through the darkness, and started and panted at the sound of remote footsteps. Hour after hour flew by. His brain grew dizzy with feverish impatience. Wild and extravagant fancies began to crowd upon his mind. The trickle of the marble fountain—his own tread along the floor—became fraught with visionary terrors. He stood still and rubbed his hand across his sight, to rid it of the phantoms of imagination, examined the doors to ascertain their security, and listened again to catch the first tokens of the coming of his tardy emissaries. Hark!—there are many voices in the court—no; 'tis nothing save the chattering of the monkeys from the roofs of the

neighbouring houses. But now—they come—it was—that must have been a female shriek—faugh! my senses are mocked with the clash of the discordant bial. Again Amrut sought his reclining attitude. Mists of almost palpable density and hideous shape appeared to menace him as he lay. A kind of uneasy stupor, the joint effect of lust, watching, and opium, began to creep over his faculties. The libertine dozed in unrefreshing slumber. Now he starts—his brow contracts—his hands are clasped convulsively—his eyes stare horridly in sleep—his very hair stirs like living reptiles above his forehead—he is under the influence of agony and fear. A terrible dream had visited the unbridled Amrut. “A serpent—a serpent,” he murmured, in the accents of suppressed horror, “the cobra-de-capello!—it coils itself around my frame—it crawls upward over my limbs—its eyes dart venom—it hisses with empoisoned and deadly rage—oh!—it reaches to my throat—its fiery orbs glare upon my own—I feel its slime upon my cheek—the tongue vibrated to strike—the sting is forth—oh!—save, save!”—and, with an unearthly yell of terror, he started, and raised himself on his elbow; his eyes glared wildly upwards—he strove to clear their sight—’tis done—what does he behold?—a reality worse, more desperate than the cruel vision—the naked sabre, upraised arm, and furious glance of the bereaved Mustapha!

To be continued.

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER XII.

NEVER had Lord Killikelly experienced such a sad, soul-touching, tearful happiness. He went home; and having despatched Mr. Springe, his steward, to find suitable lodgings for his young wards, he prepared to keep his own engagement with Mr. Mark Phillicody.

This was a matter of considerable annoyance to him, but, having promised, he was bound to fulfil.

When he met Mark at the place of their appointment, the saucy malice predominant in his countenance irritated him yet more.

"The situation in which you placed me last night," said the peer, in a tone of voice made up of all sorts of things, vexation, mortification, a sense of absurdity, a shadow of doubt and even of fear, "was one in which I cannot submit to be involved again, and now ——"

"Well, and now then!" said Mark, in a tone of utter defiance.

Lord Killikelly scarcely knew how to follow up this commencement of indignation and expostulation. He could not make up his mind, whether or not Mark was aware of his identity, and was intending to plague and insult him; or whether only random rattle had placed him in a position in which he was made to scandalize and impose upon himself in a manner as unwarrantable as though some swindler had taken a similar liberty. This doubt and his indignation conjointly so much embarrassed him, that he scarcely knew how to express his sense of the injurious situation in which he had been placed.

"It is wholly unwarrantable," said Lord Killikelly, "to assume another man's name."

"Wholly," replied Mark; "I quite agree with you."

"To place ourselves in scandalous and degrading situations, and leave an innocent man to bear the brunt."

"Is it on account of the peer or the commoner that you are thus moralizing?—for Lord Killikelly or for Mr. Charles Kelly?"

Again a sort of confused apprehension that Mark knew him passed across Lord Killikelly's mind.

"Hark you," said Mark, "are not you and I on truce just now? Do you wish to provoke me to war?"

"If the annoyances you put upon me be truce," said Lord Killikelly, "I mistook it altogether. If this be peace, I wonder what would be war."

"Why, let me see," said Mark. "Under the head of war, I should get H. B. to caricature you, and Maclean to publish you; I should write your biography myself, birth, parentage, and education, and relate all your adventures in shilling numbers, with a portrait by Cruikshanks, and a flashy coloured cover in the Nickleby style. I

¹ Continued from p. 83.

should get a lot of bill-stickers to plaster you over the walls, and a few hundred of shrill-voiced urchins, the dirtier the better, to squall and bawl you about the streets. Not the genteel shilling numbers of course, but a surreptitious edition—'Will you buy a Lord Killikelly? only a penny! only a penny! With a wery fine voodcut of his lordship! Von't you buy a Lord Killikelly! Von't you!'"

"A truce! a truce!" exclaimed the peer.

"Well, then, truce be it for the present; only be satisfied, and know when you are well off."

Lord Killikelly began to think that he had better follow Mr. Mark Phillicody's advice.

"Whither are you leading me?"

"O, only to keep your engagement with little Rosalie."

"*My* engagement! Yours you mean!"

"Yours. You engaged yourself to me—I engaged you to her. Yours, therefore, still."

"My dear Mr. Mark, if ever I get out of your net——"

"You will not get into it again. Don't be too sure of that."

They had now reached the wharf from whence the Ramsgate packets proceed. There were the smoke, the noise, the tumult, the people hurrying hither and thither; some who had come hours too soon, others who had come minutes too late. There were coaches and carriages, and cabs, and carts, and bundles, and barrows, and porters hurrying and flurrying, and men driving, and women scolding, and children crying; in fact, there was a very sea of tumult, besides our river Thames.

Lord Killikelly was particularly happy to find himself in the mob, trusting that fortune would so far favour him as to keep him out of sight of the pretty tobacconist.

Mark took his place beside him, being particularly careful not to lose sight of his prey. But in a moment more he perceived a face among the assemblage which he recognised, and, contriving to telegraph an invitation, was soon joined by the proprietor, on lease, of the countenance.

"Well, how are you?—how are you?" asked Mark.

"Not well; not well. Great pain here," pointing to his head.

"Ah! what is it?"

"I shall explain it all in my work. I am writing on phrenology. People have pain in the head, and they say they have the headachel—that is the vulgar opinion; but the fact, the fact is, that the internal enlargements of the faculties produce an external enlargement of the organ, and people, feeling the pain of the skull expanding, say they have got the headache."

"Very philosophical, indeed," said Mark; "and pray which of the bumps is growing on your pericranium?"

"Bumps!" said the gentleman, indignantly.

"Organs—I beg your pardon."

"I have been studying hard—writing on phrenology—and the pain is here—it is wit."

"The headache is a better thing than I thought," said Mark; "henceforth I shall have a great respect for it."

"I am a martyr to it," said the gentleman.

"And your other literary labours for the good of society—your valuable gleanings for the newspapers—how do they go on?"

"I have been fortunate—very fortunate," said the penny-a-liner. "I went into a house this morning—I don't know what led me—I suppose it was some of the hidden perceptions of our nature—but it was wonderfully fortunate—a man had just hanged himself!"

"How fortunate!" said Mark.

"Yes; he was not yet cut down—they had just found him. I took notes at the moment—hurried to the office—and the news was before the world before the man was cold."

"Lucky fellow!" said Mark.

"I was in fortune's way, too, last night. I went to see the pretty tobacconist."

"Indeed!"

"There was a great mob round the door; but, just as I approached, the police were making egress for a nobleman who had been making the amiable to the pretty tobacconist, and the people were laughing and calling out, 'Make way for Lord Killikelly! make way for Lord Killikelly!' So I made a paragraph of that. Lucky; wasn't it?"

Lord Killikelly was growing dreadfully nervous.

Mark laughed maliciously. "And is that in to-day's?"

"Yes; in three. I wrote with tracing paper, three at a time; and the 'Times,' and the 'Post,' and the 'Courier,' all took it. Lucky, wasn't it?"

"Very; it will make the round."

Just at this juncture, one of the most genteel of the cab tribe, by dint of very skilful manœuvring, between the horse and the driver, managed to draw up close to where Mark and the penny-a-liner stood. Lord Killikelly saw at a glance that his doom was sealed. Mr. Mark Phillicody had not taken up his position there for nothing.

Mr. Mark Phillicody immediately contrived to draw himself and the penny-a-liner aside, so as to leave room for the light of the sun and the lady's eyes to fall upon Lord Killikelly; and the pretty tobacconist, putting her head, bonnet and feathers and all, out of the cab window, immediately pounced upon him.

"Ah! my lord. Ah! my Lord Killikelly—very kind of you indeed. Hope I have not kept you waiting. Had such a difficulty in getting here. How punctual you are!"

Lord Killikelly made the stiffest possible inclination of the head, but moved not. Mark, however, officiously opened the cab door, and the pretty Rosalie emerged, decked in as much finery as would have full dressed a dozen duchesses, or all the maids of honour at the coronation; or, more important still, at the queen's wedding.

The pretty tobacconist immediately seized hold of Lord Killikelly's arm, and being dreadfully afraid that the crowd around should not know his nobility, commenced *lording* him to the skies. What with her own dashing appearance, and the clatter of her sweet tongue, the pair were pretty tolerably conspicuous.

Lord Killikelly felt that he had martyrdom without its honours.

Meanwhile Mark, having intimated to the penny-a-liner that he

was in luck to have met with my lord and the pretty tobacconist, because they would make another good paragraph, and hinting that he had better keep them in sight, withdrew himself from their immediate vicinity, liberally wishing to give up the whole of the benefit of the pretty tobacconist to the peer; and being perfectly sure that it would be as easy to divide the inside of a Macintosh from the outside, as for the lord to disengage himself from the lady.

He withdrew, we say, to a little distance, and amused himself with looking on his puppets. Never did author sit in a stage-box, and delight himself in the success of his own drama more.

Lord Killikelly, nervous, fidgety, sensitive to excess—the pretty tobacconist obtuse to everything but her own self-satisfaction, her full, replete, overflowing, gratified vanity,—and the penny-a-liner listening to every word for the good of the public and himself.

While standing thus, Mark became sensible of the vicinity of a face that he knew. It belonged to a tall, gentlemanly, well-dressed man. Mark immediately composed his own demeanour after the most approved model of staid propriety, and the conversation which he held with that gentlemanly gentleman was solid and profound.

“Ah, Mr. Fortescue—is not this bustle, this pushing, and driving, and elbowing, an epitome of the world? Every man for himself.”

“Most true—most true! Your observations are always so just; and yet, with all our exertions, it is very difficult indeed to accomplish our desires.”

“I must differ with you there,” said Mark. “I am of opinion that a man of good sense—that is, one who has sense enough to use that advantage, might accomplish anything in this world which his heart desired. Society is a fair field, open to all.”

“Connexion and wealth,” said Mr. Fortescue; “but perhaps you think them beneath acquaintance.”

“Far from it,” said Mark; “and though they may be out of the reach of many men, they must be within your grasp.”

“Tell me how,” said Mr. Fortescue; “pray tell me how.”

“The professions are all open to you.”

“Slow—slow—too slow!”

“The law. You might be a judge at sixty or seventy.”

“Slow—too slow!”

“The church. A bishop at eighty.”

“Slow—slow!”

“The army. A general when you are only a sexagenarian—if you are not killed before.”

“Slow—slow—too slow!”

“I confess,” said Mark, “that though the advantages of all these plans are very great, yet are they too remote, and in my mind a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

“Exactly my opinion.”

“The only other plan for attaining fortune and position in life is but a single step—a leap—but a stretching out of the hand, and taking.”

“And that?”

“Is marrying.”

Mr. Fortescue drew himself up and arranged his shirt collar.

"Yes, I have thought of that, if I could meet with a temptation; but it is a sacrifice of oneself."

"Not at all, if you do the thing wisely. A wife is no encumbrance, if she be managed properly."

"What would be your plan?"

"Take a house, or, better still, buy one, in some cheap place in the country, some tame retired place, quite out of fashion, where nobody goes; call it your country-seat—that sounds well; Mr. Fortescue of something or another Park; send your wife down there; compliment her on the purity of her taste; tell her you have business in town, and leave her to listen to the rooks, and play whist with an old friend, a superannuated country squire, and a half-pay retired lieutenant."

"That might do," said Mr. Fortescue, musingly.

"That is, supposing she had wealth only; but if she happen to have connexion, I think, upon the whole, it might be better to have her with you in town. She would be useful in keeping her set round you, and if you sent her into the country, they might make a stir, and call it ill usage. People are so misjudging!"

"They are," said Mr. Fortescue; "but, after all, I must have connexion, because my own family boast of being among the oldest commoners in the country, and, to own the truth, I am *rather* particular about family myself. I must not bring any mud amongst us. I should at once lose all hope of my uncle's fortune, which may eventually come to me. No, I *must* have connexion."

"And why not be content with the possession of your uncle's property?"

"Slow—too slow. They have such amazingly robust health."

"Then make up your mind, and marry. Women are easily got—only to ask and have."

Mr. Fortescue looked somewhat disdainfully at the sex. "I ought to have something better."

"I meant of course that they would be easy only to you. Your person—your family—the oldest commoner in England—your manners—your style."

Mr. Fortescue arranged his shirt-collar once more.

"And why not have beauty too?" said Mark.

"It is a pretty toy; but I do not wish to be unreasonable."

"You are too moderate," said Mark; "if I were you, I would have money, and connexion, and beauty too."

"Where would you get them?" asked Mr. Fortescue.

"Sensible enough that," thought Mark.

"But I should have no objection," resumed Mr. Fortescue.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mark, affecting for the first time to catch a glimpse of the pretty tobacconist as she stood holding tightly by Lord Killikelly's arm. "Ah! look at that lady. Have you ever seen her before?"

Mr. Fortescue raised his glass. "No!"

That is well, thought Mark. "Then bless your lucky stars that you see her now; that lady will just do for you."

Mr. Fortescue raised his glass again, and looked as men do when they are considering a bargain.

"Humph! pretty so so."

"So, so! from a man of your taste and judgment. What a splendid complexion!"

"Is there no paint?"

"Pish! what rich glossy curls!"

"Don't you think they *may* have come from the hairdresser's!"

"What a mouth! and see, now that she smiles, what dazzling teeth!"

"They may be composition."

"And what magnificent eyes!"

"*They may* be natural."

"O, you are too cold."

"I do not wish to be misled."

"Cold-blooded wretch!" thought Mark.

"But beauty is not all," said Mr. Fortescue. "Money and connexion! Money and connexion. Who is she?"

"She was pointed out to me the other night as a great fortune; and do you happen to know the nobleman on whose arm she is leaning?"

"Nobleman! Ah, indeed, let me see. I have surely seen him before."

"You must have seen him before. You often go to the Upper House. That is Lord Killikelly."

"Yes—he is very particular. I remember his person."

"Nobody can forget it. How he would envy you your stature! And do you observe with what a deferential respect he attends to her?"

This was true enough, for the more hurt and irritated Lord Killikelly became, the more he sheltered himself under a ceremonious politeness.

Just at this moment the passengers from off a Gravesend steamer draughted themselves away in various quarters; the Ramsgate boat hove to, the temporary bridges from land to water were thrown over, and a stream of human forms began to pass from the wharf to the packet. When the first rush had gone, and room was left for the élite, Miss Rosalie Smith began to essay the passage, and Mr. Fortescue and Mark Phillicody had a much more perspicuous view of the lady and the lord. Mark now called Mr. Fortescue's attention to the equipments of the lady, as so many proofs of her wealth. A pink satin bonnet, a black Chantilly veil, and a feather that waved, and nodded, and curled, and floated a yard behind her, an abundance of roses in the inside, and a gold chain round her head, binding a jewel on her brow, earrings six inches long lying on her shoulders, a cloak of brocaded silk, lined and trimmed with crimson, which, as it floated on one side, disclosed a satin dress beneath, pink silk stockings, and French satin shoes. On one arm she carried a Genoa velvet shawl, set round with rich Flemish lace, on the other a little love of a dog, a King Charles's beauty, whose long silken ears might have wrapped up the rest of his body. Her bracelets, her chains, her *bijouterie*, baffle the ability of our pen to inventory.

The lady's progress across that wooden bridge was particularly

slow, being about as agreeable to her as the passage of Cæsar under one of the Roman triumphal arches. We have no doubt that he loitered a little—we are sure that the pretty tobacconist did. In the midst of the passage she stopped, and gave Lord Killikelly the little dog to carry. Mark enlarged upon that also. Immediately behind her followed an old dumpy lady whom it would be impossible to specify; she might be a servant, she might be a dependent, she might be a relation; but whatever she was, there she was. She carried herself and an embroidered wallet, and behind her came a roguish-looking black boy in livery, carrying a very gaily-worked ottoman, and behind him followed a troop of boys and porters, the retainers of the wharf, bearing as much baggage as might have done for an ambassador, smuggling and all.

"Come," said Mark to Mr. Fortescue, "we will follow."

Just as they were doing so, a coroneted carriage drove up, dash, splash, in most mighty hurry, and a lady in a flaxen wig, and two tall stiff girls, with hair as white and woolly, and eyes as blue and glassy, and complexion as white and pasty, as any Lady Mary or Lady Ann in the kingdom, hastily followed the dowager mamma down the packet bridge. At the foot they faced round on Lord Killikelly and the pretty tobacconist. The dowager mamma drew up with great state; the girls, being thinner and taller, drew up still higher.

"I hope your lordship is quite well," said the senior lady.

"I hope your lordship is quite well," said Lady Mary.

"I hope your lordship is quite well," said Lady Ann.

To all these hopes Lord Killikelly responded by low bows, and a wicked wish in the bottom of his own heart that they were all three well in at the bottom of the river.

"You hear," said Mark to Fortescue; "it is Lord Killikelly."

"I hear," said Fortescue to Mark; "it is Lord Killikelly."

The pretty tobacconist, keeping tight hold of Lord Killikelly's arm, while the dog held fast possession of the other, sailed to the bow of the vessel; and the black boy having deposited three or four superfluous shawls, she took her love of a dog in her own fair arms, and made Lord Killikelly arrange them around her seat; which being done, she sat down, like another Cleopatra, and lifting feet and all on to the seat, declared herself perfectly comfortable.

"And now, my sweet, my pet, my love, my darling of a dog, my Duchess, this dear lord must make you as comfortable as he has made your mistress. Here, Pompey—the ottoman. There—that is right. My own work, my lord, every stitch; and now, my lord, be so good as to take my velvet shawl, and make a cushion of it for Duchess. There—that will do—that is so kind of you, my lord."

Lord Killikelly had that sort of general devotion to the sex, that though he was annoyed beyond description, he could not say to a woman, "I will not show you any courtesy;" so he took the green velvet shawl set round with broad Flemish lace, and made the couch of the silken-haired Duchess as luxurious as possible.

"Shall I try to obtain you an introduction?" said Mark to Mr. Fortescue.

"You will oblige me beyond expression. I shall be eternally yours, though I can never return you an equal favour."

Mark walked up to the pretty tobacconist with an air of profound respect, bowed almost to the ground, and then stooping over her, whispered something, to which Lord Killikelly was too proud to listen.

Mark's whisper lasted a few minutes, during which time the pretty tobacconist's countenance underwent some changes—a smile, a nod, an air of triumph, ended in the assumption of the highest possible consequence. At the conclusion of their conference Mark made another profound bow, at which it seemed that the features of the pretty tobacconist suffered great coercion not to laugh, and Mr. Mark returned back again to his principal.

Lord Killikelly had taken advantage of this colloquy to drop away off duty.

"Allow me to present to you a friend of mine, madam. Mr. Henry Fortescue, Miss Smith—Miss Smith, Mr. Henry Fortescue."

The gentleman bowed profoundly, with his hand upon his heart. The lady nodded most condescendingly.

Mark left Mr. Fortescue to make his own way, having something private to say to the black boy.

The black boy's eyes brightened at Mark's whispered words, and he showed two rows of the largest and whitest teeth in the world.

Lord Killikelly could not help hearing some of those whispered words.

"He will ask you who your mistress is."

"Ees, massa."

"And you must tell him—a great, rich, fine lady—you know that is the truth."

"Ees, massa."

"He will ask you where she lives, and you must tell him, in a very fine house close to the square."

"Ees, massa."

"But not a word of the shop or the—puff, puff, puff."

"No, massa; O no; me take care."

"You must tell him what lots of fine folks she has to visit her."

"Ees, massa."

"And he will give you half-a-crown—but here—I give you five shillings."

The boy looked his entire approbation of the whole proceeding.

"And now," said Lord Killikelly, "if you have entirely finished your conversation, I wish to say a few words to you myself."

"Well," said Mark, "if I must hear them——"

"You must," said Lord Killikelly. "Last night you placed me in an absurd and preposterous situation; this morning you have repeated it."

"The absurdity," said Mark, "falls upon Lord Killikelly, and not upon Mr. Charles Kelly."

"It annoys me equally," said the peer, indignantly.

"Then why have you not disclaimed the title?" said Mark; "why have you not spoken out manfully, and said, '*I am not Lord Killikelly.*'"

Lord Killikelly knew very well why he had not done this.

"Take the advice of a friend," said Mark; "your servitude is

nearly over; do not disclaim the honour I have put upon you. Wear your lordship a little longer. You will only expose yourself if you rebel."

"What a lovely dog!" said Mr. Fortescue to the pretty tobacconist.

"O, such a love! It was given to me by Lord Fawningham—worth forty guineas."

"And his silver collar—how elegant! May I look at the motto? 'Love me, love my dog.' How appropriate! You dear little creature, how *I* love you!"

The pretty tobacconist affected to blush; she took out an elegantly bound volume of Schiller's poems, and pretended to read. It was in the German. If the pretty Rosalie read German then, it was for the first time.

"Connexions, wealth, beauty, education!" said Mr. Fortescue to himself. "But I had better know all that I can. That old woman belongs to her; I will see what I can get out of her."

Pretending to leave the lady to her studies, he walked over the packet to where the old woman stood.

"A fine morning, ma'am?"

"Ha!—what?"

"A fine packet, ma'am."

"Ha!—what?"

"Used to the sea, ma'am?"

"Ha!—what?"

"Deaf as a door-post!" said Mr. Fortescue.

The black boy laughed from ear to ear.

He returned to his attendance on the lady. She had given up her studies, had taken out a French cambric handkerchief fringed with rich Brussels lace, had drawn off her white kid gloves, and was very busy eating chicken and ham sandwiches.

Mr. Fortescue counted the rings on her fair, plump hands. There were seven.

"Can I have the pleasure of being useful to you?"

"O yes, if you please: there, give poor Duchess her lunch; you will find it in my wallet."

Mr. Fortescue very humbly undertook his office. He opened the wallet, and found the wings and the breast of a chicken, which had been brought as provender for the little love.

"I am never weary of looking at this dear creature's elegant collar," said Mr. Fortescue. "When shall I be able to persuade you that *I* love your dog?"

"Men are all such flatterers," said the lady, out of a mouthful of sandwich.

"Flattery to others would be truth to you."

"Ah, you are all alike;—all but that dear Lord Killikelly. Do you know Lord Killikelly?"

"I have not that honour."

"I will introduce you. He is the most delightful man! He has promised to get me some excellent government appointment of a thousand or two a year for whomever I may please."

"Better and better," thought Mr. Fortescue.

The pretty tobacconist beckoned Lord Killikelly to her. He would not have moved, had not Mark promised him that if he bade the lady a civil farewell that they would immediately leave the vessel. On this proviso they approached.

"I must introduce you," said the pretty Rosalie. "My Lord Killikelly, Mr. Fortescue."

Mr. Fortescue bowed profoundly, Lord Killikelly haughtily.

"I am most happy in making your lordship's acquaintance."

"I am sure," said Mark, "that I have been most happy since I made it."

This was said in a tone and manner of such obsequious humility, that it would have given Lord Killikelly infinite pleasure to have boxed his ears. As Lord Killikelly got more irritated with Mark's mock humility, so Mark grew more humble still.

"I wish I could return that compliment."

"Your lordship can do anything you please," said Mark, with another humble bow.

"No, sir; there are some things which I wish to do and cannot do," said the peer, angrily.

"How irritable these great men are!" thought Mr. Fortescue; "with what deference Mark Phillicody treats him!"

"Madam," said Lord Killikelly to the pretty tobacconist, "I have the honour of wishing you a pleasant voyage and a good morning."

"How respectful he is to her!" thought Mr. Fortescue.

"I kiss your hand, my dear lord; and pray come and see me as soon as I come back again."

"Madam," said Mark Phillicody, "I too have the honour of wishing you a pleasant voyage and a good morning."

"How he imitates him!" thought Mr. Fortescue.

"Ah, good-bye," began the pretty tobacconist, to Mark; but checking herself, she added, "I shall have much pleasure in seeing you on my return to town."

"Very lady-like indeed," thought Mr. Fortescue.

"The boat is alongside to take us on shore," said Mark to Mr. Fortescue; "are you not coming?"

"I—I am going on to Ramsgate," said Mr. Fortescue.

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke out Mark's natural and malicious laugh, as he leapt into the boat after Lord Killikelly: "caught! caught! speed your wooing!—ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER XII.

The clock of St. Martin's church was just making a memorandum of the time, and intimating to all whom it might concern that it was seven o'clock. To all whom it might concern—yes, it very much concerned all those who dined at seven; all those who took tea at seven; all those who went to the theatre at seven; all those who went to the chapel at seven; and it very much concerned the poor pale girls who were tremblingly expecting Lord Killikelly at seven.

The last cadence of the voice of that expiring hour had scarcely died away, when Lord Killikelly rumbled up the dark and dismal street where they resided, and stopped at the door. Once more he

blundered up the dim obscurity of the staircase, and once more entered that narrow chamber, the silent walls of which had witnessed so much of the secret misery of his young relations.

And there sat they, and there had they sat for the last two hours, ready for his visit as much too soon as they feared to be too late; bonneted, and cloked, and gloved, and with two little boxes ready packed and corded.

A few inches of miserable candle, evidently belonging to the family of the Slenders, made visible the dimness to Lord Killikelly's eyes. The three girls were sitting silent even to each other—deep feeling is never garrulous, the heart has little utterance—and they were thinking over all the sad history of the past, unwinding the long chain of memory, and tracking back a pilgrimage of grief, and their hearts were throbbing and their spirits fluctuating, at the strange and sudden change a day had wrought for them.

And strange to say, now that they were leaving it, those girls felt what they had never felt before; namely, that the lonely chamber they were about to quit for ever, was home to them. Home—that is the sacred place, however mean and hovel-like, where the affections have been called into action—the only true consecration of that temple which we call *home*.

Lord Killikelly tried to speak cheerfully; he even affected to be jocular—effort always overdoes everything—as he took poor Susan's hand, and led the way down those dismal stairs. He was in a mighty hurry. He could not bear the atmosphere of the room—he hated scenes, and was glad to hurry over every painful thing. So he drew poor Susan's arm through his own, and hastily began to descend, leaving Rebecca and the pale teacher to follow after.

The pale teacher passed on; the cords of the heart bound her not to *place*. Rebecca lingered a moment behind. "There he sat!" she murmured—"there he leant his elbow—here he trod! and I shall see him no more."

"Come, dear Rebecca," said the pale teacher, returning; "come, dear Rebecca, we wait for you."

And Rebecca left for ever a place that had shown her the depth of misery, and yet had presented to her mind a far-off thought of what happiness might be.

Rebecca and poor Susan both wept as that old hackney-coach rumbled from the door, and shook itself almost to dislocation over the stones of that obscure street—the dim light glittered over the little ripples of mud, and two faint tallow candles, that could not snuff themselves, marked the location of the rival dynasties of two chandlers' shops. Having passed these landmarks, their equipage drove on more cheerily for about a quarter of an hour, and then came to a dead stop.

"And now, my dear wards," said Lord Killikelly, "bid adieu for ever to all the miserable past. My own carriage waits for us, and when you enter it, forget, I beseech you, all bygone sorrows, and begin life afresh."

A few moments were sufficient to make the change, and the sis-

ters, as in a dream, found themselves whirled along, they knew not whither.

The newness, the suddenness, the strangeness of their situation, bewildered both thought and feeling, and not a word was spoken. Lord Killikelly felt that indifferent subjects would not do for them, and personal ones would not do for him.

An hour's drive brought them to the place of destination. Abon Hassan had not more doubt of his own identity than had our travellers when the handsome equipage of the peer dashed up to a house on Richmond Hill, and the steps were rattled down, and Lord Killikelly himself assisted them to alight, and they were received by a very grandiloquently dressed lady with much obsequiousness, and umbrellas brought, for fear that a possible rain, that did not fall, might dew them; and one of the servants of the house attended with a light to show that there were no steps, and another followed, who begged to carry the pale teacher's bag; and when they were ushered into a handsome drawing-room, and found a blazing fire and comfortable tea waiting their arrival; and when they were tenderly inducted into sofas, and introduced to down cushions, and inaugurated into ottomans; and when they were perfectly overwhelmed with solicitude lest they should be too warm, or lest they should be too cold, or lest the place should be too noisy, or lest it should be too quiet, or lest everything that surrounded them should not be to a shade and a hair's breadth exactly what they might please to fancy;—when there, we say, the pale teacher proceeded to interrogate herself, if she really were the identical Grace Warwick who, that very morning, had been ordered to come and to go, and to do this and to do that; and Rebecca asked herself, if she could, in truth, be the same miserable creature who had carried that immense bundle of shirts to the ready-made linen warehouse, and after having been scolded to the heart's content of the sovereign lady there, had been forced to drag it back again, drenched with rain, and with shoes that kindly let out the wet as they let it in; and Susan, looking at the marmalades and potted meats before them, asked herself, if it were true that they had really wanted bread that very morning. Looking on this picture, and on this, they began to believe in the transmigration of souls as quickly as possible.

"Madam," said Lord Killikelly, to the mistress of the mansion, "these young ladies are my relatives and wards, and I leave them to your care."

The lady protested that she cared more for them than for everything else in the world, and Lord Killikelly departed.

It was long before those girls could rid themselves of that lady's importunities, but at last she went, and they were left to themselves.

And then there was silence, and they looked on each other as if expecting to see a change in the old familiar face as great as in all that surrounded them; and they looked around on that apartment, but they could not feel at home; and on the viands, but strong emotion had robbed them of appetite, and they could not eat.

Morning came, but instead of peeping out on chimney tops and garret windows, our orphan girls looked abroad on what seemed to them a fairy land of hill, and dale, and river. Yesterday they were akin to beggary, to-day they were surrounded with luxury. Yet has the heart no memory? Are its records to be obliterated in a moment? Can sudden events, which alter all the present, change one jot or tittle of the immutable past? No; rather does some unexpected revolution in our circumstances waken up the memories and resuscitate the bodies of dead events, and they rise from the grave of departed things, and surround us as vividly as if they were the living and the present.

And thus it was, that as if awakened from the stupefaction of their misery, (for misery sometimes brings with it a stupefaction that partially deadens itself,) that wretchedness seemed to deepen in its intenseness; and more distinctly, more prominently far than all, the memory of him who had perished, perished in a parish workhouse, with all his noble understanding, with all his generous feelings, and deficient in nothing but common prudence, came to haunt and madden them.

They thought more of him, and whether it is that a remembered misery amounts to a present one, or whether the gradual process of starvation and suffering had reached its crisis in poor Susan's frame, we know not, but on the morning in question Lord Killikelly found her ill enough to warrant his worst apprehensions.

The reader knows by this time that Lord Killikelly acted ever upon impulse. Impulse now led him to drive back again to town, much faster than his horses considered agreeable, to procure the attendance, at a most exorbitant cost, of one of the first surgeons in London, and to hurry back with his prize to poor Susan's side.

We think that no two specimens of our human kind could have formed a stronger contrast than the peer and the doctor, as they entered that drawing-room on Richmond Hill; yet was it expression, rather than stature or feature, that differed. Lord Killikelly, flushed, heated, fevered, his eyes sparkling, his mien impatient, his thoughts in agitation—the doctor, as if his features had been cut out of marble, or moulded in cast iron, his skin like parchment, his eyes like gray glass, himself as if frozen, his figure attenuated as if by starvation: if nature ever made a man without feelings and affections, if education ratified the omission, surely it was in this man. Warmth, ardour, sensibility—he knew only the dictionary meanings of those words. In him intellect was supreme. He looked like a chiselled statue, discoloured by time; breathing the breath of life, indeed, but in which *mind* was the actuating principle—*mind*, the vital spark. As to a heart, the doctor knew nothing at all about it, except as an anatomical study.

This gentleman threw off an old blue cloak, for which a liberal Jew, in some extraordinary fit of generosity, might have given about eighteen pence, drew near to Susan's sofa, fixed on her his gray glass eyes, and looked as if his life were one continued thought. Poor Susan started, trembled, her face flushed, her lips quivered, and she looked as if life were a continued chain of feeling.

Susan's emotion mattered very little to the doctor. He saw no more in the young, the beautiful, the suffering girl before him than a *subject*, and he was proceeding in a silent mental anatomy of her case.

Susan was not very long tormented by her doctor's presence; fortunately his time was too valuable for that; he wrote for her, exchanged the scantiest number possible of words, in the shortest possible space of time, in a room below with Lord Killikelly, put on his old cloak, and departed.

Lord Killikelly returned to Susan. She was trying to conceal her tears.

"My dear girl," he said, "must I chide you for being over sensitive? Remember that the extreme of sensibility degenerates into weakness."

"It is not that," said Susan.

"Aversion, then? Surely you are not capable of such a sudden aversion?"

"Not sudden," said Susan.

"Have you ever seen this gentleman before?"

"Do not ask me to tell you anything about it."

"I must know all."

"Then it was thus," said Susan, "speaking in a low, fluctuating voice. 'I was very ill—we went to him—Rebecca and I—and he said——'"

"What said he?"

"*Go away. Don't occupy my time.*"

This gentleman valued his time at five guineas for every twenty minutes.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Two hours more," soliloquized Lord Killikelly, as he proceeded to keep his third engagement with Mark Phillicody. "Two hours more of what Mr. Mark justly calls slavery. Never, surely, did mortal man contrive to crowd so much annoyance into so short a space of time. I hope, however, to be clear of him at last."

They met, and Lord Killikelly almost involuntarily iced himself all over, like a twelfth cake, with politeness; and Mark, contrary to his usual custom, seemed disposed to be civil too.

"Indeed," said Mark, "I fully feel the compliment of giving me so much of your society."

"I am afraid," said the peer, "that like all other compliments, it is worth very little."

"Company or compliment?" asked Mark.

"Either or both," replied my lord.

"I am sorry that the four hours, which is all that I have been paid of our compact, should have seemed so long to you."

"I think you reckon by Shrewsbury clock."

"Especially when I have done everything in an innocent way to make time pass pleasantly."

"*Pleasantly*, and at whose expense?"

"If at anybody's, certainly at Lord Killikelly's, a gentleman, of course, of whom you know nothing."

"Little enough," said the peer.

"However, I have made an appointment, which perhaps you will keep with me."

"I suppose it is in our articles."

"I am not going to introduce you to any ladies. I have no more pretty Rosalies to show you."

"That is some relief."

"You are an ungrateful man, after being received with so much distinction. I have nothing to-day but disagreeable men to show you. I merely mean to introduce you to a German, to whom I am teaching the idiom of the English language."

"Ah, indeed!"

"I wish you to judge if he have acquired any proficiency. He has learnt English in his own country, but with a sad disregard to the idiom, and he has been here about a week, during which I have been showing him the lions, and perfecting his orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody. In fact, he has scarcely spoken to another individual."

"He has been in admirable keeping," said Lord Killikelly.

"Why, I flatter myself that I have been a little useful to him; and as he is wishing to get into some mercantile office, I have promised to find him an introduction to a Quaker's house, which stands sweet in city odour, and, as he will be waiting, we will, with your leave, make the best of our way."

Mark led Lord Killikelly through several short cuts and courts, and crooked places, until at last they turned into a large counting-house, in which were a number of clerks and a most famous fire. The first person that our visitors saw was Mr. Adolphus Snookes.

"Ah, my dear fellow!" said Mark; "it always does me good to see you."

Mr. Adolphus Snookes looked as if the sight of Mark did not do him any good at all.

"Why, now, what's the matter; which way's the wind?" said Mark.

"Indeed I have not seen a weathercock to-day," said Snookes.

"I have," said Mark.

"Then why do you ask me which way the wind is?" said Snookes.

"That is so like you," said Mark; "you always are so smart—say such cutting things—hit them off in your own peculiar way. O you are too much for me!"

Snookes began to brighten.

"Well, now tell me what screw's loose," said Mark.

"O, nothing at all."

"I know better. How is little Sophy? Sentimental as ever?"

"O, no. Sophy has grown quite spirited; she says, she feels that she was made to be the wife of a military man; she is turned quite dashing in her new winter dress."

"Ah, indeed! and what does Mrs. Snookes say?"

"She says that Sophy is vain."

"And what else?"

"And a fool."

"Ah! And what do you say?"

"I—I suppose that I say the same."

"Not because Mrs. Snookes says it. No, no, not with your high spirit. No, no, you were never made to be led along like a lamb in a silken string."

Snookes looked very like a cowardly dog that has been well beaten.

"I am afraid," said Mark, "that you have been scolding poor Mrs. Snookes."

Snookes looked amazingly flattered by the idea. He *might* have said, "No; but Mrs. Snookes has been scolding me," but he was too magnanimous.

"Don't be too severe upon her," said Mark; "you must not expect too much. You know she is only a woman."

"True," said the other lord of the creation—"true; I won't be too severe."

"I know that Mrs. Snookes does not like me," continued Mark; "but she does me great injustice. She thinks I make mischief, and all the while *you* know that I am only a peacemaker."

"True," said Snookes.

"Let me make peace now," said Mark; "do tell me what she has displeased you in?"

"She has led me *such* a life," said Snookes, no longer able to shut his heart against so kind a friend. "She has led me *such* a life!"

"Ah, indeed! since when?"

"Ever since the Pangburn affair."

"The wager matter?"

"Yes, the man that was standing for three weeks in the same place, without moving or speaking."

"My dear fellow, then you did go?"

"I did."

"And found him there, as I had said."

"Exactly. He was standing quite motionless."

"And you did not go too near."

"I did not, for fear I should make him smile."

"There was danger of that," said Mark.

"I promised you I would not. Well, when I came back, Mrs. Snookes would not believe me, said it was one of your—I beg your pardon—you know what."

"I beg *her* pardon," said Mark.

"And she was so cross with me for going. I had *such* a life! She lay in bed for three weeks, and would not eat anything."

"And what did *you* do?"

"Why, I remembered that she was only a woman."

"Ah—well?"

"One of the weaker sex."

"Good."

"A kind of toy—a plaything."

"Yes—and so—"

"And so—I—I—begged her pardon, and promised —"

"Never to do so any more."

"No—not to speak to you any more."

Snookes slunk back again to his desk, and began to write as fast as possible.

Mark was seized with a violent fit of something that passed for coughing, and walked on to the fireplace.

"Will you indulge my curiosity?" said Lord Killikelly, in an under tone, as soon as Mark's paroxysm subsided. "What did Mr. Snookes see at Pangburn?—anything or nothing?"

"I will tell you," replied Mark, "since you condescend to be curious. In passing through the village I happened to see a block figure, dressed up to display the clothes which were on sale. 'On this hint I spake.'"

What more Lord Killikelly might have said, we know not, as he was interrupted, before he began, by the bustle consequent on the arrival of the governor into a little square closet, fenced off, about five feet high, from the rest of the room, in the corner, close to the fire where they were standing.

The governor was a Quaker, and a disciplinarian. As he entered, all the clerks began to write faster than possible.

The governor looked doubtfully at the clock over the fireplace, then appealingly to his own watch, and then fiercely at the clock again, and then said, rather louder than was necessary on the score of hearing, "Obadiah Dent."

Obadiah Dent stepped forward.

"Dost thee see, Obadiah, that thy clock is telling untruths? The hand pointeth to three minutes past four, and Paul hath but just struck; likewise doth my watch testify the same; therefore doth our clock bear witness of a falsehood; and I will have none such doings in my habitation, whether it be by the mouth of my man-servant, or my maid-servant, or the stranger that is within my gates; therefore, friend Obadiah, see thee to it that our household clock telleth no more falsities."

"Yea, verily," answered Obadiah, like a poker that had been taught to speak.

"Less matters than that," continued the moral governor, "have ruined houses, have caused them to stop payment, have worked much evil from generation to generation. Friend Obadiah, it is a piece of moral delinquency in the clock, and there is no telling where the evil may stop, whether with me or with thee."

Obadiah looked as if he wished the governor to stop.

"I look at the clock; the clock sayeth that it is the fourth hour. Somebody asketh me the time, and I say to him it is the fourth hour, whereas it is three minutes more; therefore I tell a falsity. I send thee to take up a bill—thou art two minutes too late;—think of these things, Obadiah. And verily I am expecting one of an outlandish nation to be here at the fourth hour; he wanteth the vacant desk, Obadiah, and I want him to write to all my German correspondents, and peradventure the clock telling falsities might have made me say

to him—"Verily thou art not a man that acteth according to thy promise; thou saidst thou wouldest be here face to face with me at four of the clock, and now, lo and behold, it is three minutes past; therefore I will have no dealings with thee."

"Poor Schriebershofer!" softly ejaculated Mark; "I hope he'll be here in time."

As he spoke, the outer door of the counting-house opened, and the identical Schriebershofer entered. He bowed most profoundly to the impregnable Obadiah, who immediately led the way to the governor's corner; but in his passage the German caught a sight of Mark, seized him by the hand, and exclaimed, "Ah, my dear friend, you are so as you promise; ah, that is very good made."

Mark pointed to the clock, and whispered—"You have no time to lose; remember the idiom of the language as well as you can."

"Ah, yes. I am in such a transpiration!"

"What is that?" whispered Lord Killikelly, as the German passed into the presence of the governor.

"A *perspiration*," muttered Mark.

Schriebershofer entered the presence of the governor. Perhaps there is not so deferential, so respectful, so well-bred a nation in the civilised world as the Germans. Schriebershofer advanced with his hat in his hand, and with sundry low bows.

The Quaker stood erect, unbending, ungracious. "Put on thy hat, friend: bow not to man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

"I haves the honour," said the German, repeating his bow, and not at all understanding anything of the Quaker's sermon, "I haves the honour, sare, of vaiting on you so as to make offer of my most bestest services."

"Friend," said the Quaker, "the honour thou talkest of is but a vanity of the world."

The German bowed again profoundly, and in the most respectful voice and manner said, "Sare, I vish you may get it."

The Quaker started, looked at the German, saw nothing but the most obsequious manner, thought he had been mistaken, and therefore only said, sharply enough, "What didst thee say?"

The German bowed again, and repeated, in the same deferential manner, "Sare, I wish you may get it."

"Oh, he means," thought the Quaker, "that he wishes *he* may get the situation. Thee means," said he, aloud, "that thee wishes to be my clerk."

"That," said Schriebershofer, with another still lower bow, "that is the ticket."

"The ticket!"

"Yes, sare."

"For what?"

"For soup."

"Hark thee, friend," said the Quaker, "what didst thee come here for?"

"As I said afterwards, to make offer of my most bestest services, which you may please so as to sanctify."

"Sanctify!"

"You said that last."

"What will thee say next?"

"It shall be to me one great pleasure afterwards to make use for you—you understand?"

"Scarcely."

"I shall make so bad English—I know not to conspress myself—I beg your pardon."

"Well, it is thy misfortune not to have been born with an English tongue in thy head. I must make account of that. And thee wishest to be in my office? Dost thee know my terms?"

"Terms?"

"Yes; my rules."

"O yes; I have been made known your tricks, sare."

"Tricks! What dost thee mean?"

"Tricks are all of the same as of rules. I have make some knowledge of the English."

"Then, if thou dost understand English, speak out like a man, and let me understand thee."

"Sare, I speak so as one gentleman to one more gentleman. Do you see anything green?"

"Dost thee think that like a gentleman? But I see thee dost not much understand our tongue."

"Sare, I was learnt the English tongue gramatique, afterwards that I come here, by one learned professor of Leipsic, where so as I made theologue and philosophe—don't thee understand?"

"Gramatique! philosophe! theologe! No, friend, I do not understand thee."

"And, sare, since I have arrive at your country, I have been made known the idiom of the tongue by one who is learned yong gentleman."

"Hast thee indeed! Then thee hast better go and learn it a little longer, for *I* cannot understand thee."

"Not understand me, sare? O that is all one hum."

"Dost thee know what thee is saying?"

"Sare, I know that I have perfectionated the English speech; and, sare, I shall not stay any more with your society to be made one ridicule. Sare, I will write a philosophe grammar of the English speech. I vill learn it to you myself. I have much sorry that you no make sense of my speak."

And so saying, Schriebershofer, in a most towering height of indignation, took his hat and himself away.

To be continued.

THE PAST.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

WE murmur for the PAST,
 Because it *is* the Past ;
 And better love the latest gift,
 Because it is the last :—
 The PRESENT stands neglected,
 A field unploughed, and left
 For weeds to fill, whence (if we would)
 Full harvests might be reft.

We love the PAST, for still
 A backward look is rife
 With sad, sweet recollections,—
 The dreams of early life !
 When always, in the future,
 A golden burst we spied
 Of gladness and of glory,
 Of triumph and of pride !

We are braggarts in our hopes,
 And cowards in our fears ;
 But youth keeps all the first,
 While the latter come with years.
 The hopes of YOUTH are golden—
 Like bright-winged birds that flit
 From a flowery bush to a fruity bough,
 With sunshine over it.

Here boldly do they sing,
 And plume their wings at ease,
 Whilst vagrant zephyrs bring
 A thousand things to please :
 But AGE's fears are hares—pursued
 By hunter and by hound,
 They dare not tarry anywhere—
 There's peril all around.

Long have I wailed the PAST,
 Long wept for him who made
 That happy time a festival,
 In constant joy arrayed !
 O ! well do I remember
 When—by those Indian seas—
 The words of Love fell from our lips,
 Like leaves from autumn trees !

The Past ?—it *is* the PAST !
 —That fervent heart is cold ;
 And Time hath turned to silver
 My sunny locks of gold ;
 But ah ! too young remains the heart,
 The spirit in my breast,
 For one thus forced to tread around
 Where LOVE is *not* a guest !

THE FOSTER-SON.¹

FROM THE GERMAN OF MADAME C. PICHLER.

Oh woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man : we had been brutes without you !
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
 There's in you all that we believe of heav'n ;
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love !

OTWAY.

EIGHT days had flown by in the highest tension of mind, when some one announced to Madame von Veldeck, during the time her husband was out, that an officer of the police wished to speak with her alone. An alarming agitation of her frame told the lady that it concerned Gustavus. She went to the stranger, filled with anxiety. The lad was found. The details and description which his uncle had imparted to the police assisted the latter in tracing him out. On the previous day they had discovered him at a village, a few miles from the capital, where he was on the point of engaging himself to a peasant as a shepherd's boy. Only with some trouble, and presently by the use of some force, had they been able to induce him to follow the people sent out after him ; he was at present in the house of one of them in the suburbs. Madame von Veldeck ordered horses to the carriage immediately ; the police officer was to accompany her. In a violent agitation she entered the room, and beheld the one whose missing had created so much pain, who at the sound of her voice sprang up on his feet, made a few steps towards her, then turned suddenly round, and was about to rush out at the door opposite him. This sign of aversion, the thought of all that she had already suffered on behalf of the stripling, wrought at this moment vehemently upon her mind, and she broke into loud weeping. Gustavus turned him quickly.

"Aunt ! my dear aunt !" cried he, and ran towards her ; "why do you weep ? Not on my account surely ? Alas, nobody weeps for me ! Nobody loves me !"

"Child ! child !" exclaimed Madame von Veldeck, deeply moved ; "how much anxiety and concern have you cost us ! God be praised that we have you again !"

At these words she twined both her arms round him, and Gustavus, surprised and overpowered by this proof of unhopd-for love, fell at her feet, groaning aloud. He could not speak ; the violence of his feelings choked every word, and the tears of Leonora flowed the more lively on beholding this child-like passion. When both had regained their self-possession, Madame von Veldeck begged to be left alone with the youngster, and now lectured him seriously and affectionately upon his conduct.

Gustavus saw his error ; still he felt as forcibly as ever the injustice which had befallen him, and expressed in decided tones his dis-

¹ Continued from p. 104.

like to his uncle, and his determination never to submit to a degrading punishment, and rather to earn by hard labour amongst strangers his daily bread. Leonora was secretly alarmed at this obstinacy of will, and at the declared rupture between the uncle and nephew; she promised him her protection, her intercession, and beheld with pleasure how the persuasion of her good-will drew to her, with an irresistible power, the youth who believed himself loved by no one. He promised her "to do all for her sake, to obey her in everything;" and so she brought him at last to this, to accompany her home, where she ordered him to remain for a time quiet in his own apartment. She herself went to her husband; she turned the conversation on Gustavus; she saw with satisfaction Veldeck's anxiety about the lad; she augmented it by a representation of the possible dangers into which he might be fallen; she let Veldeck feel that he had next to ascribe everything to his own harshness and over-strict treatment; and after she had tortured him for a while with these ideas, and had excited all the affection for the lad of which he was capable, she gave him to understand that Gustavus was found; and she led the youth at last, after the uncle had been obliged to promise "neither to carry into effect the threatened punishment now, nor in the time to come, and, above all things, to receive his nephew kindly—she led the youth into Mr. von Veldeck's arms.

The peace was made. Both parties were, by Leonora's presence and influence, kept within proper limits; the opportunities for quarrels were fewer. Partly Gustavus, out of love to his aunt, (who since the last scene had won his entire confidence, and his inmost affection,) cast off many failings, partly there evolved from his character at this time, a fixed and easy manner, which involuntarily gained him attention from all the world, (especially from his uncle,) and a certain degree of respect. He had with fifteen years none of the trifling disposition or awkwardness of other lads in him; he was an accomplished youth, active and vigorous in his person as in his mind. So, as this manly nature demanded of the uncle on the one hand esteem, so, by reason of the young man's mental capacity, and the eulogies received on all sides, it was gratifying to the vanity of Veldeck, and moderated the dislike with which he had else regarded his nephew.

So stood matters in the house of Veldeck on the morning of that unfortunate day when Gustavus, in a great hurry, not to be missing from his place at the college, rushing through the hall, had pushed off its stand and thrown down his uncle's favourite japanned vase, which had never been fastened since the previous morning. Vase and side-board were soon set to rights again. Mr. von Veldeck took his hat, and, as his custom was, went out about ten o'clock, to go the round of all his dealers in antiques and natural curiosities, and to see if there was anything new. In the mean time Gustavus came home again. His first course was, as usual, to his aunt. He had already learned from the servant, when he first came in, all that had passed. Madame von Veldeck now announced to him, having first represented in a gentle and affectionate manner what his thoughtlessness had done, "by the desire," she said, "of his uncle," the punishment he

had to expect. An infinitely better feeling arose within him, which passed off at last in a fit of obstinacy.

"Punishment again! always punishing, and only punishing! that is all my uncle understands. No matter; he may punish me, for anything I care; but if he does any harm to the canary bird, I'll"—here he doubled his fist.

Leonora reproved him again for his violence, and concluded by saying that she was prepared to part with the precious legacy of a departed sister, if he should be burdensome to her husband, though she was pretty certain he would never require this of her. Gustavus looked at her in some doubt; neither he nor his aunt, indeed, felt at all assured of this certainty; but they were both silent, and Gustavus withdrew to his own room.

About noon his uncle returned. Not a word was said either of his nephew or of the punishment; for Veldeck had enough to do in "cataloguing" and "classifying" all the rarities he had brought with him. His wife hoped the pleasure he took in this would have quieted his ill-humour at his nephew; she erred, as she had often done before now, whenever she would measure the heart of her husband by her own. Gustavus had hardly taken his seat at the dinner-table when the lecturing went on. Of questioning, of examination, of insisting, there was no end.

"The wilful young rascal," his uncle said, "must perforce be brought to the perception of his grievous offence;" and "this wilful young rascal" was conscious of nothing, but of having on the previous day, at the peril of his straight limbs, rendered his aunt a service, and to-day, from not looking before him as he ran, of having done some small damage, for which too he had begged pardon twice already in the most proper and humble manner. He defended himself first gently, then earnestly, and at last passionately; the minds of both were exasperated. Leonora tried in vain to mediate and to make peace. Mr. von Veldeck grew every minute more angry, and Gustavus more sullen; and this young gentleman was, at last, given to understand, "that he was not to leave his room for three entire days, except to go to the college; that he was only to be helped twice at table, and to have nothing but water to drink."

"In this way they manage children!" cried the young man bitterly, threw down his knife and fork, so that the glasses danced again, sprang up from his seat, and rushed out of the room, banging the door behind him.

"The wicked, ill-bred jackanapes!" exclaimed Mr. von Veldeck, quite beside himself with passion, and caught up the carving-knife to fling it after him. Leonora threw herself on his arm. Now, then, the full volley of his displeasure turned itself on his wife. He reproached her "that she had been the ruin of the youngster; her doing were all his rudenesses and bad conduct; his obstinacy too was all her fault." Madame von Veldeck excused herself meekly at the first, and she presently observed a strict silence. This was still more irritating to her husband; he looked upon it either as indifference or sullenness, and his expressions became still more outrageous. At last his lady arose from her chair, and said, "Mr.

von Veldeck, if you think you have a right to treat your nephew as a child, you cannot surely suppose that gives you the privilege of behaving improperly to your wife. I expect of you conduct more temperate and more amiable, of which I am worthy; I dare you to deny it me, and I know too the means of securing it." With these words she walked stately out of the room. Veldeck, as he watched her retiring steps, was evidently quite browbeaten. Such determined language as this he had never before heard from her. A little while afterwards he went to see where she was; she had locked herself in her boudoir, nor did she appear again till supper-time, when the irritable master behaved to her quite as he ought to do, and seemed not displeased that no farther allusion was made to the scene at the dinner-table.

According to the prohibition, Gustavus came not to his seat at supper; neither was he seen at breakfast the next morning, nor at dinner, which usually took place about noon. It was easy to see how much his uncle enjoyed his complete triumph. It was somewhat abridged, nevertheless, as the servant answered to his inquiries that the young gentleman had certainly not been anywhere at all, not even once to his college; he had locked his room-door, and had sent back the victuals untouched."

"The cunning rogue!" exclaimed Mr. von Veldeck, angrily; "he braves me still! he will soon grow tame though, when he is really hungry."

The heart of Leonora was touched. A tear came into her eye, a glance of indignation darted at her husband, but she said nothing. Mr. von Veldeck's eloquence overflowed afresh at the cost of his nephew; but he did not venture to say anything that could be disagreeable to his wife, in however distant a degree; and since this lady interfered in no way in the outpouring of his wrath, that presently exhausted itself in its own fury. As soon as he left his chair and was out of the house, Leonora hastened to the room of Gustavus. She knocked. No answer. She called;—at the sound of her voice the door was opened directly. "What is the matter with you, Gustavus?" she said, as she entered. "Do you wish to be ill? Will you add to all my cares and vexations that I must tremble about you?"

Gustavus looked full at his aunt. He saw her large and speaking eye, moistened by a tear, fasten itself imploringly upon him. "O, my dear aunt!—my kind, my angelic aunt!" he cried, as he caught hold of both her hands and pressed them to his bounding heart. "Yes!—*you* love me, I know—your beautiful mind does not misunderstand me, like all the rest."

He then buried his face in her hands, and remained so for some moments.

Leonora was well-nigh won over.—"What is the meaning of all this?" she exclaimed, looking as if she were very angry, and withdrawing her hands. "You have eaten nothing, sir—you will certainly be ill."

"Do not be anxious about me, dear aunt: I have no appetite: there stands my meal still."

She looked in the direction he pointed. There were some boiled

potatoes and some bread. She shook her head. "These are childish freaks, Gustavus—sheer obstinacy, and—that I should ever have to say it of you!—a little wickedness of heart as well. Why will you not eat regularly cooked victuals?"

"Because I would not have them count before my face every morsel that goes into my mouth, and—chiefly—if you, dearest aunt, were not always so good to me—because I had rather not be indebted to my uncle for anything."

"That is going too far, Gustavus; your uncle, however you may feel towards him, is still your benefactor. That you think as you do—that this pride dwells in your bosom—that you have learned to—*do without him*," continued the lady, after a minute's pause, as if just then at a loss for an expression—"all this you certainly owe to him. His fostering and helping hand——"

"Yours, yours!" interrupted Gustavus, passionately: "it is no hand in the world but yours. It was you who took me into this house—it was—it is *you*, who procure me the good offices of my uncle; and if there be any good in me, it is again your work, your example—the view every day of your saint-like and blessed virtues, that have planted within me its first trembling spark, or awakened it into flame. You it is, and only you, to whom I owe everything—and O how sweet is the obligation!"

He pressed at these words her hand again to his breast; his fine dark eye sparkled with tears, as he raised it slowly towards heaven, as if beseeching a blessing for his aunt. Leonora could forbear no longer; she drew her hand out of his, and replied, "You are too enthusiastic in all you say, Gustavus: it is not as you would represent it; but if you believe yourself so deeply indebted to me, then, to please me, eat your regular meals, and I will send you your proper share."

"You wish it, aunt?—it is enough—I obey. But tell my uncle that I do so, only to please you."

"Headstrong young man!"

"I will not submit to be ill-used by him."

"And then—you are to go to your college again as usual."

"Aunt!—my kind, indulgent aunt!—I entreat you require not this of me."

"And why?"

"Would you have me made a laughing-stock to your own servant? Is the man who accompanies me there and back to catch hold of my arm"—(here he reddened a little)—"because, perhaps, I wish to walk a few streets further? No, aunt, out of doors I stir not, as long as my *arrest* lasts. I cannot bear to breathe the free air of heaven, unless I know that I am free also."

"But Gustavus!——"

"Aunt! if you love me ever so little, do not ask such a thing! I must do it certainly, if you insist upon it; but I am quite sure that it would not make me a better man."

A tear stole again into Leonora's eye on hearing the touching and begging tones of Gustavus. She shook her head half irresolutely. "Singular being!" she said at last; "now do, then, what you believe to be right—what you like best—yes! the day after to-morrow it will all be over."

With these words she walked quickly out of the room, and proceeded to her own apartment, where she set herself down in her chimney-corner, conning over all the strange occurrences that had taken place in the house, and the unfortunate and infinite rupture between the uncle and nephew; nor did she observe that it had grown quite dark, until the maid entered, and asked her "if she did not want a candle?" Some company came. The evening passed on. They went to supper. Leonora had taken the trouble to invite a few intimate friends. Inquiries were made by several of the master of the house after his nephew Gustavus.

"He is not quite well," said Madame von Veldeck, anticipating, in good time, her husband, who was about to speak. She sent him some of the lighter dishes.

The servant came back with the answer—"The young gentleman kissed the hands of his dear aunt."

"Has he again eaten nothing?" inquired Veldeck hastily.

"He has eaten, sir, all that my mistress sent him."

The slightest tinge in the world deepened the cheek of Leonora.

"He is giving way," began the master, triumphantly; "O yes—yes, hunger is a capital——"

"The aspect of the times looks for war, does it not?" suddenly asked Madame von Veldeck of her opposite neighbour.

"Indeed, madam, I can lay claim to so little political sagacity," returned the visiter, "that I would be far from giving a decided opinion: I will say, however, if it be so, happy is it for the energies of a country, which must have become enervated by so long a peace."

"What, sir!" interrupted Mr. von Veldeck, "do you vote for war? Are you an advocate for such a horrid abomination in any civilized land as war? I shall be glad to hear your reasons."

Here then was a question very opportunely raised, in which there were plaintiff and defendant, and which had every chance, therefore, of meeting with a full discussion. The gentlemen drew round the fire, and Gustavus was no more mentioned or thought of than if he had not been in existence.

The day following this passed off much in the same way, and with it the term of the young man's punishment. On the third day, Madame von Veldeck, without consulting her husband, desired the maid that brought in the breakfast "to tell the young gentleman that they were waiting breakfast for him, and would be happy to see him."

Veldeck was about to say something.

"The third day is past," remarked his lady; "Gustavus has borne with patience the punishment so unfitted to his years, so wounding, so degrading to his best feelings; surely that is enough."

Mr. von Veldeck drew down the corners of his mouth, but he made no reply. The nephew came in, kissed the hand of his uncle and aunt, and took his place at the table. The past was not alluded to in the least, and, to all appearance, peace was restored again; yet, upon the whole, there was little real improvement; the touchwood of a contrary will still glimmered on in the nephew, and spread around him wider and wider every day.

More than a year had now passed over. It came now to that

point that the future destination of Gustavus must be decided upon. His own wish was, to be allowed either to go into the army, or to apply himself to farming and agriculture; his uncle's taste and views had turned, time out of mind, upon a place in a chancery office. This path he had seen adopted by many of those he knew; it was so convenient, it had so many directions, that to prefer any other appeared to him as monstrous and impossible. Hereupon there arose great and frequent disputes, more serious as the present subject was of more moment than the former childish occasions, and Leonora considered it her duty to step between the contending parties, in a case that so nearly concerned her foster-son, not only as a peace-maker and mediatrix, but also as a person upon whose opinion not a little depended,—feeling, as she did, inclined to second the views of Gustavus. A war matrimonial and domestic was thus declared, and unpleasant scenes followed each other in quick succession.

There died about this time, in a town some distance off, a celebrated antiquary, whose rare and valuable collections of all kinds were to be sold by auction directly after his death. Printed catalogues were sent to all the amateurs and dealers in works of art; Mr. von Veldeck received one, of course; he found articles therein that he had long wished to possess, and determined, for the first time in his life, upon a journey of more than fifty miles, and upon an absence from home of more than two months. Leonora, whose health had suffered visibly, in many respects, by the events of the last few days, was not sorry when she saw the prospect of a time that promised her a little more quiet and a little less quarrels; and so the preparations for the departure of Mr. von Veldeck were carried on with great diligence and punctuality. That worthy gentleman, as the reader must have perceived by this, was rather peculiar, with a spice of the *l'enfant gâté*, still at work in his composition. As long as his lady had tried by gentle entreaties to alter his purposes, he had resisted her with manlike firmness; when she began to speak in a more decided tone, he had become quite quiet and condescending; not that he had therefore lost sight of, even for a moment, his main point in the case of his nephew, of which he thought now more than ever; the speedy removal, namely, “of the odious Gustavus” from his house, provided always it might be managed in such a way as to leave him nothing to fear from the censure of the world, nor from a host of objections on the part of his wife. He had, accordingly, taken his measures quite in secret; this time not “necessary steps” were impediments to his progress, and he had brought it at last to this, that Gustavus was to have board and lodging with Professor * * *, of whom he took private lessons, and who had always behaved to the youth with the most marked goodwill. Then came the prospective advantage. “It was quieter in the house of the professor than in his own, for that worthy old man and his wife, who was also well stricken in years, lived exceedingly retired. Gustavus would get a two years’ course in one twelvemonth, and would be the sooner ready to be introduced by the learned tutor, (who was tolerably well read in political subjects,) gradually and properly, into the real study of men and things. All this was precisely, carefully,

and secretly arranged ; not a word was dropped about it until the very morning of Mr. von Veldeck's journey. When the luggage was already in the carriage, and the family were all at breakfast, Mr. von Veldeck began to make known his purposes and plans, and announced to Gustavus, " that he would be domiciled in the house of his old preceptor in eight days' time."

Leonora turned very pale. Gustavus stood still as marble.

Mr. von Veldeck finished his coffee, and then arose very quietly from the table to fetch his greatcoat. At that moment up started Gustavus. All the blood in his system seemed to dart into his face, and, with eyes which flashed like lightning, he called aloud, " No, uncle, no ; that I will NEVER be, you may rely on it."

" Hoity toity !" said his uncle, gently, putting on his greatcoat all the while. " What is all this about ? Do you mean to say, sir, that you will not go ?"

" Never, uncle—never."

" Have you then the power to choose what you will do, or what you will not do ?"

" You are dealing with me, sir," answered the young man, with some spirit, " as if I were a child some seven years old, who, without any will of its own——"

" Yes, right, without any will of its own. A good word truly, for that is exactly your case, my young sir," interrupted Veldeck. " What are you now, I should be glad to learn, but the mere creature of my will and pleasure ? All you have, sir, all you know or hope for, is from *me*. I do with you what I find to be the most for your good ; and I take the liberty, certainly, of never asking for your consent." Whilst he was saying this, the master of the house had accomplished the task of getting on his greatcoat, and now took up his riding-whip and hat.

" Mr. von Veldeck," answered his nephew, in a graver and much altered tone, " I acknowledge your goodness to me, and I have been always sensible of it ; but in the moment that you reproach me with your benefits conferred, they are all just cancelled, and I stand in my relation to you perfectly free and independent."

" Gustavus !" cried Leonora, beseechingly.

" You free ! You independent !" exclaimed Veldeck, forgetting the manner of gentleness he had before determined on. " How dare you say such a thing, you impudent fellow ? You are, sir, let me tell you, entirely under my dominion, and it rests with me——"

" Nothing in the world rests with you," rejoined Gustavus, with eyes sparkling with passion. " I disown your favours—I——"

" Gustavus !" interposed Madame von Veldeck. " For my sake, pray control yourself."

Gustavus saw the deathlike paleness of his aunt, and how much she trembled.

" Aunt !" he replied more quietly, " for your sake I will bear anything ; but when your husband——"

" How ! sirrah ?" shouted Veldeck ; " am I not your uncle ? your mother's brother ?"

" The brother certainly you are," returned the youth with much bitterness, " who, with a fortune at command, let my mother, my

poor widowed, broken-hearted mother, fall into a condition of want and misery; and then left her to die in her wretchedness." And with this last speech of Gustavus (as the reader will readily suppose) the final barrier of moderation and forbearance which had stood between the uncle and his nephew was completely destroyed.

Veldeck quite foamed with rage; raising his riding-whip, he held it over his nephew as if about to strike him. At sight of this, Gustavus lost all command over himself. Blind with fury, he seized the wood-knife which was lying on the table amongst his uncle's things for his journey, tore it from its case, and, flourishing it above his head, cried, with a fearful voice, "If you touch me, uncle, it's as much as your life is worth."

His uncle started back in horror. Leonora threw herself between the angry parties, and held the arm of Gustavus. He wrestled with her. Veldeck, as soon as he saw himself supported, raised his switch once more. Gustavus made another movement. At this instant, Leonora, in the greatest anxiety possible, caught hold of the wood-knife. Gustavus drew it out of her hand. A stream of blood spirted out directly after. Leonora uttered a loud shriek, and staggered forward. The youth let the hunting implement fall, caught the fainting lady in his arms, and held her in unconscious amazement. The master of the house called aloud for help. Gustavus knew nothing but that Leonora, quite senseless and wounded, through his fault, was lying in his arms. His uncle might have struck him, had he been so inclined; he would have suffered it without being aware of it. But just now the young hero of the scene began to tremble more and more violently every moment; so much indeed, that Mr. von Veldeck was obliged to hasten up to him, to give him his aid. The two principal actors in this startling scene assisted to convey the swooning mistress of the house to her bedroom, when, all on a sudden, Gustavus also, without a single cry, fell senseless on the ground.

Mr. von Veldeck was in the most frightful embarrassment. The man who could endure nothing so little as to have sick people in his house, because the whole ordering and arrangements in it were completely upset by such a thing, saw, at the same instant, his wife covered with blood, and his nephew lying lifeless before him. He rang the bell—he called the whole house together: the hue and cry was raised—physician and surgeon were sent for—the servants jostled one another, and nothing was done. The surgeon soon arrived. He pronounced Leonora's wound to be of no consequence, and her fainting the effect of fright. He ordered the nephew to be removed from her presence, that the fair invalid might not be disturbed.

At this moment it was that Leonora unclosed her eyes, saw Gustavus in the arms of the servants, pale and motionless, uttered his name with a loud shriek, and sank back again in a swoon. All this was a fresh thunderbolt to her husband, and a fresh occasion to curse his nephew, as the main cause of the disaster.

It was the work of some hours to bring Leonora to herself. Her first question was after Gustavus. Mr. von Veldeck tried to quiet her; but she rested not until a message of inquiry was sent to the

young gentleman, and she had learned all. He had recovered himself. His own name, loudly called by her "dear voice," had first restored him to himself. His first motion was, when the messenger came, to hasten to the door. He was forcibly held back. His uncle had given his express prohibition; and the physician, who understood Leonora's constitution, had enjoined the greatest peace and quietness. The effect of all this was, that the violent and high-spirited youth received a strict injunction "never once to think of entering his aunt's room before her perfect convalescence."

"Besides this, Mr. von Veldeck had sworn aloud that "his wicked and impenitent nephew," as he called him, "should never again come into his sight;" and so everything fell out very conveniently: which, amidst all the bustle and alarm, the uncle looked upon as no small good chance. His journey also had now been interrupted. If he set off so late in the day, it was no longer in accordance with his "precise arrangement," with respect to his putting up for the night and the other stages; and, in short, he did not wish to leave the woman who, for his sake, had stood between him and the fury of his passionate nephew, so immediately afterwards. It was, to be sure, particularly unpleasant; but he submitted, like a reasonable man, to what he could not help. The post-horses were sent away, and the journey fixed for the morrow. Towards evening Madame von Veldeck became very ill; the pain of the wound, the alarm of the scene, and more than all, the prospect of the threatened separation from an object to which her heart was wont to hang with such a living warmth, laid prostrate her bodily powers. Gustavus certainly was never mentioned; but her tears flowed incessantly the whole day, and towards evening her state became so much worse, that Veldeck feared that he would not be able to start the next day too, and fell into one of the worst humours in the world. It turned out, however, that he had no cause for his present anxiety. Leonora fell, towards morning, into a quiet sleep, and when she awoke, she was evidently more composed. She herself now advised her husband to delay his journey no longer. That worthy gentleman secretly congratulated himself that it had all passed off so fairly; he started then at last, and left Leonora to her own cares and feelings. She asked several times after Gustavus. The answer was, that he was in his own room. To have him sent for—no; that she could not bear just yet. So the second day passed away. Her own maid was to remain with her during the night.

Leonora did not sleep much; at times it seemed to her, in the deep stillness that surrounded her and that reigned through the whole house, as if she heard, very distinctly, a low sighing noise. She looked about her; her attendant had fallen fast asleep; she would not wake her. Everything remained as before, and she slumbered again. When daylight began to dawn, she awoke once more. Now she thought she heard a gentle and suppressed sobbing. The waiting-maid was awake, and was sitting up in her bed, all drawn up together by her increasing fears.

"What is that?" said Leonora, arising, and getting on her feet. "Do you hear nothing, Hülfe?"

"Ah!" replied Hülfe, "I have heard it for a long while, ma'am.

I have not been to sleep for this hour. I have, I am sure, looked about everywhere; there is nothing to be seen. I only hope, ma'am, that it is no omen. My good master is away, and—"

Leonora could not help smiling at the girl's simplicity; far other thoughts arose in her mind. That low and mysterious noise seemed to come from the anteroom; now adjoining this was the library, and the gallery of copperplates, much treasured by Mr. von Veldeck, in which no one ever slept; then you came to the bedroom of Gustavus. Willingly would she have arisen to ascertain the truth; that, however, she durst not do, and the maid would not give up her secret.

The tones complained of had, meanwhile, since the conversation in the bedroom, let themselves no more be heard. So Leonora observed a strict silence, but it was at the cost of her sleep, and the dawning day found her with a heart agitated with most strange sensations, half pleasing and half sad, the cause of which she herself knew not how to unriddle.

At the appointed hour the doctor and surgeon came. They were satisfied with the course the sickness had taken; they permitted Leonora to leave her bed, but they enjoined the strictest quiet, and avoidance of every mental excitement. The day seemed to her indescribably long. She could have liked to be read to. Visits she durst not receive, and Gustavus—Gustavus, who read so beautifully—she could not venture to have called. The night was like the preceding one: the sobbing and the sighing let themselves many a time be heard, and on the next day the old trusty Martin walked in with the physician and the other medical man, with tears in his eyes, "that the doctors might have her permission to see his young master also. He was downright ill," he said; "had not been in his bed for three nights, and had taken scarcely any nourishment. He had wished to have told all this yesterday; but his young master had instantly besought him to leave it alone. To-day, however, he had such a dying look, that he could be silent no longer."

Leonora began to tremble, and her tears burst forth. "Let Gustavus come over to me here this instant," cried she; "I must, I will know what is the matter."

The doctors advised her against such a step, and crossed over to the bedroom of their new patient. Leonora awaited their return in great anxiety. They came at last. They had found Gustavus in a vehement excitement of mind, with strong fever, and pains in the head. They declared that they could tell nothing as yet—they must wait to see what course the illness would take. In the meanwhile they prescribed some light food.

They were no sooner out of the house, than Leonora dressed herself in much haste, and seating herself upon her sofa, to convince Gustavus that she was no longer ill, she bade Hülfe call him in.

An irresolute and hasty step was heard in the gallery intervening between the two rooms, and Gustavus appeared at the door. Grief, surprise, and joy, impeded the voice of both. Each was startled at the appearance of the other. Gustavus made a few moves forwards, and, dropping on one knee, hid his face in both his hands, and remained in that position, as still as if he had been made of marble.

Leonora, with her sweet and gentle voice called him by his name. He stirred not. She called again—she looked on him—his bosom was bounding high and fast, as the bosom always does when under the influence of the passions, or of some deep emotion, and a kind of febrile shudder was agitating his limbs. Weak as she felt herself, she yet rose from her seat to comfort, to help him. Just then, the young man looked up; he saw his poor aunt hastening towards him with arms outstretched, but with a walk so faltering and uncertain, that it seemed doubtful whether she would reach the place where he was, without falling. With the quickness of thought he sprang upon his feet, to prevent her if possible, and, with a suddenness that took him quite by surprise, the lady sank, weeping aloud in his arms. Now it was that tears also gushed from his fine expressive eyes, and both aunt and nephew found in their tears some relief, and not a little composure. Gustavus led his aunt, in the tenderest and most careful manner, back again to her seat, bowed down once more on his knee before her, and began to accuse himself of his fault with so much contrition and remorse, that Leonora was moved much more deeply thereby than by all that had gone before.

She herself had long forgiven him. She had told him so; but that was not enough, she must pronounce solemnly the sentence of pardon; and she did so then, with a glance dimmed with tears, directed to the heaven above her, and with a prayer for “its blessing upon her son.” The last word was overheard by Gustavus, from the deep fervour with which it was uttered.

He replied on the instant, “Mother! dear mother! Yes; let me, then, be your son, a name which contains within itself all that I count dear on the earth.”

Madame von Veldeck laid her hand on his shoulder—“Good, then,” she answered, “you shall be my son; and I assure you here, in the sight of God, that I will love you and take care of you as a mother ought!”

“And now, mother, dear mother, now hear what I have to say—nay, to implore. I have sinned, I know, most unpardonably against my uncle, who, let him have whatever faults on his side he may, remains still my benefactor, and the brother of my own poor mother. I am sensible of this, and beg you to write to him that I am sensible of it. And more, much more than this, the permission by you, kind, gracious being, of this new, of this dear relationship, has breathed within me new resolves, hopes till now not even dreamed of, and a new and living principle of action. I repent most deeply of all my past errors; but I am determined not to rest satisfied with mere repentance—with repentance yielding no fruit, or unproductive of better conduct. I will improve my character—I will conquer my evil genius, those stormy and hitherto uncontrollable bursts of passion; and if ever they should arise in future, I will submit to whatever penalty they may incur. Yes,” continued the young man, after a moment’s pause, “my uncle von Veldeck may put in force against me every, even the hardest, the most degrading punishment. I will bear all without a murmur, without a word—I will think that it comes from a father’s hand, and is, and can be, no dis-

grace. But, O my mother! my mother! there is one thing that he must not venture—that no one in the world must venture to do—he must not send me out of his house, he must not part me from you. My heart, alas! tells me, sweet lady, that I cannot live without you.” At these words his tears flowed afresh; he leaned his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Leonora was alarmed at the violence of this excitement; she was alarmed, more particularly, at the last expressions of the young man, at his unconcealed grief, which a responsive feeling in her own bosom taught her so well to understand and to interpret. A sudden flash, as it were of lightning, made bright to her view the recess in the hearts of both; but, too tender-hearted, from all that had gone before, or too exhausted by what she had suffered, she found not the strength, just now, to struggle against it—against herself.

Gustavus recovered himself once more. “Mother, dear mother! will you write *that* to my uncle?”

“Most willingly, my dear son,” replied Leonora, while she tried to regain her self-possession.

“Will you explain everything to him? But oh! he is not to turn me out. *It is my death, dear mother, if I must leave you.*”

“You are too much excited, dear Gustavus, and I also am too much agitated to be able to talk over so weighty a subject with fitting calmness. Come and sit here by me; let us both first get more quiet; then we will consider everything maturely together.”

Gustavus was quite obedient. With what delight did he take the place near his aunt, which, for three painful days, he thought, by his grievous fault, he had forfeited for ever! He held her hand continually in his own—his eye hung upon hers—he endeavoured to spy out her every wish—to anticipate every want that her condition might require—he brought her the medicine—he reached her everything her wounded hand did not permit her to hold, and found himself so happy since the obtained forgiveness, as he had never believed that a man was capable of becoming.

Madame von Veldeck now learned, in the course of the conversation, that Gustavus had passed the two last nights (if the truth must be told) in the anteroom adjoining her bedroom, lying upon the bare ground, that the sobbing and sighing had been his voice, and that he had found no rest as long as he believed her in danger; and O, sad to tell, in danger through his fault! His aunt reproved him, in all affection, for this inconsiderate conduct; she impressed on him the duty of taking care of his health; “he should, since he was also, strictly speaking, far from well, share with her her invalid’s meal; he was to spare his health and strength in every possible way, that she might not have to go through, she said, all her terrors and anxieties over again.”

Gustavus promised to be everything she could desire. “Ah! was he then so singularly fortunate,” he used to reflect, “as to be able to pass the whole day with his darling mother?—could he read to her,—converse with her—confess to her whatever was born of his full, his happy heart—every thought, every movement of his pure, ingenuous mind? And, above all, was he permitted, in her presence, to pro-

ject the plans and the hopes that were to be the pillars and ornaments of his future years.

It was the loveliest hour in Leonora's dull, colourless life. The tender attentions of a heart entirely devoted to her affected her the more from the little she had been used to such happiness, and in the genial beam of a true love, her oppressed being raised itself up. The spotless soul of her foster-son unfolded itself, with every coming day, more amiably before her, and it was not till now that she learned to know all the riches of his heart, in which she reigned undisputed, or the strength of a passion, which Gustavus took no pains to conceal, seeing that he looked upon it as nothing but the attachment and gratitude of a son to his foster-parent.

Leonora, however, looked deeper and more scrutinisingly—her own feelings gave her the key to the feelings of Gustavus. With horror she discovered in her own bosom the strength of a partiality, of a passion, that even she, woman as she was, beguiled by custom and circumstances, had mistaken for a disposition of mind far more peaceful, far more innocent. Upon her, the elder, the more experienced, now devolved the duty of managing this admitted emergency as it ought to be managed. This, at last, was her resolve: "Gustavus, in the first place, should never be enlightened concerning the nature of her feelings; the veil of maternal kindness should certainly never be drawn aside, which alone made it possible to give to these feelings another and less dangerous direction."

There stood, it must be owned, a hard struggle before her. She dissembled not to herself the difficulty of the same; but she perceived, just as clearly, that the welfare of the youth, whom she loved above everything, depended upon the apt management of this very dilemma, and so she stood prepared for every denial and every personal risk.

To be continued.

MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.¹

" And tell of all I felt, of all I saw."

CHAPTER I.

Love and moonlight.

" If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray ;
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower."

St. Martin's abbey (la Badia di San Martino) lies at the distance of four miles from Parma, in a south-westerly direction. It was from immemorial time the residence of a wealthy Benedictine monastery, which a few survivors of the fast-receding generation of our fathers may remember to have seen in its highest splendour. Hiding its origin among the remotest traditions of the country in the dark ages, that holy community had managed to thrive amidst the frequent convulsions that changed the aspect of all things around. A happy haven placed beyond reach of the tide of human passions, St. Martin's lands were not known to have ever been trodden by the hoof of the trooper's horse, or saddened by the blasting look of the exciseman. Penetrated with a deep feeling of christian charity, those pious solitaries had impartially blessed all standards, and equally prayed for all governments. The day had even been, when they had themselves been the government. Don Ferdinand of Bourbon, infant of Spain and last Duke of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, not unfrequently held his court at St. Martin, and his ears were constantly besieged by the paternal admonitions, by the watchfulness and solicitude of those worthy friars. The example of his father, Don Philip of Bourbon, a hunter and a warrior, who had been dragged to death by a mad horse through the woods of Colorno, had early warned the young duke against the dangers attendant upon the wild sports of the field, and inspired him with a taste for humbler, but safer pursuits. He dismissed hounds, horses, and foresters, abolished the bloody laws of the royal chase that set a man's life on a level with a deer's, and ridding himself of the French Jacobin philosopher Condillac, his tutor, who bored him with his theories on the "rights of nations and duties of sovereigns," he fondly repaired to the hospitable board of St. Martin's refectory, betook himself to the edifying functions of

¹ Continued from p. 129.

psalm-singing and bell-ringing ; or, in leisure hours, and after confession, he started in quest of adventures, hunting peasant girls in the neighbourhood—a more harmless chase, upon the whole, and attended with less danger than that to which his hot-headed parent had miserably fallen a victim.

But the blissful days of St. Martin were soon over. Duke Ferdinand, after having purchased and repurchased his own states from the never-to-be-sated cupidity of Bonaparte and the French directory, with utter exhaustion of his subjects' pockets, was at last involved in the universal ruin of the inoffensive but impotent potentates of Italy ; and no sooner had he died of chagrin or of indigestion, than a regiment of French Sans-culottes, who needed no prayers or blessings, and heeded no excommunications or exorcisms, seized upon the cellars of the convent, sang their *ça ira* in the choir, and planted their red-capped pole before the high altar, let the monks loose upon the world, and set fire to their nest.

The lands which had been adjudged to the conquerors, and successively passed from the Transpadane to the Cisalpine, from the Cisalpine to the Transalpine republic, and hence to the empire, were finally restored with pious fidelity to their legitimate owners at the epoch of the happy restoration of 1814. But the scattered Benedictines, who had not found the wide world so much to their taste as the fattening hen-coop of their cloisters, and who chose to repair to the silent shades of monastic seclusion, were incorporated with the monks of St. John, a religious order of the same denomination in the capital, and the ruins of St. Martin's Abbey were left to darken and moulder in silence and desolation.

The lands which the monks of St. John were now too rich and too blessedly idle to farm for themselves, were given out, on a long lease, to a friend of mine, Judge Cornaro, who, without understanding an iota of agriculture, and without giving himself too much trouble about it, divided his time between his magistracy and his rural cares, kept up by the profit of his extensive farm the lustre to which his dignity entitled him in town, and secured for himself and family a pleasant summer residence in the country ; for such is the excellence of that bountiful Lombard soil, that it can afford to support at once, without murmuring, labourer, farmer, and landlord, court, church, and state, together with the strenuous Austrian soldiers, whom Heaven in its Providence appointed to rule and protect it.

The modern farmhouse or villa had been built on the spot of the left wing of the monastery, facing the ruins of the church, and had been constructed with its very materials. It was a plain two-story building, surmounted by a dove-cot in the shape of a donjon, with mock loopholes and battlements, and a large portico in front, under which the inmates used to sit reclining on long straw settees on a summer evening, waiting for the refrigerant coolness of the western breeze.

On the left, at a little distance, was a cluster of white but squalid huts or cottages, interspersed with huge haylofts, promiscuously inhabited by numerous families of what were once the menials and vassals of the monastery, now the free, but not less ragged and starved

labourers of the soil ; and further on, the stables and dairy, kept up with a cleanliness, airiness, and comfort, constituting the chief pride of the Lombard peasant, who seems proud and happy to show you how far better sheltered and lodged, and fed, are his cattle than is himself.

On this side, the view was closed by a lofty mound, in the shape of an artificial hill, covered with dense shrubs, and garlanded by a crown of twelve aged oaks of such a portentous growth that the ground on which they rose had been decorated with the hallowed name of Mount Lebanon—a foul profanation at the least, since under their perpetual shades were once the ample cellars, the butchery, and the ice-house of the monastery, and which had now been given up to elves, goblins, and witches, who held there their abominable conventicles, and played over again the unholy scenes of orgies and debauchery, which, in the heyday of monastic revelry, those dark caves were slanderously said to have witnessed.

The convent, church, and premises, had occupied a wide extent of twelve acres, which was still surrounded by a large but shallow ditch overgrown with reeds, and planted all round with a long row of Lombardy poplars, tracing the limits of what was once the capital, the main citadel of the domains of St. Martin, and to which the privilege of asylum was exclusively extended. From the main door of the church, which, according to ancient custom, opened to the east, there ran a narrow and shady avenue, paved with flag-stones, and likewise planted with venerable looking poplars, which might, perhaps, remember to have witnessed the instalment of a hundred abbots, as they majestically rode on their white, richly caparisoned mules of state, amidst the acclamations of their happy vassals, bestowing benedictions on the heads of the prostrate multitude. The avenue ended in a low and dilapidated gateway, protected by an iron gate and drawbridge, showing that the holy inmates of St. Martin trusted their safety to carnal, not less than to spiritual weapons. All around, the view was tame and circumscribed, as is often the case in level countries. There was no lake or river to enliven the scene, and wherever the eye was allowed to roam beyond the line of poplars that confined it, it rested upon yellow corn-fields, orchards, and richly-laden vines, hanging in wide festoons from their elms. There was, however, no dusty road, no paltry house, no sign of human habitation, in sight. The happy owner of that sequestered spot was “lord of all he surveyed,” there was nothing to prevent him from fancying that that ditch, and those fields, and those trees, were the end of the world.

It was at the close of a sultry day, early in August, 1830. The sun was setting behind a huge mass of summer clouds, drawn up in a long line on the west, projecting in bold relief from the deep azure of the firmament, dark and motionless, like a range of gigantic rocks, towering over the main. The glare of the last sunbeams seemed drowned in the density of those heavy vapours, but their craggy outlines were hemmed by a fiery purple, which, even at that late hour, preserved too much of the intensity of an Italian sun to be endured by any eyes but the eagle's. Occasionally, a flash of lightning

would shoot across the gloomy opacity of those phantom clouds, and, as the stillness of evening prevailed, you might have heard the faint growl of distant thunder, gladdening plants and animals with the tantalising appearances of refreshing showers which the first fanning of the night-breeze was soon to dissipate.

The shade of the old abbey fell lengthening and widening on the rich grass of the churchyard, broken here and there by shattered oriels and dismantled doors, and by wide chasms in the walls, the vestiges of the rapid work of time, and of the ravages of man. The evening breeze still lingered on the parched foliage of the ice-house hill, like a young bird rocking upon its native branch, and fluttering in fear and hesitation before venturing on its first flight. The waters lay still and unruffled, reflecting the ineffable calmness of the heavens that gazed upon them. Presently the hundred and fifty cows of St. Martin's stables were driven slow and reluctant to their night-shed, and the plaintive notes of the herdsman's flute died faint and languid on the stagnant air. Presently the half-cracked bell of the abbey steeple tolled the solemn peals of the *Ave Maria*, and the soft sigh of eve seemed to spread over the whole of creation. The time had long since gone by when the brazen warning of that evening monitor would have thrown the faithful on their knees, but still, even in our more sceptic age, all eyes were, as if unconsciously, lifted up to the sky; all lips were silent, and even the children that were playing their pranks under the roofless aisles of the abbey, ceased for a moment their chirruping, and came to their mother in silence. It was not a sublime, not even, perhaps, a romantic, but it was, at that moment, an irresistibly happy scene.

Under the portico, as I have said, my friend the judge, and his domestic circle, were enjoying the coolness of that sweetest of all hours of the day in all countries, and of all countries sweetest in Italy. The judge was leisurely reclining in his arm-chair, his right leg across its arm in an attitude rather in accordance with the manners of the new than of the old hemisphere. He was a man of indolent habits, over head and ears plunged into those sweet but not always decorous comforts to which married people and fathers of children seem to claim an exclusive privilege, founded on what they consider their titles to the gratitude of society. He had on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his stockings fell loose and rucked to his heels. By his side were two of his friends, one a dyspeptic literary man, a member of the Arcadian colony of the *Armonidei*, and author of a few sonnets in the style of Petrarch—the other an antiquarian of great repute, who had illustrated the ruins of the lately discovered Roman city of Velleia, and who was afflicted with a nervous complaint of a frightful nature, which he had spent half his life in successfully endeavouring to define. My friend's wife was seated on an opposite sofa, a nice, graceful person, with a little face of exquisite loveliness, and a small but elegant figure,—a thing of air and light, who seemed to dance and bound, not to tread, over the path of life. She was then almost entirely engrossed by the care of her fair elfin children, three blooming daughters, and a little spoiled urchin, who gave her great uneasiness by his ungovernable fancies for climbing the tottering walls

of the monastery, and playing over the brink of the ditch, in the pursuit of every bulfinch or butterfly that ventured within reach of his play-grounds. She found time, however, to answer the pretty things that a neatly-dressed coxcomb of a young advocate addressed to her with incessant assiduity, and never forgot her lazy husband or his invalid friends, nor even another lucky mortal, who occupied a seat on her sofa, immediately by her side—your humble and devoted servant, courteous reader.

She was one of those perfect models of feminine grace, tact, and amiableness, such as, I must confess, are found more commonly in France than in Italy, and never, for aught I know, or very seldom, in pious and honest old England: one of those who have the great talent of sufficing to a whole community, who set every one at his ease, and make every one pleased with himself, who talk no Latin or Hebrew, no scandal, who prate not of caps, mantillas, or fur-collars, who know, as it were, how to converse upon nothing, and whose conversation, however, gains more and more upon you, until it becomes a luxury which, for the whole world, you could not be induced to give up.

Those two hypochondriacal invalids, with drooping heads and woful countenances, the nervous archæologist and the dyspeptic Arcadian, now mere wrecks of men, had been numbered among her most ardent admirers before her marriage, and had always continued, under the appellation of friends of the husband, or friends of the house, to rank in the vanguard of the long train of beaux of all age, of all condition and humours, whom the gentle sovereign contrived to drag along with her, chained to her chariot. It was long since the gallant attentions of those disabled veterans had ceased to minister to the foibles of female coquetry—it was long since, broken in spirits, and penetrated as they were with the all-engrossing importance of their infirmities, their egotistical conversation had sunk like a dead weight upon her; yet she welcomed them, and listened to them with an earnest interest, with a devotion, with a perseverance, with an unaffected cheerfulness, to which they could not boast, in their better days, to have ever been accustomed.

She underwent the ordeal of the long details of their real or imaginary complaints, she indulged them in their endless meteorological disquisitions, until, by imperceptible transitions, she directed their thoughts to the reminiscences of by-gone years, electrified their shattered frames by the mention of their youthful pursuits, and ended, not unfrequently, by hushing the throbs of their self-torturing brain, and laughed them out of their fears.

Nor these alone, but a hundred such sufferers from mental or bodily distempers, crowded her drawing-room, during her evening levees in town. Fallen statesmen, hissed authors, and broken-hearted lovers, repaired to the shrine and knelt at the feet of that universal "*consolatrix afflictorum*," to whom misfortune, in all shapes and conditions, seemed to have an undisputed right of access.

Gifted with an elastic imagination and a glowing soul, not less than with an astonishing versatility of genius, and a profound knowledge of the inmost folds of the human heart, her tastes, her feelings, and her humour, nay, her very age and countenance, seemed modified by the

reflection of the different characters with which she was successively brought into contact. She knew the topic that went most directly home to every heart—she struck upon the chord to which the most sensitive fibre readily responded—she addressed the sympathies that were to be most happily awakened.

Truly, such rare talents had in early life originated, and had been principally employed, in the gratification of an innate desire of pleasing. But the gentler sensibilities of feminine tenderness had soon gained the ascendancy over the wanton aspiration of womanish vanity; and those very charms, those winning smiles, those almost unconscious arts by which she had once conspired against the peace of inexperienced hearts, were now turned to the more pious purpose of promoting the happiness of all beings around her, and her friendship had healed more wounds than, in her brightest career of success, her coquetry had ever inflicted.

Still, could not such an unlimited, although eminently beneficial sway be wielded without strong opposition: nor could the love of scandal, so vigilant in the small towns of idle Italy, so much more widely and perniciously spread than the vice itself of which it is intended to be the censor, suffer Marina Cornaro to be necessary to so many devoted hearts, to rule, to soothe, to bless with impunity. Reared in the hallowed solitude of her parental roof, married in an immature age to a plain man of gross epicurean tastes, and by him thrown upon the wide world without discernment, she had, when a young bride, been hurried through dangers of which, to this very day, she could never think without shuddering. Her good angel had, perhaps, kept her afloat above the corruption that prevailed around her; but the world could never pardon her trophies, never could pay her the homage that the stamping of her first footprint on its slippery ways had elicited, without tainting, in some measure, the purity of that name which seemed so openly to claim public notice, and challenge the bitterest shafts of social malignity.

A mother now of a beloved family, nearly at middle age though still more than ever beaming with all the freshness of her youthful loveliness, she could hardly be said to be at rest from the long war that envy had waged against her. It was knowingly remarked, in some of the envious circles, that although there was no example of any of her ancient friends having been ever discarded or neglected, or of any voluntarily withdrawing from her motley retinue, still her choice of new candidates to her favour invariably fell upon the youngest and handsomest; and that, although there was hardly any ground to accuse her of partiality or exclusiveness, still the veteran suitors murmured against the injustice by which the claims of their long attendance was put on a level with the unauthorised pretensions of every ephemeral acquaintance. It was bitterly whispered that she wished to rule alone in her bower; that no woman could be introduced among the staring crowd of her slaves, no name be mentioned, no distant allusion made to the personal charms or the intellectual accomplishments of any of her female acquaintance, without giving her visible uneasiness; that, however irreprehensible her conduct might be represented, it was evident that all her friends were rancorously jealous of each other, and she jealous of them all.

Were I to presume to define the nature of the connexion between this rare woman and her numerous *cecisbei*, by a revelation of the circumstances that had made me one of their company, I am afraid I might greatly contribute to sanction the idle conjectures by which the unabating popularity of Marina Cornaro was accounted for by public slander. It was of an evening in carnival, nearly six months since, that I had first met her at a masked ball. That night I did not see her face, but the graces of her lively person, her bearing, her gestures, enhanced by a simple but tasteful costume, the thousand undefinable *agaceries* of her piquant conversation emboldened by the freedom of the mask, and all that could be seen of her swan-like neck, of her dark hair, of her soft dark eyes, and of her hand and foot, had been more than sufficient to rouse a fever in my veins from which I could not free myself for a season.

Still had I, for a season, kept carefully out of her reach, because I dreaded both the ridicule attendant upon every one who follows in the train of a widely-domineering beauty, and the consequence of a passion on which no hope, but the most vague and unwarrantable, could honestly be grounded. The awkwardness also of a first introduction, and of a formal enlistment in the ranks of her *patiti*, was more than sufficient to deter me from any decisive step, as well as that mixture of pride and bashfulness, of independence and rusticity, which were admirably blended from early age in my nature, and to which all other feelings had always been, and were ever after, subservient. Only, I hovered around her haunts, obeying the laws of irresistible attraction; I learnt devotion by following her to church; I bore with the throng and heat of a theatre, in my anxiety to secure a seat immediately under her box at the opera. By a strange, yet not unnatural contradiction, I repeatedly declined the offers of officious friends, and even the advances of her husband, to be admitted into her house, whilst I threw myself in her path wherever I had a chance to meet her, and to exchange a bow or a smile, to which, since that first evening of carnival, I considered myself happily entitled.

But, to have recourse to the lessons bequeathed to us by the wisdom of the ancients, "the insect that dwelleth too long in wanton circumvolitation around the flame of a taper will end by singeing its wings." On a bright, moonlit evening, when the whole fashionable world of our petty capital repaired, for a cool walk, under the shade of the linden trees of the Mall, I found myself, by some unaccountable accident, seated on the same stone-bench with her; and without being indebted to the introduction, or enduring the close inspection of my well-wishers, after a few minutes of delicious *tête-à-tête*, I had completely forgotten that there existed any other creature in the universe besides her and myself.

That evening I walked home with her arm in arm, while the "*turba minor*" of her twenty-one cavaliers, who had, by this time, gathered around, and whispered and wondered at the unceremonious impertinence of the new intruder, followed, in a long procession, the sleepy husband closing the rear. The day after I paid my introductory visit, I was ever after the most assiduous at her evening *conversazione*, always the first arrived, and invariably the last to take leave.

When, at the end of July, the family left town for their summer residence at St. Martin, there was no longer a shade of doubt as to the line of conduct that remained for me to follow; and every day, in the hottest hours of the afternoon of the hottest of Italian summers, I mounted my favourite charger, and, in less than half an hour, made my appearance at the gate of St. Martin's Abbey, my steed and I half baked by the heat, and half stifled with dust.

And yet, did I love her? To any one that might have presumed to put to me so unvarnished a question—even to any one that should have ventured to mention her name before me, or utter a hint about the object of my untimely rides—had it even been one of the very few bosom friends that I could now afford leisure to keep—had it even been the dearest of my sisters, the answer would have been one of those frowning looks with which nature had so providentially armed my countenance, and which had power to blast all curiosity in the bud, and hush all further inquiry.

But to you, gentle reader, with whom I voluntarily come to an open confession, under whose inspection I am to make the dissection of my heart, I must, in consequence, deal as plainly and sincerely as I would with my own conscience. Now, when an interval of nearly ten years has laid a tenfold stratum of oblivion on the raving visions of—by what name shall I call, or with what colours shall I paint, the indefinable interest that concentrated all my feelings upon her?

I was then hardly in my twentieth year, and the oldest of her daughters might easily have been taken for my sister. The wildest prepossessions of love could never have made me blind to the fact that the lady was nearly twice as old as I. In the grave air, too, and in the admonitory tone which not unfrequently she affected to assume, in the fondness with which she dwelt on the past, reviewing with an astonishing accuracy the signal events that have thrown so awful an interest on the earliest part of our century, and the private vicissitudes that had influenced her own destinies, or shifted the circle of her extensive acquaintance, in the mixture of scorn and regret with which she recalled her “long forgotten triumphs,” and appealed to her veteran adorers for their assent to the glowing descriptions she gave of the “good merry old times,”—there lurked a manifest intention of making the young aware of the distance that was between them and the “idol of the past generation,” and of the right she might claim to the exercise of her matronly ascendancy.

And yet, the buoyancy of her spirits, and the lightness of her step, the very enthusiasm by which she gave life to her “twice-told tales,” and, above all, the brightness of her eyes and the freshness of her smile, could hardly allow any one to perceive much difference between her and her rosy Mary Anne, her eldest girl of fifteen, so that even a soberer imagination than mine might have been readily induced into the belief that she was endowed with the immortal youth of the angels of heaven, to ideal descriptions of whom the lovely one so powerfully answered.

It is, I believe, among the least definable of the mysteries of that most unfathomable of passions, love, that the inexperienced sensibilities of very young hearts should be irresistibly attracted to-

wards the charms of beauty in its sunset. Whether this is to be attributed to the confidence and ease which a lady in her maturity deems herself authorised to assume in her intercourse with a timid novice—or to the impatience with which the youth longs to act the part, and give himself the airs of a man, and emancipate himself from his childish associations—there is, perhaps, no doubt, that equality of age is of little, if of any consequence in determining our first amorous predilections. Was, then, the preference which I gave to Marina Cornaro over the youngest and handsomest of her sex, really and essentially love? In good sooth, reader, were I to say so, you would know more than she ever heard from me, more than I ever avowed to myself. Only she effaced from my mind the portraits of two or three boarding-school girls, who had, I fancied, secured their place in my innermost heart for aye. She made it impossible for me to perceive that there were any beauties, indeed any woman whatever, in the world besides her; she made me dull, sullen, and dreamy, but withal ardent, humane, and generous; she raised my humble self in my own fond estimation, and made it a necessity that I should elevate myself equally in the opinions of others—she made two-thirds of my day deplorably long, and the other third distressingly short. She interfered with all my thoughts, and engrossed all my time. She left me no relish for my banquets, no comfort in my sleep. It was of that, as of many other distempers, it exhibited all symptoms, answered all definitions of love, without being love. It was an ardour, a madness, an ebriety; a spell, a mysticism, a religion; a something, now too deeply below, now too infinitely above, the common level of what is called, love, among mortals.

Above all, it made me watch every look, every smile, every kind word she bestowed on any, even the oldest, even the humblest of her suitors, (her husband always excepted,) and bitterly resent it as an encroachment upon the rights that I fancied my transcendent devotion gave me. And my natural moodiness of temper having caused me to neglect and despise one of the most indispensable branches of gentlemanly education, that of dancing; into what madness I used to be driven, whenever any one of the strolling blind players happened to stop at the charitable gates of the old abbey, and the first notes of his crazy fiddle started the good judge from his afternoon doze—when clapping his hands, and leering at me, as if conscious of the torture he was going to inflict upon me, he cried out, “make room! make room!”—and the lovely lady stepped up with a gentle toss of her head, and led the van of her little band of children,—and for their dear sake, half-blushing, half-resisting, she accepted the hand of one of her favourite partners, and suffered his arm round her waist—to be soon bewildered in the entrancing voluptuousness of that giddy abomination to which nature has given so nervous an ascendancy over the female organisation. Then I stood as if spell-bound, gazing on, biting my lips and clenching my hands; wishing myself all the while a thousand miles off, yet never finding resolution to withdraw myself from the apartment, or my eyes from the lively groups whirling around;—the madness I was then roused into made

me fully aware of the real nature of my feelings. And such was the pang that then rent all my vital fibres asunder, that I am far, even to this day, from having got over its withering impression, so that a sudden strain of a waltz upon a violin is sufficient to give me the heart-ache for the night. For among us, in Italy, jealousy is the forerunner, as it is the test, of all love, and we are made to acknowledge the presence of the fire of one passion, when we feel our heart preyed upon by the chill of the other.

None, however, of her favourite beaux was so obnoxious to my susceptibilities as that same handsome young advocate, whom I have described as sitting by her right side on that joyous evening, from which I have dated the commencement of these memoirs. Born in the most obscure and dejected misery, and bred up, for all that was known, in an orphan asylum, he had risen to rank and consideration by the display of bright, precocious talents, and by indefatigable exertions. He had, however,—as is often the case with intellects of premature growth,—remained stationary in the middle of his career, and was still, in his thirtieth year, “nothing but a young man of bright expectations.” His manifold accomplishments, his over-refined tastes, his manners, and the advantage of personal comeliness, fitted him rather for the drawing-room than the bar; and the precarious and ill-defined appellation of a man of letters which he had, in some unaccountable manner, smuggled from French plays and novels, gave him a *vogue* which he would fain have mistaken for fame.

I had heard his name long since, and had learned to detest without knowing him; nor were my hostile prepossessions likely to abate, when I saw him first at the judge’s, where he resumed his distinguished place, as one of the cavaliers serventi of the lady, which, on account of long indisposition, he had left vacant, when I was first introduced.

The height of his spacious forehead, and the exquisite regularity of his profile, might easily have given him credit for those high intellectual faculties which constitute the real aristocracy of the mind; but on a closer inspection by eyes like mine, which—if I may be allowed to indulge in the only vanity of which I have ever been guilty—Providence had eminently gifted with the “second sight of physiognomy,” there was a slight obliquity, an imperceptible twirl in his lips that reminded me forcibly of the vulgarity of his extraction, while the close juxtaposition of his eyebrows made me suspect that the gallant young lawyer was deficient in what I considered the basis of all manly virtues—courage.

Still could I have borne with what appeared to me his meanness and pusillanimity, had I not thought I perceived that his well-turned phrases, aided by the charm of a mellifluous voice, were not always, and not wholly, lost upon the ears even of the sound-minded, high-souled Marina, whilst his caressing attentions had completely fascinated the good-natured, blind husband, who, on the other hand, needed all the remonstrances and insinuations of his “better half” to put up with the bluntness, the abruptness, and the inequality of my temper.

By way of compensation, it is true, however, that I had the children on my side, especially the two younger girls, who, except in dancing time, seemed never tired to sit on my knees, and gaze fondly and wistfully on my eyes, as if reading there, by their unerring childish instinct, the sympathy which my habitual sternness and melancholy prevented me from uttering by speech.

Upon the whole, I candidly confess it required the utmost effort of self-possession to bear his presence, and in every controversy of opinion, in every nicety of taste, in politics, in letters, in arts, he might be pretty sure to find me in the ranks of his opponents; and, although his more extensive information and prodigious verbosity gave him almost always the advantage in the judgment of the great majority of his audience, still I trusted that my warmth and earnestness, joined to a well-established reputation for candour and truth, which I had purchased at the expense of the good-will of all people I had to deal with, pleaded my cause, in the heart at least of Marina, even when arguments failed, and I was forced to give up the contest.

On these terms things stood between us on the evening of the 15th of August 1830; and as the hour of the day seemed to call forth the most benevolent dispositions of the human nature, as the field was comparatively free,—the advocate being, for the present, the only rival worth notice—and as there was hardly, at this time, any apprehension of my evil genius, the fiddling beggar, suddenly appearing to rack my brains,—I indulged in the rare bliss of unalloyed happiness, and was disposed to grant and to ask a few moments of truce.

Unfortunately, the habitual monotony of the domestic circles of all ranks had, of late, received a sudden shock, by the heart-stirring tidings of the French insurrection of the “three glorious days of July.” The ferment of men’s minds, which had never utterly subsided in Europe, ever since matters had been hastily and unsatisfactorily settled by the downfall of Napoleon, menaced to burst forth afresh by the reaction of those Parisian barricades which had sent the race of the Bourbons once more a-begging from the court of their allies. The peaceful, sequestered abode of St. Martin had not escaped the universal excitement, and while only a fortnight before the parcel of newspapers from town would have been thrown aside unsealed and unopened, now an express was despatched, in the person of an untidy dairy wench, all the way to the post-office, to minister to the impatient curiosity of the news-sifters of the mansion.

The learned antiquarian had just put on his spectacles, and received from the hands of the bare-footed messenger the much welcome packet—he had broken the seals thereof, and thrown himself back on his chair, eclipsing his person behind the huge leaves of the “*Constitutionnel*,”—the honest judge and his other valetudinarian friend had dropped a busy discussion on the poisonous qualities of a certain family of mushrooms,—our lovely hostess had sealed the mouth of her second daughter with a kiss to silence her, and the great reigning topic was ushered in for the evening.

The advocate, who, of all the company, could alone boast of an excursion to Paris, and who had made the best of his prominent organ of locality, by giving graphic details of the *barrières*, *fau-bourgs*, and *chaussées*, the field of the recent strife, dwelt now with dazzling eloquence on the ardour and brilliancy of French valour, and prophesied the forth-coming day, in which the great drama of the republic and empire were to be acted over again.

Now, every sensitive person is well aware that there is no accounting for inborn sympathies and antipathies; and, whether because my spirit of contradiction—naturally prone to impugn every popular opinion, for the very reason that it is unanimously and undisputedly assented to—had rendered me stubborn and indocile against the blind *Gallomania* then in prevalence among the Italians, or because my familiarity with the works of our bilious tragedian, Alfieri, had communicated to me his *Gallophobia*, the fact is, that there was no subject on which I felt more sore than this same praise of what I obstinately styled a nation of hairdressers and dancing-masters.

As my prejudices on that score were rather generally well known, I thought I had a right to take every word he uttered as a manifest personal provocation, and prepared myself, accordingly, to reply in as bitter a mood as his taunting manners were intended to call forth.

"French levity indeed!" he exclaimed; "you speak of that great nation with the notions of two centuries ago. It is astonishing to observe what radical revolution their manners and feelings have undergone. The French alone, in our days, are a nation of men. Why! the English are a race of shopkeepers, the Germans a set of dull dreamers, the Greeks a pack of rogues—and as for the Italians . . ."

"Oh! spare *us*, Monsieur l'Avocat," I hastily interrupted, "since you are none of *us*, and speak of the Italians in the third person, as if afraid of contaminating your Gallic nature by identifying yourself with the men of your country—spare *us*. We know what we are—we know what names you were going to call us—a poor, enthralled, beggarly race of bastards: let us alone in our wretchedness, until it may please you and your French heroes to take mercy upon us, and march to our rescue."

"Depend upon it, young gentleman," he replied, "the French will have time to cross the Alps again and again, ere any of your operative capitals be tempted to rival the heroic mob of French *ouvriers*, or your school-boys of St. Roque" (meaning the university students) "follow the example of the ardent *élèves* of l'Ecole Polytechnique."

"It is all downright romantic, quixotic nonsense," interrupted our host, yawning; "what can either Milan, or Naples, or Turin, or Florence ever do? Can you break all the power of Austria with bands of Neapolitan *lazzaroni*? Can you pelt down yonder rookery of a church with a shower of eggs? Would your *heroic mob*, and your Polytechnic scholars, be now playing their pranks on their unpaved squares, if they had had Croats and Cossacks stationed in impregnable

citadels around their walls? Would the *Coq Gaulois* be crowing from the top of the Louvre, if it had been bristling with a hundred cannon ready to blow up Paris to atoms?"

"And if the Austrians could be for a moment done away with," I added, without ever raising my eyes from my adversary, "should we have waited for the example of your heroes of the barricades? would not Naples and Turin have been free nearly ten years? Did they not accomplish their revolution with more unanimity and less of bloodshed than ever was done in France? I ask you, if we could have fair play with our governments, which of them could hold out two days?"

"Nay, if we entrench ourselves behind our ifs," retorted the advocate, sneering, "we can rebuild the tower of Babel, and take the heavens by storm. But do what you will, say what you please, the Austrians are at your doors—they are in the very heart of your country, and if France does not stand forth for you, by heaven, who will?"

"And if we are never to shake off our yoke until we owe to the French, or any other foreigner, our enfranchisement, may the Austrians sooner have the whole country, or rather may the sea swell around our coasts, and swallow up us and them, rather than the theories of politicians like you plunge us, once more, into the illusions of our fathers, and we again learn at what cost an enslaved people can change one master for another."

"Very good! If you are too weak for the Austrians, and will have nothing to do with the French, then teach me by what miracles nations are to be saved. But why speak of the Austrians? Your priests and your monks, your superstitions and prejudices, are by far your worst enemies. Italy is not ripe for liberty—you talk of what you know nothing about. Nay; no offence, I hope. I only meant that you have never travelled; you love, more than you know your country. Do you know what we are? I say *we*, because I was born in Italy, though I pride myself on being a citizen of the world. We are a set of vain frivolous wretches, eternally dwelling upon our national glories, eternally blinded by the dust of our ruins. What with Rome, and Venice, and Florence, with Dante, Galileo, and Tasso, we fancy we can conjure up legions of heroes from every tomb of our dead. Every nation has its own age, and ours is past long since. What are we, that we should refuse the aid and sympathy of France? What are we, what shall we be, a thousand years hence, if we be left to ourselves?"

"What are we?" said I, "I will tell you. We are what your French heroes of 1789 have made us."

"Tut, never tell me," rejoined the advocate, "the revolution of 1789 was only an experiment, a sad but luminous experiment. The republicans of France had all Europe to deal with. They could not be very scrupulous about the means which were most likely to secure success. But the insurrection of July is the dawn of a better day, and I will pledge my honour that the French will amply repay their natural allies for the wrongs they had to endure, and lay the basis of a better republic on the principles of universal enfranchisement."

"Just so," started up our nervous antiquarian, raising his glassy eyes from the newspaper; "these are the proper words of La Fayette's proclamation—'La Meilleure des Republiques' and 'Un trône entouré d'institutions republicaines.' Gentlemen, I have the honour to announce," he added, with a quaint look of self-importance, "to announce the elevation of the Duke of Orleans, ci-devant lieutenant-general of the kingdom, to the throne of France, on the 7th of August, 1830."

"What!"—"No!"—"Impossible!" exclaimed about half a dozen voices, with utter astonishment. Hence, among a thousand similar expressions of surprise and disappointment, and numberless conjectures as to the probable consequences of the turn things had so unexpectedly taken in France, the subject of our national question was tacitly set aside.

"Well!" finally concluded our sanguine Gallomaniac, winding up a long dissertation about the claims of Louis Philippe to the favour and confidence of the liberals of every country—"Well; I see; the French have felt the necessity of union and harmony, and determined upon a choice that will prevent all future collision, that will reconcile all parties and interests. Admirable choice! Now for Poland and Germany—now for Spain and Italy! The day is at hand for all lovers of liberty. Away with national prejudices! I am a citizen of the world, and my countrymen are all mankind. What matters it who gave the first signal? But there is a set of proud, independent youths," he added, glancing leisurely at me, "who would refuse to go to paradise if the devil bid them; who would fain persuade us that they are more than a match for French and Austrians to boot; who care not for liberty, if it is to be had too cheap."

"And I know another description of beings," I replied, "who flatter themselves that liberty is to be had for the asking; who will fight with no weapons but the leaders of a French newspaper; who never believe in virtues and energies they don't feel in their heart; whose theories lead to nothing but distrust and despair; who fancy themselves of a different cast from their countrymen, because they wear their waistcoat after the latest French cut; who affect cosmopolitical maxims, because they shrink from the duties their bleeding country has a right to lay upon every virtuous citizen."

The eyes of Marina were upon me, and I continued, with an enthusiasm of which I had never believed myself capable. "What have you done for your country—you, Monsieur l'Avocat,—you apish importer of foreign fopperies,—you lisping stammerer of French gibberish—you cracked organ of pseudo-democratic quackery!—what have you done, with your thirty years of empty life—what, with the eminent faculties that public rumour attributed to you? By what privilege do you erect yourself into a censor of your countrymen, and are you exempt from the shame that you lavish upon others?"

This was said with more warmth than polite conversation admits of, and the animation which had coloured my countenance whilst these words were uttered, gave place to a deadly paleness, and a light nervous shivering, the never-failing outward signal in me of every deep, sudden emotion. I felt I had trespassed, and endeavoured to

assume a more tranquil tone. "No! the French have too long and too deplorably disgraced the cause of liberty, and abused its name, when they had, in an evil hour, assumed its mission. Woe to Italy, if she have not yet learnt at what rate are French sympathy and fraternity to be valued! As for myself, I am nothing—less than nothing. Until this day my interfering in political matters would have been mere childish presumption. But the hour is coming when Italy shall need the co-operation of every true heart; when the arm of the humblest of men will have weight over the balance of her destinies. God speed that happy hour! But should even circumstances prove adverse to our long expectation," I added, starting on my feet and stretching forth my hand, and unconsciously raising my voice, as I gradually relapsed into my former excitement, "I call every man present as a witness of my sacred engagement—the sun of this day next year shall not rise on the world without finding me either successfully acting at the head of a band of true patriots, or languishing in the squalor of a dungeon, or the misery of exile."

Here I threw myself back on my chair, half ashamed of my want of self-possession. The vehemence of my speech had found echo in no heart but one, perhaps, and the advocate perceived at once the advantage that his natural coolness afforded him over the headlong rashness of his inexperienced competitor.

"The last contingency is most likely to be realised," he observed, after a dead pause, and with admirable composure; "the days of Gustavus Vasa are not to be easily brought back in this selfish, matter-of-fact age of ours. Young man," he added, with an air of deriding benevolence, "I do not blame you for your juvenile ardour, though it can lead you to no better result than your own ruin and that of others; nor do I rebuke the rash words in which you were pleased to pass your sentence upon my conduct. We know but little of each other, nor is it likely we shall be better acquainted. Yet, for your own sake, I would advise you to be always cautious as to the persons you admit into the confidence of your revolutionary schemes. I need not remind you that you can have no fair play with your tyrants, and that an open enemy soon ceases to be an object of apprehension for them. Reflect—undeceive yourself. Why, do you hope that they would ever make a martyr of you? What would they gain by hanging or banishing you? No; they will pity you; they will laugh you to scorn. Be wise: have patience. Your day will come, too, but at present

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
Tempus eget.

I have not thrown down my gauntlet to Austria. Indeed I have not. Why should I? How could I? Italy has not too many champions that she may afford to lose any by a vain untimely bravado. But the feelings of a patriot can find more than one way to come before the public, baffling the all-watchful suspicion of tyranny, and perhaps a deeper impression can be made on Italian hearts by a few apparently unmeaning lines, artfully thrown into an idle ballad, than a whole volume of your open invectives could ever achieve. Pray, have you read '*Il Castello di T.?*'"

"Have I read it! I have thrown that pamphlet on the dust, and trampled it under my foot in utter disgust, without inquiring any farther about its subject or its author, revolted at the cowardly servility of the dedicatory epistle to the profligate woman"

"Hush, Raimondo, for Heaven's sake! Enough of politics for the evening," exclaimed Marina, in a deprecating voice, without allowing me to finish the phrase. But I perceived that my instinctive wrath had found the weak side of my adversary, and stung him to the quick, for I remarked that his lips quivered with a convulsion of rage, and that his face flushed with all the heat of his heart. I learned soon after that the ballad "*Il Castello di T.*," which had appeared a few days before as an anonymous publication, recommended to the "mighty patronage of her sacred royal Majesty Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, our august sovereign," was known to everybody but myself to be the offspring of his muse.

"Mary Anne, dear," continued our lovely hostess, turning to her cherub of a daughter with a purpose to prevent any renewal of hostilities, "can't you give us some of the new music your uncle sent you from Milan?"

The dutiful girl sat down at her piano, and struck up the solemn notes of the overture of *William Tell*; and, obeying the laws of Italian veneration for their favourite art, the whole company listened in silence.

As soon as the performance was over, the young advocate, alleging some urgent engagement, sent for his horse, and abruptly took his leave. His charger was led before the portico—a huge, but lean, lank, and broken-down war-horse, whose fierce spirits the cautious rider took pains to subdue by many endearing appellations, by patting his neck and stroking his long mane, in order to conciliate his good-will before he ventured to put his foot in the stirrup. At length he was on the saddle, and off the steed went at a weary canter, his rider shrinking and stooping in his awkward efforts to preserve his saddle. He had, he confessed, from his childhood always laboured under a panic dread of a horse, and was now venturing on his first equestrian achievements only in compliance with the prescription of his medical adviser.

I thought there appeared to be a dark cloud on his brow, and stiffness in his neck, as he bowed to me, the last of the company, and stammered forth an almost inaudible "*au revoir*;" but the sincere pity I felt for the poor figure he cut on horseback dissipated the last shade of resentment I ever harboured against him, and I thought, as I turned to Marina, whose lips were curled to an arch smile of equally heartfelt compassion, that I could pardon him even his notorious agility, his unrivalled grace, ease, and elegance in dancing.

But when at last she turned her eye from the receding figure of the knight of the woful countenance, the beautiful creature took hold of my arm and desired me to take a few steps with her, offering to feast my eyes with one of the most enchanting spectacles, she said, that her lonely hermitage could present to a man of fanciful mood—the rising of the moon viewed from the top of the ice-house.

She led the way through the lawn behind the ruin of the cloisters, shunned with great dexterity the silent cots, and the threshing-floors, and kitchen-gardens of her humble tenants, and coasting the enclosure by a winding path that still bore the name of "the Abbot's private walk," we began to climb the little hillock, and were soon seated on its summit, always arm-in-arm until we had arrived, on a stone marble bench screened by the dense shade of the foliage.

We had walked in silence, and sat now, she with her head bent to the ground, both overawed by the holy calmness of the hour. My heart only fluttered with that convulsive trepidation which the gentle pressure of her arm, communicated to all my pulses. She finally raised her eyes towards me, languidly exclaiming, "Blessed evening!"

The orb of the moon had arisen in all its pomp of a night of August, and its silvery glare fell broad and full on her face. She was dressed in white, and her cape fell negligently from her shoulder as she leant softly and faintly back on her seat, her bosom still heaving with the slight exertion of the ascent. The hazel of her hair and eyes seemed to assume, at that late hour, the deepest hues of eve, and her habitual paleness received from the rays of that kindred light a dazzling lustre, which gave to the whole of her sylph-like person the spell of an unearthly apparition.

"Blessed evening!" I re-echoed; and seizing the snowy hand which I had hitherto pressed to my heart, I raised it slowly and timidly to my lips. She extricated her hand from my grasp with a gentle resistance, and raised herself on her seat, as if to put herself on her guard, her face betraying some symptoms of a slight perturbation, which was, however, neither alarm nor displeasure.

"De Negri," she said, "hear me! I took you aside from the rest of our company, because I had something to tell you. Now be still, and listen. De Negri, you are young and ardent; all your friends and your enemies, shall I say, equally acknowledge your uprightness and energy of soul, and superiority of intellect. I know you will go far if you do not perish in your attempts; yet listen to me! I have not reached this blessed age of calm and repose without my share of the tempests of life; I have not gone through my own trials and cares without profiting by the sad lessons of experience. You know my friends give me credit for my proficiency in gipsy craft—alas! 'twere a sorrowful gift at the best, and one we must pay dearly for. But do we require any supernatural faculty to read our friend's destinies in the tendencies of their nature? Do not men make their own fortune? Is it not their will they obey, when they pretend to follow only the decrees of an iron fatality? Raimondo, I will be your prophet—yours will be a stormy and a venturous life; were all the blind combinations of chance to turn out in your favour, were all the stubbornness and restlessness of the opinions of men to be subservient to your slightest desire—I know it of long, as if I had read it in the book of eternity—you must be unfortunate. You will turn all the brightest faculties of a morbid imagination into so many instruments of self-torture—you will labour with unwearied activity to build your own unhappiness. Never did I speak of the future with a more

assured consciousness—never with more intense regret—you will be unfortunate!

“Happy if you can be early persuaded of this unwelcome truth! Happy if, resigning yourself to self-sacrifice, you resolve to endure life for the welfare of others! It is an error, I believe, to think that calamity teaches mercy and humanity. See our dyspeptic friend Riccardi, how fondly he entrenches himself within the self-indulging querulousness of his sufferings. No; it is only when allied with the utmost loftiness of mind that misfortune can succeed in hurling that hideous tyrant *self* from its throne.

“Raimondo, I expect much of you. I have been listening to your hot-headed controversy with the advocate Obizzi with deeper interest, perhaps, than you could ever suspect. Thank God! Patriotism in Italy can hardly be blended with passions of a baser alloy, seeing that it hardly ever leads to any better goal than the dungeon or the scaffold. My heart leaped for joy when I heard you answering so well my fondest preconceptions of your character. Thanks to Heaven! The first cause to which you will fall a victim will then be your country. Heaven knows it is a generous cause, though I feel it is a hopeless one. I, at least, am certainly too old to see it prevail.

“Only, if you are to immolate yourself in a fruitless attempt—if you are, by the loss of your happiness, perhaps of your life, to sow the germs of the future redemption of Italy, be your sacrifice made at the highest rate, be it honoured and lamented as the calm considerate offering of true heroic devotion, and not derided as the rash lavish waste of a worthless existence. Beware of *self*! It steals to our hearts under a thousand disguises, it blends and identifies itself with our purest motives. If you love your country better than yourself; if love of fame and thirst for public applause do not lurk behind your ardour of patriotism, you will commit yourself on no hasty and immature enterprise. You must not act by chance, and merely obey an instinctive want of action, but wait until you have secured the success of your cause, or until you feel certain that you cannot succumb without ennobling it by your example.”

I stood before her overwhelmed by the tumults of passion that such a speech was but too calculated to awake in a young breast.

“And if I were to realise what was always the brightest dream of my life,” I finally contrived to reply—“if I were to lay at your feet the sword of the successful champion of Italian enfranchisement, or if my name should be read not ingloriously in the list of proscription,—may I ask you,” said I, once more taking hold of her hand, “may I ask you what I should be in the eyes of Marina Cornaro?”

“Alas!” she answered, in an austere, and yet a plaintive tone, “what could you ever be for me?—what should I ever be for you? Raimondo, do you know me? Do you know what a worn-out, withered, old heart lies hopelessly dead in my bosom? Raimondo de Negri, once more, beware of *self*! What! are you dealing in virtues, and asking for recompense? And yet, why should it be otherwise? yours are but the feelings of your age, and love, after all, is a selfishness that excludes or absorbs all others. Well, then, pursue the path

which lies before you, and there will be no lack of youthful hearts—others than mine—to answer the yearnings of yours. Be brave, loyal, and faithful, sir knight,” she said, rising from her seat, and gently tapping my shoulder; “and the fair shall reward the toils of the brave—since you want any other lady of your thoughts than fair Italy.”

The smile which accompanied these words inspired me with a boldness which, I must confess, the tenor of her conversation by no means tended to authorise. A sudden rush of passion flew to my head, and I was seized with a dizziness which made all things swim around me.

“Marina, my soul!” I cried, “can I think of any other lady but the angel I press to my heart?”—and as I said this, suddenly rising, I threw both my arms round her waist, and clasped her violently to my bosom. Her ringlets flowed back in a disorderly profusion, as she threw back her head with a start of amazement, receding from my touch as far as her slender and elastic frame would permit. I looked down on the lovely face that scarcely reached my breast, rapt in a wild contemplation, before I dared to bring into effect a guilty but irresistible desire, which had, almost since our first acquaintance, kept my veins in a constant feverish ferment, and disturbed my dreams with a thousand tantalising images, against which no sense of duty, no effort of reason, could avail me—the desire of kissing her lips.

In that eventful moment, an owl, probably perched on the branches of one of the aged oaks that spread their luxuriant canopy over our heads, uttered a querulous shriek. The Italians have a superstitious dread of that ill-omened bird, and though I had lived to be ashamed of such vulgar prejudices, yet the suddenness and immediate vicinity of that cry had such a startling effect, that my grasp relented. My lovely prey freed herself, without effort, from my embrace, and in a real or affected affright she rushed down the hill, hurrying me along in her course.

She never turned round, or slackened her step, until she stopped at the door of the dairy, where she perceived, by the light of a brass lamp, that the inmates were still busy at work. We entered into the poor but clean cottage, and were offered a seat among the joyful and ruddy inmates that constituted the domestic circle of that rural family. Marina entered into long details with the seniors of the company about their cows and children, soothed their petty cares and vexations with that sweet familiarity which called upon her head the blessings of the poor. At times, she glanced rapidly at me, as I stood now before her, a contrite convict, with a downcast look, but it was always with an expression rather of sadness than reproach; and her enviable composure and unaffected compassion, while it gave me assurance that my audacity was forgiven, made me aware of the ungenerous imprudence of my conduct. When we rose, on our way home, she took my arm without the slightest shade of mistrust, and I pressed her hand with less tenacity than before—the awe of veneration greatly prevailing, for that moment, over affection; and my feelings towards her once more relapsing into their habitual state of perplexity.

The rest of the evening was spent at the mansion in a languid and

dull conversation, in which the judge and the two invalids took the principal share. The supper was announced, and when we rose from table about midnight, I ordered my horse to be saddled, and leaving the two other permanent guests at the abbey, I took my way home.

I rode leisurely and reluctantly, repeatedly turning my head towards the towering oaks under whose conscious shades that fateful scene had taken place, which, I felt from that very moment, was to have so great an influence over my future destinies. I turned towards St. Martin's spire, towards that dwelling with which my most fervid and yet most vague and unutterable feelings were so mystically associated, as if labouring under some strange apprehension that I should never see it again, though, in fact, nothing apparently prevented it; and on the contrary it was understood, as a matter of course, that I should reappear at the gate, according to my wont, on the morrow. My ardent and spirited charger seemed to have caught the pensive mood of his rider, and to share my religious veneration for the holy stillness of the night, so light and gentle was his tread, so grave and measured his pace. The intelligent animal pawed against the oaken posts of the town gate, to summon the sleepy old porter, a drunken, grumbling, veteran, who ought, by that time, to have learnt to await my arrival, and who, nevertheless, never admitted me without muttering curse upon curse, as he unfastened bolt after bolt, against all nocturnal ramblers who thought they had a right to disturb other people's rest, for the only reason that they could find none for themselves.

The streets of the metropolis of Maria Louisa's extensive dominions were plunged into so deep a silence and loneliness, as to afford no faint image of the city of the dead. The clatter of my horse's hoofs over the broad pavement of the *Piazza del Duomo* had a solemn, ominous sound, which forcibly reminded me of the dismal tramp of the enchanted steed over the tombstones of the Moorish mosque, of which we read in the legends of Grenada. The leaden dome of the cathedral appeared in the moonlight as if clad in a silver panoply, and the glittering of the glass of its gothic oriels, under their dark ogyves, struck me as the glare of a warrior's eye beneath the shade of his visor.

"Blessed evening!" I exclaimed, as, having thrown my horse's reins to a half-naked stable-boy, who had received me at my door, rubbing his eyes in all the anguish of broken sleep, I tripped up stairs to my apartment with a bounding step, the alcohol of life flowing through my veins, as if my rooms had wanted sufficient space to contain the fulness of my heart, and as if to part with the high spirits in which I found myself, even for a few hours of necessary rest, would have been temporary suicide, I threw myself on a sofa in an open terrace before my windows, and lay, all dressed as I was, in the cool midnight air, with eyes wide open and turned towards the moon, which was throwing her glorious beams from the height of the firmament, and pouring forth her softest strains of ethereal melody.

"Blessed evening!" I repeated; and well might I dwell on the en-

thusiastic ejaculation with which Marina had opened our fatal *tête-à-tête* on the ice-house—for never did I since, in my life, lay down my head on a pillow with such a conflict of soft feelings, with such a tumult of vague, but as yet bright and buoyant presentiments, with such a crowd of angels' dreams hovering about me.

Alas! such was life in its first opening. Not a bud had yet been seared by the parching noontide, not a leaf torn by the blasting gale!

THE POET.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

WHERE is the Poet's altar? Say, O where
Bends he in fond devotion? At the shrine
Of Nature in her beauty, and 'tis there
He worships all that's lovely and divine.

What is the Poet's theme? The works of God,
His goodness and his glory; and he draws
From the seared leaf, or flower-mosaiked sod,
The truth and justice of his sacred laws.

What are the Poet's thoughts? Of all that's fair
And beautiful on earth, and bright above;
All that is rich in nature; all that's rare
In fond affection, friendship, pleasure, love!

What are the Poet's pleasures? Joys arise
And cast a heavenly mantle o'er his mind;
Fair fantasies, gem-studded, like the skies,
No cloud before him, and no shade behind.

What is the Poet's progress? Through the meads
Imagination strews with fragrances;
And all is joy, till Disappointment leads
Him onward where the heart's last blossom dies.

What are the Poet's pains? To find Neglect
Weaving a loathsome web o'er Fancy's dream,
While Envy holds her mirror to reflect
The shrouded hopes of every blissful theme.

And what is his reward? The future's praise
Breathed by the lips of beauty, and the tear
Called forth from gentle eyes by his sweet lays;
The ray of glory flashes on his bier!

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XV.¹

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ANTHONY MALONE.

"Omnia conveniebant Antonio in mentem, eaque suo quæque loco ubi plurimum proficere et valere possint. Erat summa memoria—nulla meditationis suspicio; sed ita erat paratus, ut judices, illo dicente, nonnunquam viderentur non satis parati ad cavendum fuisse. Verba ipsa non illa quidem elegantissimo sermone, sed tamen Antonius in verbis et eligendis, et collocandis, et comprehensione devinciendis nihil non ad rationem et tanquam ad artem dirigebat."—DE CLARIS ORATORIBUS.

DURING the administration of Lord Townsend, Mr. Malone acted with great independence, and proved himself as good an adviser as he was a steady though not a precipitate patriot. His lordship, brother to Charles Townsend, whose portrait Burke has so beautifully drawn, was sent over to remodel the state of parties in Ireland, to break down the oligarchy, which stood between the Castle and the people, and gave strength, according as it inclined, to one or the other. Lord Townsend's instructions were to leave nothing unaccomplished to weaken the influence of the great families—the Kildares, Ponsonbys, and Boyles—who were now firmly arrayed against the government. If this policy were successful, the national hope was likely to be extinguished; but it was fortunately defeated in its most essential points, although the most extraordinary and unconstitutional efforts were tried. In other hands the result might have been different, but, of all men, Lord Townsend was the worst adapted to effect this object. He had no judgment—no tact—no knowledge of men—no skill in detecting the motives which influence human conduct. His morals were loose—his habits of life disgracefully intemperate; and he sought no other end, and pursued no higher object, than the gratification of his passions. His favourite pursuits were wine, women, and fox-hunting, and he knew no other pause in his profligate debaucheries than a few hours of sickly and surfeited sleep. And he was as obstinate and precipitate as he was corrupted. Trained in the camp, he carried into the council all the unbending severity of an arrogant temper, accustomed to command; he listened to no arguments when they interfered with his desires—he scorned all reason where its suggestions were most needed. The privy council resembled more a court-martial, where an arbitrary sentence was to be passed on the nation, than a deliberative body whose wisdom was to be consulted. He insisted on the submissiveness of its members to all his crude and dangerous plans, regardless of the consequences which all but himself foresaw: if they hesitated, as they sometimes did, he threatened a forfeiture of their places and pensions—a menace which generally had its due effect. A physician, named Cunningham, known in the *Barataria* as Don Cunninghambo del Tweedalero—a thorough "fingering slave," and an unprincipled

¹ Continued from p. 142.

parasite of the first water, was his chief adviser—he preferred his glozing to the entire council, and prorogued parliament, and protested against its constitutional rights, whenever *Tweeddale* so recommended. The only man who made himself heard, and often awed by his wisdom the boisterous violence of his lordship, was Mr. Malone. Though a ministerialist, he was yet a fast friend to the integrity of the Commons, and would sanction no line of conduct that would weaken their privileges. When Lord Townsend and Tisdal supported a scheme to detach the Ponsonbys from the opposition, he resolutely opposed it. He knew well that the aristocracy, which ruled the Commons and intimidated the Castle, was an evil, but he also saw that its political existence, when considered in relation to the state of Ireland, though an evil, was a necessary one. Without its co-operation the nation might be crushed in a single day, for the people were too weak to resist, and their representatives too corrupt and unsteady to make a decisive stand. They sometimes acted with a show of energy, but their firmness was delusive, for no sooner did the aristocracy side with the government, than the opposition dwindled down to a weak and unpopular minority. Mr. Malone understood this flow and ebb—he made the experiment to create an independent party, and failed. Lord Townsend's next step was to create an immense number of places in every department, with the avowed object of angling for the opposition. Against this corruption he inveighed much more strongly than the former. The viceroy listened with more than his usual patience, and applauded the eloquence of his "sturdy colonel," as he used to call Mr. Malone, but he did not the less relax; and in this the majority of the privy council admirably harmonised with his wishes, for all had longing hopes to dip their fingers in the public purse. Commissioners of the revenue were doubled, and half a million was expended in prostitution.

Not content with the infamy and odium arising from this proceeding, he went a step further, and repeated the flagrant violation of parliamentary justice adopted by the Duke of Dorset—that of taking from the Commons, and vesting in the privy council, the origination of a money bill. Tisdal, as great a prerogative lawyer as old Noy himself, recommended it. Hely Hutchinson and Mr. Malone opposed it. Townsend, resolved to conquer or be conquered by the Commons, insisted on its adoption by the council. "Mind," said Malone, "I have given my advice—my hands at least are pure—do, Mr. Attorney-general, as seemeth best to you, and indeed the government has need of all prudence." When the bill was introduced, it was attacked by Mr. Flood with great spirit and eloquence, and was rejected. Lord Townsend, mad with rage, immediately prorogued parliament. "If you do," said Malone, "you throw oil on a blazing fire." But the viceroy cared not that the kingdom was in flames—his rashness sustained a defeat, and he vented his ill-suppressed indignation in entering a protest on the Lords' journals. The Commons, on this occasion, acted with becoming spirit—they ordered their clerk not to insert it without the permission of the house—an indignity which Lord Townsend retaliated by not convening it for fourteen months. After this ill-timed prorogation, the

Castle set to work more earnestly than ever—the whole powers of seduction were brought into the most active and shameless operation. A representative had only to set a price on his merit, and he was sure to receive the full amount of his unstinted estimate. To obtain titles and honours, it was only necessary, as a writer of the times observed, to be vain and venal. The work of debasement prospered, as it has generally done in Ireland—the baits were numerous, but there was no lack of voracious pikes. When the Castle caterers discovered that a majority was secured, it was deemed high time to reassemble parliament. The privy council was unanimous in its propriety, with the exception of Mr. Malone, who dissented. He saw what all the others did not see, that there were serious objections to convene the parliament at that particular time. The viceroy, however, was immovable. A resolution once taken was with him a resolution for ever. He praised Mr. Malone's prudence, but disregarded it, and in February 1771 assembled his faithful Commons to disgust them by his arrogance, and, if possible, deter them by his tyranny. The people expected much from this semblance of Castle justice, but they were soon bitterly disappointed in their hopes of the viceroy and their confidence in the parliament, for, on the first day, their supporters were 107 to 132. Corruption had its effect on the Commons, for, instead of vindicating their rights, they had the unparalleled baseness to move an address to his Majesty, thanking him for continuing Lord Townsend's administration. This was not enough, for an address was also voted to himself, testifying their whole and unqualified approbation of his conduct! When this despicable and degrading piece of hypocrisy was moved, the Speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, sooner than put the question from the chair, generously resigned, and Sexton Perry succeeded him. When Lord Townsend, some days after his triumph, was congratulating himself, in Mr. Malone's presence, on his good fortune, he observed—"It is, no doubt, pleasant for your lordship, but I doubt its stability. If you wish to be a favourite with the people, you must remove the panniers from their backs. Take my advice, and cut down the commissioners in time. I know the temper of the house—if you don't do it—trust me they will." Old Anthony's sagacity penetrated deeper than the surface; he foresaw the event, for in six months after, on Mr. Flood's motion to reduce the number from twelve to seven, it was carried by a splendid majority of 46; and on the same night Mr. Brownlow, following up the success with judicious activity, moved and carried, that the whole Commons, preceded by the Speaker, should go to the Castle and lay the resolution before Lord Townsend. He treated them with scornful disregard: he told them that they rebelled against the just prerogatives of the crown—that his majesty had a right to appoint any number of commissioners he pleased, and that the number could not or should not be diminished. Matters now proceeded from bad to worse at the Castle. Mr. Malone ceased to attend the meetings of the privy council, where rashness was substituted for counsel, and defeat and disgrace followed every movement of the administration. At length it was fairly checkmated. As if the elements of dissimulation were not already

sufficiently powerful, an altered money-bill was introduced, which so exasperated the nation, that the parliament, whose sympathies with the people were not altogether extinct, negatived it without a division. Lord Townsend still hung on ; but the opposition, wearied with divisions productive of no benefit, at last determined to strike a decisive blow. It was moved that, "Whoever advised the King, after the resolutions of November, to appoint the new commissioners, had recommended a measure contrary to the sense of the house." Here was a direct issue between Lord Townsend and the Commons. Flood was unusually powerful and bitter in his condemnation of the viceroy—it was personal, and at the time considered highly injudicious. Hutchinson, with his habitual tact, did not fail to make the most of Flood's personalities against the administration. On a division the numbers were equal, and the casting vote of the Speaker decided for the Commons. Mr. Malone did not speak, but voted against the resolution. This was a direct censure. Various attempts were made to smooth it down, but all was unavailing. Lord Townsend's power of securing majorities was gone. He at length yielded to the indignant cry of the nation, and fled ingloriously from Dublin at the dead of night.*

* After his departure the following mock inscription was proposed to be erected on a commemorative pillar. It has not much point or wit, and is perhaps somewhat severe. It was generally attributed to Flood, who bore him an implacable enmity ; but whoever was the author, it is valuable as a fair epitome of his personal character and public administration.

* * * *

He came to Ireland professing and practising
Every mystery of corruption,
Waging war against
Power, Ambition, and Integrity ;
And accordingly his administration was
Absurdity, Impotence, and Profligacy.
During his residence, the powers of his office
Frequently compelled him to confer favours,
But a capricious nature and barbarous manners
Defended him from the returns
Of Friendship and Gratitude ;
He never, therefore, made
A Friend.
He was
Unassisted in his difficulties,
Unpitied in his disgrace,
And unlamented in his departure.
He uttered falsehood from the throne
In the name of the King.
His conduct in government was
A disgrace to him whom he represented,
A reproach to those who appointed him,
And a curse to those whom he governed.
He was a mimic,
A scribbler,
A decipherer of features,
A delineator of corporal infirmity.
He was not
A Statesman,
A Governor,

The people raved with joy. Flood, Burgh, Perry, and all the opposition members, were suffocated with acclamation. The triumph was certainly a brilliant one. The Commons had asserted their dignity in the midst of the most hopeless corruption, and after a succession of defeats. The event was worthy of celebration, and the gladness of the people was proportioned to the event. Lord Townsend was not suffered to rest—he was pursued with epistles and satires of all kinds; some sarcastic and sharp enough, particularly the witty pasquinades of Langrishe—some vehement and logical, as Flood's—others cutting and fiery, like Grattan's. In this hurricane of letters and libels, the privy council was not forgotten. Its members were violently assailed in public journals and street ballads, and what was wanted in wit, was amply made up in the most riotous ribaldry. Unpopular as Mr. Malone was with the multitude, every reflecting mind gave him credit for honesty throughout that crisis. In continuing to support the government, they knew he acted from pure though perhaps mistaken motives, and they felt the beneficent influence he exercised. In the storm of lampoons, Mr. Malone was alone left untouched. Venerable in his wisdom and his years, defamation shrank back and touched him not. To the honour of the nation, the services of the great champion of 1753 were not forgotten—his old age was spared the misery of national ingratitude. Men remembered the days of his youth, and pardoned the apparent inconsistencies of his old age. Two years after, when he sank into his grave, he was honoured with a public funeral. It was attended by a great number of the peers, and more than two hundred of the commons, the bench, the bar, and all the citizens of Dublin. He died in April, 1776.

It would be unjust to the memory of Mr. Malone to pass over the deep interest he took in the relief of the Roman Catholics from the oppressive disabilities under which they laboured. Sprung from Roman Catholic parents, and educated in early life in the principles of that belief, he never forgot the strong claim they had on his best sympathies, and he discharged the obligation with equal zeal and affection. When his career commenced, the penal code was in full and active operation; the poor measure of toleration which was granted by the revolution, inadequate as it was for any general relief, found no favour with the dominant party, and, instead of carrying it into effect, the penal rivets were driven still deeper. The laws, in the oracular language of the bench, "did not presume a papist to exist in Ireland;" and it will scarcely be believed that so late as 1723 a

A Soldier,
A Friend,
Or a Gentleman.

His wisdom was fraud;
His policy, corruption—
His fortitude, contempt of character;
His friendship, distrust—
His enmity, revenge—
And his exploit, the ruin of a country.

clause was unanimously adopted by the House of Commons, to castrate every Catholic clergyman who should be found in the realm. To the honour of Lord Chesterfield, he was the first who cut up this monstrous system—Roman Catholics were allowed the free exercise of their religion; he treated the rumours of Popish insurrection with unaffected scorn, and his confiding generosity was nobly requited; for when all Scotland rose at the call of the Pretender, he sent over all the regular troops in Ireland to reinforce the royal army, pledging his honour for the good faith of the Irish Catholics—a faith which was not broken. On one occasion Mr. Malone alluded to this circumstance with the most thrilling effect. "Treat them," said he, "even with the gentleness you treat the beasts of the field, and they will be as plastic to your wishes. *Quid non nosmet ipsi vidimus?* We all remember their noble conduct in the Scotch rebellion—it would be ungrateful to forget it—more ungrateful still not to repay it." In and out of office he was the firm friend of toleration; his views in this respect were more comprehensive than those of any statesman of his time; and when Lord Avonmore said, "the wisdom and free scope of Mr. Malone remind me of John Locke," he rendered him a noble and not unmerited compliment. In 1769, when some very trifling concessions were demanded by the Catholics, Mr. Malone supported them in a speech of great splendour. Few will question the admirable good sense and philosophy of the following :

"Never has reason pointed out the procurement of new advantages to mankind than men of narrow hearts are found to come forward with a formidable array of apprehensions, proclaiming that evil and not good will be the unavoidable result. Speak to them of liberty in any of its forms—liberty of parliament, liberty of conscience—nay, even men's natural prerogative, liberty of speech, and we are instantly assailed with cries of danger, as if society were about to dissolve into its primitive elements. Every progress in the freedom of mankind has been gained through a conflict with those mischievous men, whose auguries are as wicked as they are unfounded."

Here he was interrupted by a violent bigot, who passes in the debate under the generality of "an honourable member," and who tried one of those arguments which intolerance for more than half a century afterwards practised with the most lamentable success—that excess on the side of safety was preferable to excess on the side of destruction, and that to admit Catholics to any additional privileges in the tenure of lands would be giving sanction to future rebellions." He ended his observations with some harsh remarks on Mr. Malone's advocacy of "Popish traitors."

"I do not," said Mr. M. in reply, "object to the indistinctness of your political vision; that is natural from the character of your intellect, and the habits in which you have been trained. But I do object, and shall ever stand forward to annihilate those absurd and common-place doctrines which weak men employ because they are weak, which they dogmatically propound because they know not what they say. I am no friend to treason—I abhor rebellion, and if there be any species of it which I hate more than another, it is rebellion against common sense. The honourable gentleman has said that the measure would give a sanction to

future sedition. The meaning of the phrase is not very intelligible, but if it means anything it means this, that to lean to the side of improvement is dangerous—to lean against it is not dangerous, and therefore it is imprudent to resort to even the most partial improvement. Has the hon. gentleman read history? Has he learned its lessons, that he may profit by its wisdom? If he did, which I doubt, experience has been lost on him. A growing community has never been kept in slavery. When it acquires sufficient strength to resist, it will—ay, and it ought to resist every measure, well founded or ill founded, which is incompatible with its liberties. What a poor portion of long accumulated evil is remedied by this demand! it is mean, niggardly, and inadequate, and yet it is opposed with the most bitter resistance. Believe me, the safest way to legislate is to improve; do it gradually and slowly if you will, but at all events improve. It is better to enfeeble rather than strengthen the spirit of discord. Men can never become good citizens so long as their most indefeasible rights are withheld, and the safety of the kingdom can never be secured so long as treason to every principle of justice is advocated within the walls of this House.”

In the same liberal spirit, and with the same wisdom, Mr. Malone ever acted when any step was taken to improve the condition of the Roman Catholics. He supported the Mortgage and Tenantry Acts, and more than once expressed a hope that he would live to witness the downfall of the whole system of oppression.

As a lawyer Mr. Malone was of the very highest order;* in fact, the first great lawyer Ireland had produced. Before his time the practice was altogether in the hands of Englishmen, with some few trifling exceptions—the creatures and dependents of the judges, who came over in their train, and, like them, were men of the grossest ignorance. Irishmen were scarcely permitted to hold a brief, and the display of any native ability was sure to be shaded by the marked inattention of the bench, and rigorously persecuted by a jealous and unsympathising foreign bar. Mr. Malone soon overthrew this contemptible tyranny—he scorned and unsparingly exposed the incompetency which surrounded him. In the case of Gore and Martin, in which, though only a few years at the bar, he was leader, he proved himself as profound in the law as his adversaries were shallow; and

* Mr. Grattan, in the life of his father, says that Mr. Malone was “*no great lawyer.*” Where he found this information we are at a loss to conceive. Such was not the opinion of one of his own ancestors, Chief Baron Marlay, who was much better able to form an estimate of Mr. Malone’s legal abilities. Such was not the opinion of his own father, or Flood, or Langrishe, or Avonmore, all of whom, but more particularly the last, bore testimony to his unequalled powers as a lawyer. The truth is, he was most eminent, and even a fact mentioned by Mr. Grattan himself proves him to be something more than a “*no great lawyer.*” Mr. G. had seen his fee-book, which averaged 3,000*l.* a year—a splendid income in those days, not to be acquired by mediocrity. We have taken the trouble of consulting some eminent lawyers of the present day, all of whom arrive at a very different conclusion from Mr. Grattan. We are sorry he did not supply us with some authority corroborative of his opinions, which are directly the reverse of all we have ever heard or read on the subject. Had he consulted one of his own Appendices, he would have found this encomium of Sir H. Langrishe on Mr. Malone, which he scarcely would have said of “*a no great lawyer.*” “*For some part of his life he filled one of the highest offices in judgment, which he executed with such ability as stands unparalleled in the records of judicature.*”

when one more presumptuous than all the rest talked of "the arrogance of a Popish convert," Malone eyed him with crushing contempt. "That I am a Popish convert may or may not be true—that is as much beside the question as the learned gentleman's law—but that I am arrogant is false. That attribute is a genuine importation from Westminster Hall, which honourable gentlemen bring with them as a substitute for knowledge; and though ignorance, like other weeds, often thrives in an uncultivated soil, it will soon, I trust, be cast forth to rot and wither." The distinguishing feature of his understanding was great strength, with extraordinary penetration; his opinions were as sagacious as they were sound, and in some of his decisions, which have come down to our times, there is a depth of knowledge and solidity of judgment, with a closeness and clearness of expression, strongly resembling Lord Hardwicke. He was skilled in every department of jurisprudence; equity, common, and ecclesiastical law were equally familiar to him. During the three years he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he discharged the whole duty of the equity side with equal ability and assiduity. Mr. Willis was a feeble and incompetent Chief Baron, and his associates not a whit better; and though the rapidity of Mr. Malone's judgments tempted the suitors in thirty-one cases to appeal, not a single decision was reversed. Before a jury he was unrivalled. "The three ablest men," said Lord George Sackville, "I ever heard, were Pitt, (the father,) Mr. Murray, and Mr. Malone. For a popular assembly I would choose Mr. Pitt—Mr. Murray for a privy council—for twelve wise men, Malone." This power over a jury rose not so much from his legal knowledge as from the sincerity and moral elevation of his character; and we know men at the Irish bar just now whose power in jury trials is traceable to the same source. Gifted with very few of the attributes of a great advocate, there is in their manner and language an air of truth and honest earnestness, which tells more powerfully on the minds of twelve men than the flashing of a score of orators. With this simple and effective quality Mr. Malone combined skill and address. No man knew better the winding avenues to conviction, or more surely and steadily reached it. The soul of his language was persuasion; there was a dignity and weight in all he said, which was never mistaken for the craft of a pleader. Curran, perhaps, might have had more effect on twelve of the unwise, but he was no match for Malone before Lord Sackville's special tribunal. During the riots of the southern insurgents, who styled themselves "Hearts of Oak," he was sent down on a commission to Cork. He deviated from the usual system of the criminal judges, who strung up offenders *ad libitum*, and the only limits to whose cruelty was an empty gaol. He was mild and just, and so popular did he become with the citizens by the merciful manner in which he conducted the inquisition, although associated with a judge known by the name of "Bloody Jack," who had as much law as leniency, that they presented him with an address, and a gold snuff-box, which he refused to accept.

Great lawyer as he unquestionably was, yet, by one of those extraordinary anomalies which are not uncommon among the members of that body, the titles to the lands he purchased were bad. After

his death some were disputed, and with success. A portion of his property is at present in suit in our courts. The case of Malone and O'Connor is well known. When, in the statement of counsel, we heard the title traced down from the Right Honourable Anthony Malone, we confess our feelings were of a more deep and touching interest than the feelings of those who surrounded us. We thought of the subject of Grattan's noble eulogy—of the man "who had the finest intellect that any country ever produced, and who, like the sea, whether in calm or storm, was a great production of nature"—who liberated the bar from thralldom, and inspired its members with that self-respect and confidence in their own powers which before him were unknown—who laid the foundation of that national liberty whose fulfilment he did not live to witness, and though he sometimes checked its effervescence, yet never impeded its progress. Such was the current of our thoughts while Serjeant Greene travelled through his very voluminous brief.

As an orator, Mr. Malone was not less distinguished than as a lawyer; and as he was the first to create a native school in the law, so he was the first Irishman remarkable for his eloquence—he may be called its founder. Before his time the debates were characterised by thorough inanition. There was nothing to relieve the universal insipidity of parliamentary discussion, which, since the revolution, was uniform in bald weakness. If a spark of indignation occasionally broke forth, it was at once repressed with a ministerial rebuke. There was no eloquence, for there was no feeling of independent action, without which eloquence cannot exist. It was not until he entered parliament that eloquence assumed a distinctive and elevated character. He it was who first inspired it, and though the illustrious men who succeeded him carried it to the highest point of perfection, and surpassed him in some of its loftier attributes, yet without him and the spirit he evoked, we might have missed the azure purity of Grattan—the colossal strength of Avonmore—the argumentative clearness of Flood—the intellectual intoxication of Burgh—and the wild redundant imagery of Curran. His eloquence was of a peculiar kind; it never blazed out into sudden and luminous flashes, which take the heart by a *coup de main*—it never smote like the sun-stroke of Grattan, or raged like the storm of Yelverton, but its calm and mellow grandeur was never clouded for a moment. It was simple, nervous, deliberate,—never degenerating into tameness, nor obscured by over-preciseness. If he had no impassioned flights, neither had he the languor which follows their exhaustion. Plain and unambitious in his language, he rejected all secondary ornament; he sought to persuade the mind, not to stir the passions—to convince by cogent argument, not to confuse by perplexing rhetoric. No man was ever more successful in the high mission of reason. Whatever faults may be ascribed to Irish eloquence in after years—and that there were some we do not deny—he was free from their influence. The great characteristic of his eloquence was its pure simplicity, while, at the same time, it was impressive from that keen, solid, and manly logic which is best adapted to parliamentary discussion. His appearance was well calculated to give effect to his oratory; it was striking and command-

ing, graceful and dignified. His features wore the character of his mind—they were calm and noble, his brow lofty, his eye clear and intellectual. The likeness in the *Baratariana*, which is a side one, is said to be perfect—it is one of genius and wisdom. His voice was one of immense power; it has been compared to Chatham's, and like his, when strained to its full compass, it used to be heard pealing, like the swell of an organ, through the corridors of the House of Commons.

As a statesman and patriot, his character is more questionable; but in our opinion he ranked high in both. It is true, he did not kindle the loftier principles of liberty, or form those bold and comprehensive plans for the glory of his country, which have hallowed the name and eternised the memory of Grattan; but he was, nevertheless, a great public benefactor. He rose at a time when the jealous spirit of England, as powerful as it was oppressive, brooded over the land, and afflicted the people with every form of the most revolting severity. The accumulated evil of centuries, as yet compact and solid, crushed and enslaved the country; and if the murmur even of anguish escaped the many, they were shot down as rebels, or hung up as papists. Murder and confiscation were the remorseless handmaids of the law. The representatives were scarcely in a better condition. Whenever they had the courage, which was rare, to stand up for the few privileges guaranteed by the revolution, they were at once turned out of their own chamber, and the key reposed rustily in the Castle, until the necessities of England, or the caprice of a petulant viceroy, demanded a meeting of the Commons. In this depressing state of things there was little to encourage an exalted patriotism. Swift tried and failed—so did Molyneaux; and his book was burned by the common hangman, amid the acclamations of an English mob. The people had no hope or strength—no national feeling animated their so-called representatives. Malone appeared in parliament, and a rapid change took place. His character at the bar at once gave him the leadership. Boyle, and Carter, the Master of the Rolls, co-operated with him; but of the three he was far the ablest and wisest. Under his guidance a wretched minority of twenty soon swelled to a majority; the tyranny of the Castle was broken down in a rapid succession of defeats, and a patriotic party was constructed on a strong basis, which finally led Israel into the promised land. He deserted that party, and grew unpopular. The people did not know that their representative in the senate might also become their representative in the cabinet. So was it in a great degree with him; for he never hesitated, either in the privy council or the Commons, to express his sincere opinion on the policy of measures unfavourable to popular advancement. He supported the Octennial Bill, the relaxation of the code against Catholics, the origination of money-bills with the Commons, and several other measures equally useful. His great failing was a want of firmness. He lacked that stubborn decision which was requisite to guide the affairs of the country at a crisis of complicated difficulty—a difficulty considerably augmented by the bold spirit which was then beginning to agitate people. His calm and sober judgment did not permit him to advance too far, and though he foresaw the result, he wished the nation should reach it gradually and tranquilly. He would not preci-

pitate improvement, for he deemed it injurious—neither did he check it when the time for concession was mature. He was only fitted for a period of public repose: he could not ascend the whirlwind, and control its movements—that was for less wise heads and more daring hearts. He had no meanness, no hypocrisy, no distrust; so that, with all his wisdom, he was often the dupe of men who had no quality to recommend them but an intriguing insincerity. He was deceived by every party to which he attached himself, because he was too honest to believe that men could be actuated by improper motives, for he never doubted the purity of his own. If he swerved in his conduct, it was never through the seductions of vanity or self-interest; and if he hesitated in doing good, it was through an unfounded apprehension of dangerous consequences. He has been severely censured for his weakness in the Dorset administration, though we think most unjustly. He might have retaliated on his adversaries, who desperately hated, because they had lost him—more desperately still, because they had insulted him with a power proportioned to the popular confidence reposed in him; but he was too generous to attack or give vent to a just resentment. Acting on the dictates of prudence, he concealed his displeasure, lest the nation might be involved in troubles from which he or his party had not the power of extricating it. He still continued to assist the ministry with his advice, because he saw no other hope for the country; and on the same principle he accepted office under Lord Halifax. When he brought in the bills which he was before mainly instrumental in rejecting, his enemies charged him with accepting 3,000*l.* from the secret service fund—a charge which he strenuously denied, and appealed for its falsehood to the unblemished purity of his public and private life. That he was wrong in introducing the bills cannot be doubted; but that he did so from corrupt motives is altogether untrue. Be his other errors what they may, it is due to his memory to state, that in the midst of the most disgusting profligacy, when the plunder of the public money was the general rule, and honest principle the rare exception, he showed the most scrupulous disinterestedness. He left to the less worthy the mean and filthy prostitution of their talents, and sought power, not for the sake of personal profit, but from the laudable ambition of serving his country. Taking every circumstance into consideration—reviewing his long public life, and the times in which he acted, his character must deeply attach our regard. The few and pardonable stains which inconsistency and indecision left on his fame, vanish in the general brightness. He did much for his country, he possessed many virtues, and his errors were the errors of the age, not of the man.

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

OFT to these shades have I bent my feet,
 Yet I never chanced to look
 Till now on thy still and calm retreat,
 Oh ! thou sweet and silvery brook.

Thick briers surround thy dwelling-place,
 Green rushes thy banks entwine,
 Poor little brook, what a narrow space
 Of the gay glad world is thine !

Hast thou never listened to wondrous tales
 Of the bright, bold, foaming sea,
 Where gallant ships with their spreading sails
 Are riding gloriously ?

It flings gay sea-weed and vivid shells
 From its waves in sportive mirth,
 And the wealth that lies in its hidden cells
 Is more than the wealth of earth.

And hast thou not heard of the river bright,
 Of yon ancient town the pride ?
 Fair stately swans, in their plumage white,
 On its crystal surface glide.

And at eve it is covered by a throng
 Of fairy-like painted boats,
 Which float to the murmured breath of song,
 And to music's tuneful notes.

But perchance such records never reach
 Thy quiet and sheltered nook,
 And I only vex thee by my speech,
 Oh ! thou little lonely brook.

Then a voice appeared to greet my ear,
 As the rippling brook I viewed—
 " I have pleasures peaceful, calm, and dear,
 In my tranquil solitude.

" The traveller oft from the noon-day shrinks,
 And beside me loves to stay,
 From my clear cold waters he gladly drinks,
 And refreshed pursues his way.

" The early lilies of smiling Spring
 Are scattered my brink along,
 And the wild bird laves in me his wing,
 And repays me with his song.

" I reflect the moonbeam soft and pale,
 I return the sun's bright glance,
 And oft in the stirring autumn gale
 I merrily leap and dance.

The Woodland Brook.

“ I have heard of the bright and boundless sea ;
I have heard that when tempests frown,
The ships that ride there gloriously,
Oft to its depths go down.

“ How must the mariners quail with fear,
As they sink in the stormy foam !
How must they weep for their kindred dear,
And the peaceful joys of home !

“ And yon river, in summer smooth and clear,
Is dark in its wintry mood ;
Its waters rose o’er their banks last year
In a rapid and angry flood.

“ A group of children, in laughing glee,
Attempted its force to brave,
But sank, in their playful revelry,
To a sad and watery grave !

“ For me, though I boast no power to charm,
And dwell in no signal place,
I have never inflicted wrong or harm
On one of the human race.

“ In this wood a sheltering home I claim,
And the few who hither rove,
If the humble brook they ever name,
Will name it peace and love.”

Now well hast thou spoken, thou little brook,
In thy meek simplicity ;
And in sooth thy steady and wise rebuke
Has been well deserved by me.

Through life I have sought and prized alone
Those spirits of daring sway,
Whose dazzling talents too oft have shone
To bewilder and betray ;

And have never meet attention paid
To those gentler ones of earth,
Who live in the unobtrusive shade
Of their own retiring worth.

But henceforth my ardent warmth shall be
By reflective caution checked,
None will I woo with idolatry,
None slight with unkind neglect.

And thy rushy brink I will daily seek,
And peruse thee like a book ;
For no sage more wisely than thee could speak,
Oh ! thou little lonely brook.

PUBLIC PUNISHMENTS AND POLICE REPORTS.¹

No. II.

THOUSANDS of volumes have been written on the cause and increase of crime. Some of the soundest philosophical writers have charged the acerbity of the law, through its brutalising effects, with preparing the public for the commission of new crimes ; but it does not appear that to any of the advocates for milder punishments has it hitherto occurred that punishments of all kind, inflicted publicly, have the same effect : that is, of indurating the heart, and of rendering those who witness them careless of committing offences.

Nor has it occurred to any writer, if we except one who gave a recent paragraph in the "Morning Chronicle," that the frequent mention of crime, and the description of criminals, have a morally deteriorating effect on all persons, but more especially on juveniles, and those particularly of the ignorant and distressed classes. To those who do not stoop from their positions to inquire into the substrata of society, it would be incredible were we to state the hundreds of thousands of copies which are annually sold in this metropolis, and other large towns, of the penny periodical histories of highwaymen and other criminals. The life of Dick Turpin has been written and published, within these few years, a hundred times, always meeting with an enormous sale ; there is one now issuing from a shop near Drury Lane, the sale of which exceeds all belief ; the reason of which is, that a vast variety of other criminal characters and their exploits are embodied in the fictitious histories. The avidity for this work among criminals and the lower class of boys is so great, that if at any time the issue of a number be delayed in the press, the whole neighbourhood is thronged by them. Such works as these, together with the police gazettes, published on purpose for them, form the entire library of persons engaged in crime, and few are without such a library. It may further be stated, that the same class of persons will, for several weeks successively, support a minor theatre, if a stirring criminal piece form a part of the evening's entertainment.

Jack Shepperd had audiences at five theatres, all performing at the same time, and all crammed to the ceiling. We would not be understood to say, that all persons who attend such exhibitions are engaged in crime ; we will, however, venture to affirm, that the great body of thieves do prefer this species of theatrical representation, and that a vast majority of the audience present on all such occasions are composed either of thieves or of the class out of which they come.

It may appear, and indeed it is, on the first view of the question, an anomaly in the moral history of man, that he should enjoy witnessing those scenes, either in real life or by representation, which show him his own errors, and the punishment awarded to them. We, however, know that those who are most frequently engaged in hazardous

¹ Continued from p. 173.

undertakings, employments, or sports, become the most careless of the danger to which they are exposed; whence the superiority of veteran soldiers and sailors over men who have been less exposed to the hazards of warfare.

The fraternity of criminal boys punish each other in various ways to test their powers of endurance, a penny or twopenny subscription from each rewarding those most insensible to pain. One of their modes of inflicting pain is by cutting pieces of flesh from the back of the hand, by flipping the finger from the thumb, the operator having a long nail, always uncut, for the purpose. Sometimes the back, thighs, and the calf of the legs, are selected for punishment. Boys, when committed for trial, who had no money or friends, have been known to live among their associates, and been allowed to fare with them day by day, on the condition of submitting to so many flips per diem.

It is frequently the practice to strip boys, when committed to prison, to examine their backs, and ascertain whether they have previously been in the hands of the law and been punished.

On one occasion, a boy, whose back was cicatrised, still denying that he had ever been flogged, the surgeon was desired to give his opinion—"I do not think," said he, "these marks have been occasioned by a cat-o'-nine-tails; yet I cannot account for these evidences of much punishment having been endured." With great difficulty the boy was induced to explain the cause, at the same time showing his hands, which bore similar marks of punishment.

It is necessary that danger should again and again be approached, before the nervous sensation of fear can be overcome, and the mind settled down in calmness, while engaged in dangerous or irregular pursuits. Delinquents, like others, have an instinctive knowledge of this, and at once avail themselves of public executions, floggings, and theatrical representations of any subject connected with crime, to school and discipline their minds to the calling they have or intend to adopt. Let the philanthropist and legislator but reflect on these facts, and the fallacy of devising means for the suppression of crime by *public* punishments will at once be apparent. The policy, too, on further reflection, of abandoning them *in toto*, to all philosophical minds will be manifest; as will also the expediency of letting the public know as little as possible of the aberration of individuals from the paths of honesty, and from virtue generally. It has been proved to demonstration, over and over again, that the execution, or any other *public* punishment, inflicted on any one, or any number of the great body of thieves, has no more effect on them, as a class, than the death of one or more soldiers, during the Peninsular war, had in inducing other soldiers to abandon their duty, and seek security in desertion. We may carry the parallel still further: during the time of war, the press as regularly published the account of battles, and of the thousands or tens of thousands that were slain, as it did of the numbers at any time taken out of society by the law; but does the reading of these accounts deter men from joining the belligerent armies? No. Neither does the execution of penal denunciations, or the published accounts of them, have any deterring effect on those embarked in crime.

It may, however, be urged, that public example is necessary to prevent those who travel the road of honesty from dashing out and becoming the depredators. In reply to this, it might be sufficient, had we not strong and deep-rooted prejudices to contend with, to state, that in every section of society the moral restraining influence on individuals is ever found to be powerful in proportion to the few instances of laxity offered them for example, and *vice versâ*. Is the wisdom of mankind, then, shown in exhibiting to the virtuous examples of vice? or in exciting a thirst for a draught of Circe's cup, by holding it up to their lips?

The only substantial security communities have against being plundered by embezzlement or otherwise, and that by their own members, is the moral restraint of example among themselves, operating in families, connexions, and various other ramifications of the social compact, in which the hand of friendship is held out, or refused, as individuals become known for their moral worth and industrious habits. Into all such well-regulated channels of society the introduction of police reports and session-papers is mischievous.

The Police Gazette is the juvenile thieves' horn-book; from it they learn the alphabet of crime, gathering and collecting materials every week to qualify themselves for their adopted calling. The whole fraternity as regularly read this gazette as military men do despatches containing accounts of the movements of an army. A knot out of this class, over a Police Gazette, as far as their intensity of interest is identified, might suggest to Wilkie a subject for a companion picture to his Chelsea pensioners listening to the details of the battle of Waterloo.

It must be admitted, that the anomalous character of man makes it very difficult to legislate for his improvement, when debased by a long course of crime. Man is altogether a mystery; who then shall make suitable laws for him? But let us ascertain facts, and, so far as we can, avail ourselves of them, for the benefit of the whole community.

Legislators, and the world at large, have hitherto placed their greatest reliance on public punishments as a deterring principle against the commission of crime. They also, magistrates especially, attach the greatest importance to the publication of the details of criminal judicial proceedings. Sir Richard Birnie said so much on this head, without adducing a single case to illustrate its usefulness, that it occasioned an attorney, in his presence, once to ask, whether he thought his occupation would be gone unless he had a reporter at his elbow?

Some of our civic magistrates appear to think, in the present day, that the public interest in a newspaper mainly depends on what they utter in their judicial chair.

Whether an accused person be guilty or innocent, no one is fairly dealt by whose case is prejudged. The publication of evidence taken before a magistrate always prejudices a prisoner's case; it is in the very nature of things that it should have this effect; thereby weakening, not only the effect of the majesty of the law, but the respect which all should be led to entertain for it. The exclamations, "I have not had a fair trial," "I am a man murdered by the newspapers," "My case has been prejudged," are the *dernier resort* of men con-

victed of the most enormous crimes. They ought to be deprived of this their last subterfuge—a clear, undisputed conviction doubles the punishment of a guilty man. In cases where an accused party comes out of respectable society, the publication of evidence before trial is peculiarly mischievous in its effects.

The first impulse of a warm heart, when the trouble of a friend is made known, is to rush to his assistance, or, if accused of crime, to assert his innocence, offering, at the same time, his strenuous aid to prove it; and if such proof be impracticable, to lessen the weight of the blow by bearing testimony to his previous good name. Such, indeed, is the spontaneous feeling of most men, but the publication of evidence makes them pause, and exclaim, “On my conscience it appears a bad case; I won’t be seen in it; and if he be innocent, there are others nearer to him than I am, whose duty it is to see into it.” In short, his case is prejudiced.

No man at once is wholly bad; every gap should therefore be left open for wanderers to return home. The moral controlling power over individuals is ever in proportion to the length of time they are, in early life, suffered to breathe the atmosphere of innocence. With all that has been said on the advantages of education, none are morally improved by early acquiring a knowledge of the enormities human nature is capable of perpetrating. Yet the police reports circulate these enormities to all in every class of life, and that continuously through every age. Man fell on the tasting of the tree of knowledge—knowledge of evil. The more you teach your children this knowledge, the less moral they will be—the more they taste of the tree, the more debased in principle will they become. Think not that a mere taste will suffice for them; if they once are suffered to raise the cup to their lips, they will be sure to drink deep of the poison, and at every draught will the restraining efficacy of the conscience be lessened.

Debauchees are fond of reading works which treat on their own failings; criminals not only delight in perusing books containing the history of crimes and criminals, but have a most voracious appetite for them, however disgusting in their details. Yet the conservatives of public morality sanction the daily publication of these details as a benefit conferred on the community.

How this egregious national blunder is to be overcome, is a question of great importance. Prejudice and long custom oppose any alteration in the practice. One thing, however, is certain; that the heaviest blow which could be aimed at the criminal class would be to suppress every proceeding taken against them, excepting, perhaps, their conviction and sentence.

If the operations of the police and the law could be so far brought to work as to take detected offenders out of society without journal notice and comment, it is more than probable that our criminal calendar would immediately begin to decrease. Until the lower classes are educated to a much higher degree than it is probable they ever can be, all causes of excitement are detrimental to them as a body. In their condition of life and state of intellect, the less their minds are drawn to public events the better; they have not judgment to draw

correct or useful inferences; they are wholly governed by their passions; any disturbance of which is injurious to their happiness, and that of the society with which they have connexion. It is in the very nature of crime to beget crime. The mere knowledge of its being rife in society peculiarly excites the attention of semi-barbarians, (the lower orders,) it diverts them from their regular pursuits, and occasions them continually to weigh in the balance of their minds the advantages of living in idleness and intoxication by dishonest means, rather than honestly by labour.

As all ranks of society are injured by the commission of crime, so are they all further injured by the publication of its details. The wretched urchins who run barefooted in the lanes and alleys, are, equally with the youths at boarding-schools, all, early in life, more or less tainted in morals by the practice.

The celebrated Justice Fielding used to remark, that he always knew when "The Beggar's Opera" had been performed, from the increased number of young depredators that were brought before him, and that he uniformly was called on to attend at the police-office at an earlier hour during the run of that piece, in order to get through the business in the course of the day. There is, indeed, more in this remark than is dreamt of in the philosophy of those who have charge of the morals of the people.

"Whoever," says Montesquieu, "reads with a philosophic eye the history of nations, and the laws, will generally find that the ideas of virtue and vice, of a good or a bad citizen, change with the revolution of ages; not in proportion to the alteration of circumstances, and consequently conformable to the common good, but in proportion to the passions and errors by which the different lawgivers were successively influenced."

During the period of Greenacre's imprisonment on a charge of murder, the gin-shops in all quarters of the town were every morning early crowded, and remained so till night, with drunken parties, hearing and discussing the disgusting particulars of that horrible affair. Mothers neglected their children, wives their husbands, to drink gin; and, in the excitement brought on by a morbid feeling of curiosity, listening and waiting, from hour to hour, to pick up minute accounts of the manner in which the murder, mutilation, &c., were effected; at every breath uttering horrible imprecations. Those of the poorer classes who were not at the gin-shops, were collected in knots, reiterating what they had heard of their neighbours and children. The night before the malefactor's execution, the adjacent streets were filled with women, girls, and boys, who spent the night in riot and debauchery, up to the hour of the wretched culprit's appearance on the scaffold. The noise the rabble made during the night reached the cell, within the interior of the prison, and, it is said, awoke the doomed man out of a profound sleep. Pockets were picked under the gallows, and the remainder of the day was spent in riot and drunkenness. For weeks subsequently, boys and girls were seen enacting, under gateways situated in low neighbourhoods, the scene of the murder and mutilation in mimicry. So much for the effects of example!

This unfortunate affair, it may be supposed, morally deteriorated

thousands, even in its very discussion; but who shall attempt to calculate its effects on the children of the poor, especially on those between the ages of six and fourteen, most of whom, through the excitement it occasioned, thought or dreamed, for weeks together, of no other subject.

Excitement often, in sound and educated minds, dethrones the reason, and lets loose the passions, especially that of revenge, which runs riot, and for a time annihilates the blessed principles of Christianity. How unwise then is it in our rulers so to direct the operations of the law, as to stir up all the worst feelings of the poor and ignorant!

The unschooled in the philosophy of man's nature may inquire, what sort of excitement it is that is calculated to produce these effects on the lower orders. The answer is, that species of excitement which rouses the minds of the uninformed in the categories of sober ethics, to turn their attention only to that portion of the laws which operates upon their own class, in combination with their obscured notions of right and wrong, from which most erroneous ethical inferences are deduced—inferences that are not only prejudicial to themselves, but to society in general.

How many are there in every populous town, environed with all the circumstances connected with a wretched condition—naked, hungry, houseless, and unprotected—perhaps weak from inanition and mental disability? In fine, how many are there in society who stand at that point of human infirmity of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether they are mad, or still accountable creatures? If the number of such be considered, who, among the ratiocinative philanthropists of a christian community, is there that will not feel a nervous anxiety that no unnecessary exciting cause for the commission of crime may be thrown in the way of the poor and the ignorant?

It may be imagined—indeed experience every day proves the fact—that there are, at every moment of time, thousands of minds ready for the perpetration of crime; it, however, does not follow as a consequence, that such a condition of mind should necessarily involve the parties in crime: everything depends on the environment of external circumstances, and the exciting causes connected therewith. Reason is an antagonistic or corrective force, which wars against the exciting external causes urging erring humanity on to the commission of crime. Happily reason, as far as crime abstractedly is concerned, most frequently gains a conquest; everything, however, depends on the time reason and conscience can obtain to overcome the exciting cause. With the poor and ignorant, next to their poverty and ignorance, the main exciting cause in the commission of crime is the having the details of its history every day before them. A train of criminal associations is established in their mind, every possible mode in which depredations on property can be effected is linked with these associations. Again, in the daily recurring published cases of crime, they have been in the habit of urging, or hearing others urge, arguments in defence of their criminal contemporaries, all of which are ever present and at hand to oppose the reason when the tempter comes in the night, or unawares upon them.

The predisposition to crime, like the predisposition to drunkenness and other vices, depends wholly upon the associations of the mind. It is, indeed, dangerous for those surrounded and fortified with the strongest moral and physical barriers, frequently to witness, or suffer the mind often to recur to, scenes of vice.

Of the effects of the law of suggestion operating on a mind predisposed to fall into crime, we had an extraordinary and a memorable proof in the number of executions which took place for the punishment of passing one and two pound notes, then punishable by death, the same as for the actual forgery. That which we denominate propensity is the result of an association of ideas. At the time to which we refer, the extraordinary number of executions could not fail to attract the attention of all persons; yet, surprising as it may appear, though rows of human beings were hung up together for this offence month after month, still the numbers increased till the voice of humanity cried throughout the country, *hold!* Subsequently the culprits were allowed to plead guilty to the minor offence—that is, of passing the notes—and receive sentence of transportation; and it was not till the authorities had recourse to this expedient that the number of offenders was lessened. It is also worthy of remark, that four-fifths of the offenders convicted of this crime were young men who came out of what are denominated the respectable walks of life, seeming to offer us a proof that it was the general excitement of the public mind, at this memorable era of criminal jurisprudence, that ignited the morbidity of individual minds, and suggested to them, under other predisposing circumstances, the commission of the crime. It may be further noticed, that at no period was street-theft so rife as when these executions were frequent. Some very curious particulars have come to light connected with these facts, but this is not the place for their publication; they are, however, of such a nature as to show unequivocally, that whatever advantages public executions and floggings may be supposed to confer on the public, they are never inflicted without producing serious moral mischief.

The examinations of convicted youths, in very numerous instances, have elicited the fact that their first crime was committed after witnessing an execution. May not this be accounted for on the principle that there are certain idiosyncrasies of the mind, or idiosyncrasies of constitution, which such scenes affect in a manner so as to render some persons unfit for the pursuits of regular life?

We will now refer to another period in the history of crime; namely, the *reign of Swing*—a time when incendiarism was rife in this country—a crime ranking among the most heinous and mischievous man can commit; it therefore naturally alarmed all persons possessing property, which was exposed to its attack. “Example—summary example must be made of the offenders!” exclaimed the authorities, in their laudable desire to protect the public. To this the people responded, “Inflict in every case the extreme penalty of the law; let none escape in this agrarian warfare.” The government forthwith issued a special commission to try the offenders, and the judges who sat on that memorable occasion seldom failed to impress on the culprits the enormity of their crime, and the certainty there was of

their suffering the extreme penalty of the law. This rigour was deemed necessary to deter others from committing a like offence; but mark the effect! Just as the law was rigorously enforced, so did the crime increase; and, what is more extraordinary, the crime of murder increased with it. A reference to the calendar will prove that at no period in modern times were there so many murders committed as during the numerous executions for the offence of setting fire to ricks and barns.

In one instance an agricultural labourer of previous good character arose in the middle of the night, and set fire to his own master's ricks. After his condemnation for the offence, he declared that he could not in any way account for the motive that impelled him to commit the act; further stating, that his attention had recently been much engaged on thinking of the number of executions that had taken place for the perpetration of the same crime; adding, that he often dreamed about them, and that, on the night he committed the deed, he got out of bed in a sort of bewilderment of mind, and that the devil must have been at his elbow. It will also be in the remembrance of many persons, that, at the period above named, there were several instances of young servant girls, and of one boy, several times setting fire to their masters' houses, keeping the families in which they resided, for many days before the cause of the alarm of fires was discovered, in the greatest state of perturbation and fear.

About eight years since, a body mutilated in the same manner as that of Mrs. Brown's by Greenacre, was discovered at Brighton. While the inquest was sitting, a tinman took his wife and sister to see the headless and limbless trunk; the sister was particularly horror-struck, and subsequently frequently mentioned the effect the sight had on her; but, what is very extraordinary, she herself was found mutilated in a similar manner. The murderer, who most probably was some one that had conversed with her on the sight she had witnessed, has not hitherto been discovered.

Are these not all instances of the law of suggestion operating on certain morbid feelings, yet unexplained in the philosophy of the nature of mankind?

A perusal of the annals of the horrible crime of murder will also furnish some very curious cases of a similar irresistible or impulsive power of the mind, hurrying individuals on to the commission of a deed against which the Almighty has issued his fiat, and for which the murderers can in no way account, when reason, in a measure, is again restored to them.

Whether the law is justified, under any circumstances, in depriving man of life, is not a question for discussion in this place; we are only endeavouring to bring to light, and direct the attention to, some of its effects throughout all the ramifications of society.

It is more than mere probability, that the number of suicides in England, which are said to exceed those of any other country, are in part occasioned by the publicity given to the manner and order in which they occur. We know that if any of more than an ordinary nature take place, and the public attention be especially called to

notice them through the exertions of the press, who placard these events, that we have accounts of suicides for some weeks or months afterwards in succession. The same with murders. Is this an endemic, or a contagious effect? Is it not rather a *suggestive* effect?

Would the boy who threw himself from the monument last October, have thought of that mode of death, had not the talk of the immediate previous case reached his ears? Query, would he have committed suicide at all? It would be a difficult problem for solution, either in the hands of the ecclesiastic, moralist, metaphysician, or pathologist, if they were called on to explain in what condition of body or mind persons must be in to derive benefit from witnessing executions, or contemplating and dwelling on scenes of horror. We have had many instances of good moral young men, after witnessing an execution, going home and hanging themselves. One instance occurred not long since in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell.

It is presumptuous in any man, whether in a legislative or clerical capacity, to attempt to limit or define the effects of penal or ecclesiastical denunciations.

The moral discrepancies in the nature of man defy our research. The secret of enacting laws suited to the various classes, and their diversified conditions of mind, can only be learnt from induction—by observing facts, and, as Lord Bacon would say, holding fast thereto. It is, perhaps, from a consciousness of the difficulty there is in ascertaining the effects of public punishments on society, that the Quakers have, as far as their own consciences are concerned, generally come to the conclusion of declining to prosecute for felony.

All the classes of society, however, and every sect, are interested in this inquiry; and if it can be proved that the publication of the weaknesses of our nature, as they are exhibited in the annals of heinous crimes, impart no additional strength of moral principle to those who read them, but, on the contrary, by some strange mystery in the nature of man, that such public details are mischievous, there can be no doubt but the respectable portion of the press will be the first to advocate their suppression. The "*Morning Chronicle*," as we before remarked, somewhere about the month of October last, first began to look upon the subject as we do.

It may be asked, if it were practicable to suppress police reports, what shall we do about the report of trials? If, as we hold, the reports of criminal cases are an evil, every diminution of the evil is something gained; but the truth is, that the main bulk of the evil consists in the police reports. The cases occur every hour, and are published morning and evening throughout the year: a vast number of these are never sent for trial, and many of those which are, the grand jury stay in their progress, by ignoring the bills of indictment. But the reports of criminal trials occur only at stated periods, and are so rapidly disposed of, that there is scarcely time, if there were space to be found in the journals of the day, to report a tithe of three or four hundred cases, many of which are trivial in their nature, but which, when reported in the daily police examinations, are made the most of, for the benefit of the *penny-a-liners*. Again, all cases in the police reports are laid before the public, whether the accused

be committed or discharged; this not only unnecessarily swells the number, but in some cases informs the practised rogues of the many holes there are in the law for their escape, how many prizes there are in their lottery, and, in others, holds an innocent man up to obloquy, and not unfrequently effects his ruin. As before remarked, it prejudices all cases; and if a case of enormity be reported, attended with horrible details, the public is kept in a state of excitement from the hour of its first being made known till a week after the execution of the malefactor. The ignorant and the vulgar, we know, delight in the tympanum tingle of the horrible; and, perhaps, the delicate nerves of the extremely refined may find more pleasure in reading accounts of the terrific scenes of actual life than they do in the old romances.

That such is the public taste, the press well knows; if in the construction of a sewer, or the laying the foundation of a building, a bone is found, the circumstance immediately forms an item of attraction in the placard of the week's news. Murders are represented, in their worst features of commission, from engravings, the impressions of which are placed at the head of weekly papers, to attract and obtain a priority of sale. It is stated, on good authority, that one Sunday paper, published in Fleet Street, netted a clear extra profit, out of Greenacre's affair, of one thousand pounds, after paying for the expenses of posting large bills in every quarter of the town, including, at least, an area of thirty miles, besides employing upwards of a hundred men to parade the streets with boards from day to day. Other weekly publications had, more or less, a proportionate increase of sale. Truly ours must be an enlightened society to pay so much money, merely to learn the manner in which a murdered corpse had been disgustingly mutilated! Edifying, indeed, must have been the details to the lower classes; and most influential on all the students in the colleges of delinquency!

There is nothing in man more striking or appalling to the senses than death, yet nothing among the common affairs of life less regarded when familiarised to the mind. The young heart is by nature exquisitely tender; yet there is no animal in creation undergoes so sudden a change to hardness, when accustomed to scenes of cruelty. The passions of the young, though strong, seldom impel them to take life; it requires time and an acquaintance with the frequency of these deeds to effect the change; whence it is that both murders and suicides are most frequently committed by persons more matured in age. The vengeance of the law may appear only to affect the guilty, but its limits are indefinite, and whenever it is divulged, whether in public executions or in newspaper reports, evil, more or less, is wrought. Although man must be subject to laws and penalties, yet their operation ought not to be rendered injurious to society. If means cannot be devised to silence the press, let government abolish the public punishment of death; this may tend to do away with the interest the public have in the cases of evil doers, until it dwindle away altogether. We all agree that scenes of violence, in which the lower animals only are the sufferers, operate perniciously on the human character; yet few consider how much more the public exe-

cution of human beings must have a tendency to harden the depraved and ignorant into a state of hopeless unsusceptibility to the operations of all ordinary modes of moral impression and conviction of error. When, however, the public punishment of guilt is supposed to be unjust or injudiciously administered, the evil is increased. It will not be denied that all punishments for the commission of crime are intended to benefit the community. "Every punishment," says the great Montesquieu, "which does not arise from absolute necessity, is tyrannical. The sovereign right to punish crimes is founded upon the necessity of defending the public *liberty*, and punishments are just, in proportion as the *liberty* is preserved." If, then, public punishment, and the daily publication of the details of crime, have the effect of drawing some into the commission of crime, and a tendency to demoralize all; the law, together with the mode in which it is executed, destroys instead of protecting public liberty. In these commission times, none could be more useful than a commission to inquire into the soundness of the opinions set forth in this paper. If such an inquiry were honestly carried out, by seeking proper evidence, a new legislative sun might shine upon this land of *sin* and *crime*.

If the moral improvement of the people be an object with the law, it must aim at creating a detestation for crime, and pity for the individual who is so far degraded as to commit it; compassing, at the same time, every probable means compatible with the security of society, for the reformation and moral improvement of the offender. No feeling of vengeance or revenge should be encouraged. As it was the object of our Saviour's mission to strike these worst of passions out of the heart of man, so is it the business of legislation to fulfil his behests.

In an Utopia, or state of innocence, we should say ill befall the man who disseminates the details of vice and crime. All children born into the world are in a comparative state of innocence; yet, at every step as they rise into maturity, we with more than common pains strew in their paths the most disgusting details of crime and wickedness—such as the journals of the day are now regularly in the habit of laying on every breakfast table, from the palace to the lowest beer-shop or coffee-shop. "Vice," says the poet, "needs only to be seen to be hated." But whence the necessity of showing it at all? It can neither be loved nor hated till seen. Some tables have been published in Paris, showing that crime had gone on increasing with civilisation, or the education of the people. If this be true, shall we cease to educate? Certainly not; education in itself cannot possibly have such an effect. In connexion with some other predisposing cause it may; the publication of the daily details of crime, in conjunction with the ability of nearly all persons to read them, appears to be as apparent a cause of crime as any to be found operating on the lower orders of society.

We must ever fail in the discovery of a proper system of laws, or a rational mode of education, without first ascertaining what are the *powers*, *excitements*, and *dispositions* of the human mind; whether one course of management or another is conformable to the general

nature of man, of individuals, or classes in particular. If we do not examine into the evident intentions of nature in the moral world, through the common manifestations of effect, we must ever remain ignorant of the ways in which the mind operates and is affected by its own thoughts and external defects. The accumulated force of the conviction of these facts can alone redeem us from present error, and lead us into the way of truth, on the subject of accommodating the laws to the nature of man. The reliance which hitherto has been placed on physical means for the suppression of crime, has everywhere had a long trial, and in every quarter of the globe has it failed in effecting any diminution of it.

The British government have at length adopted a more benevolent system; the terror of death is no longer held out as a punishment to man, excepting only in a few cases, and it is probable, from the light which has fallen on legislators, that the punishment of death, in this country, will be abolished altogether. Since the amelioration of our penal laws, there has been a diminution rather than an increase of crimes of enormity. Murders, however, while the passions of mankind remain unsubdued, will always occur; but it is consolatory to those who have been instrumental in tempering the acerbity of the laws, that this crime is now very rarely committed in connexion with robbery. Most of the cases of recent occurrence, in which the death of one human being has been occasioned by the violence of another, have been the effect of temporary excitement, to which the offending parties were peculiarly liable from previous habits of drinking to excess; these may be designated spasmodic murders. Public executions can have no possible effect, as a deterring principle, in lessening the number of these, any more than the former practice of cross-road burial for suicide deterred men from that crime. In the moment when these acts are committed, the state of the mind allows no time to think of law or punishment. The individual, however, who has once exhibited his liability to commit such a crime, should never again be suffered to go at large; the security of the public demands his personal detention in prison, where he should be constrained to labour for the payment of the expenses to which he has put the county by the commission of his crime.

The principle applies in these cases, and in all others connected with crime—namely, the less publicity there is given to them, the less likely are they to recur. Every passion of the human heart may be roused by example or suggestion, the pruriency of which, under certain conditions of the physical frame, may, from the mere reading of cases of violence, beget an itching desire to become an actor in them. The legislature might as consistently enact a law to stay the career of a comet, as expect that penal denunciations will remove the morbid liability of certain individuals under peculiar exciting influences, and the mischiefs that may arise therefrom. These cases of spasmodic murder, or of suicide, viewed in relation to society, are like certain diseases to which the individual frame is liable; the less we speak of them, the less will the hypochondriac, and persons otherwise morbidly nervous, be liable to be affected by them.

Certain seeds sown in the human mind, aided by a continuous series of associations, frequently cause one plant to spring up and overshadow all the rest—one all-absorbing idea, which, waking and sleeping, alone employs the mind. We knew a healthy, robust, respectable, independent gentleman, who went, some years since, with the sheriff, into the interior of Newgate, to visit a malefactor who was to be executed the same day. After the drop had fallen, he went with others to the breakfast table, where he could think of nothing but the execution he had witnessed, and, before he left, requested the sheriff to procure the rope with which the man had been suspended. It may be mentioned that it was not an execution of common occurrence. Possessing one rope, it subsequently occurred to him, as the next much-talked-of execution was to take place, that he would also have the rope used on that occasion. In the course of a short time he had a collection of ropes labelled and deposited carefully in a drawer. About two years after this *penchant* for collecting ropes used at executions had manifested itself, it was observed by his friends that his conversation most frequently turned on the subject of the executions he had witnessed, and the success he had met with in securing such a number of ropes, which he usually brought out to exhibit to his friends, expatiating on the comparative merits or demerits of the sufferers, till at length his society became unbearable, and he received the *sobriquet* of the man with the *pensile idea*. He lived about fourteen years after witnessing the first execution, at last putting an end to his own life by suspending his body with one of the ropes he had collected from the common hangman.

It is a great error we all fall into, when we reason on these subjects, that we do not make allowance for a different state of body and mind in other individuals, but always compare them with ourselves, and then draw categorical inferences from the state of our own feelings, which, it should be borne in mind, are themselves always undergoing a change. While we are judging or reasoning on the actions of our fellow creatures, we seldom reflect that in a few days we may be in the same condition of mind as they were when they committed an act against the laws of God and man. Such is the weakness of some minds, or susceptibility of imbibing, through the law of suggestion, one all-absorbing or master idea, that no one can be pronounced safe even from himself. We have heard of another gentleman, considered to have possessed a very sound mind and strong powers of reasoning, who was one day an attentive listener to a minute description of the manner in which a suicide had been committed, namely, by perforating the carotid artery with a desk eraser, an instrument sharp at the point and edges, for erasing writing. The individual to whom we allude was very minute in his inquiries as to the precise course the artery in question took, and it was pointed out to him. Two days subsequently he destroyed himself in the same manner and with a similar instrument to that which had been described to him.

FLOWERS FOR A GRAVE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! give me flowers upon my grave,
 And I will ask no marble there!
 The sole memorial I would crave,
 Of friend's regret or kindred's care,
 Should be the buds I loved the best,
 Ere I departed to my rest.

Then plant one bush of JASMINE there,—
 I love it for a dear one's sake,
 Whose heart for me hath still a prayer;
 That heart, when I am gone, will ache!
 The Jasmine's starry buds shall shed
 Their dews—like tears—above my bed!

And plant one slip of EGLANTINE,
 I prize it for the sake of one
 Whose heart—now false—erewhile was mine;
 Not *false*!—a change hath o'er it gone,
 And she hath chosen better lot
 Than wed the one she hath forgot.

The VIOLET is very dear
 For the chaste beauty of its buds;
 And let the FOXGLOVE's bells appear
 Among the grass my grave that studs;
 And PRIMROSES, so very sweet—
 O! let them cluster at my feet!

It is enough! Thou there canst strew
 The blossoms of each fav'rite flower;
 The Rose-leaf red, the Harebell blue—
 DIOSMA, with its golden shower,
 For *that* too hath a magic spell,
 Linked with a name I love full well!

Then give me flowers upon my grave—
 Is there a flower I do not love?
 O no! then, kind one, let me have
 Their gentle sweets, my lair above;
 Let Summer's rain and Winter's snow
 Thither all freely come and go!

O! 'twill be sweet to slumber there,
 After earth's tempests stern and loud;
 Then shall I cease, in sad despair,
 To woo a sprite, and clasp a cloud;
 For all my earthly hopes have had
 No issue, but to make me mad!

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR a week Lord Killikelly's whole and sole time, care, and attention, were engrossed by his poor, pale, sickly wards. Susan, the poorest, the palest, the most sickly, seemed like a flickering taper, the light of life wavering, fading, reviving, dying, and then living again. It was now that Lord Killikelly felt what a troublesome thing a heart might be, his own being the occasion of such trouble to him. It was in vain that he bade it be quiet, and not tease him; that it was none of its business; that people might live, and die, and be married, and buried, without the cavity where his heart resided being thus buffeted and beaten by his bosom's lord, sitting thus, not lightly, but heavily on his throne, and a great deal more of very fine philosophy; but somehow or other, the moment he took his place by poor Susan's side, the heart was in rebellion again, and Lord Killikelly was miserable.

Lord Killikelly had, however, the pleasure of being miserable in company, if that is any pleasure at all. Rebecca and the pale teacher looked the personifications of sorrow—looked as if they had chartered and contracted for all the misery in the world.

But with this difference: the pale teacher was all grief. Rebecca had some indignation against what or against whom she scarcely knew, and yet there was a feeling as if there were some injustice in her affliction, as if she dared to dispute the just government of the world. Even towards the peer her thoughts were of a mixed nature. Not an attention, not a kindness, not a luxury that he heaped upon them, but was matter of invidious reflection to Rebecca. "If this had been sooner—if this had come earlier—if Susan had had these comforts, or these delicacies, before she had got so bad, it might all have been prevented; we might have been spared all these miseries; and why had she not them? Why did not Lord Killikelly come to us earlier? Why were we left to starve—to die!"

Misfortune does not purify, does not refine every heart—some things the fire softens, some things it hardens. Shall we call Rebecca ungrateful—reproach her for not better balancing her mercies with her miseries—tell her that she scarcely deserved the joy of seeing Susan rear her languid head, and tell them she was better? But Heaven judges differently from man, and Rebecca had this joy—life was yet before the poor fragile girl, with all its hopes, and joys, and cares, and disappointments—life, the richest and the noblest gift of Deity.

It was just a week from that miserable day on which Lord Killikelly had first found them in that sad abode. The peer was sitting by poor Susan's pillow. Her eyes were closed, and their long dark lashes lay like a shadow on her hollow cheek. The pale teacher sat

¹ Continued from p. 209.

with her looks riveted, watching the faint fluctuations of her breathing; Rebecca gazed on vacancy.

How heavy seemed the silence! it was broken by the clock striking twelve. How strongly, how forcibly, may the tongue of time speak to our memories—to our feelings! There was something in the sound that struck upon the heart of the pale invalid, and roused her from her apathy; she lifted up her head, paused breathlessly between each stroke, counted them, her eyes met Rebecca's, and then she sank breathlessly back upon her pillow.

There was some reciprocation of feeling between the girls that the sound of that clock had roused and elicited. At the first stroke Rebecca started, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dilated; she erected her head, and seemed to devour the sound like a pythoness listening for inspiration. The clock ceased, and with one glance at Susan, in which their eyes exchanged intelligence, she sank back again into the despondency of her former attitude, her temporary animation fading into a deeper and more gloomy dejection.

Lord Killikelly saw this dumb-show, but entered not into its meaning: his interest and curiosity were excited, and stooping over Susan, he whispered, "Have you sufficient confidence in me, my dear girl, to tell me what that interchange of glances meant?"

Susan looked for a moment irresolute and distressed.

"I withdraw my request, since I see that it gives you pain, and I could wish never to give you anything but pleasure."

"I know it," Susan faintly whispered, "and I would tell, only—but—" and she glanced towards her sisters.

Lord Killikelly instantly invented an excuse, which sent them from the room on an imagined service for the invalid.

Susan blushed and hesitated the moment they were alone.

"Nay," said the peer, "if it give you uneasiness to speak, keep silence. I would only pry into your heart to relieve it of its sorrows."

"I know it!" said Susan. "I know it! every hour and every action must convince us of that."

"Be as happy," said the peer, "as I wish you to be—as happy, at least, as I can help to make you, and do me the justice not to conceal a trouble that I can remove."

"It would indeed be injustice to doubt your kindness, your generosity, your unbounded—"

"Nay, nay, my dear Susan, you do but remind me of the past, and that is but another way of reproaching me. Tell me only of what that look was the argument. I thought it was the striking of the clock that roused you from your slumber."

"It was," said Susan.

"We will have it stopped."

"And it struck ——?"

"Twelve."

"I thought so: and this is Wednesday."

"Yes, my dear girl; but what has all this to do with your agitation and Rebecca's emotion?"

"It is just a week," said Susan, "since we first saw you. A week

—a little week—and yet at its end I am going to tell you a secret dearer than my own—more sacred too—because it is Rebecca's."

"You have known me only for one little week, it is true—the more my shame; but you are not now to forget that I am tied to you by a near relationship."

"But a little week—yet in that week you have rescued us from the bitterness of want, from the toilsomeness of labour. You have surrounded us with comforts, and soothed us with kindness, and you have taken away the sting of dependence by a delicacy such as you only in this world possess."

"Dependence is the wrong word, and consequently delicacy also. You forget that Providence formed us into families on purpose that we might have united interests."

"Ah, it is a part of that delicacy which makes you put it thus; and can I overrate that kindness which I believe to have been the means of saving my life? for I think I must have sunk and died, if you had not stretched out your hand to save just at the juncture when you did."

"Ah, Susan, you wound with one hand whilst you pour balm with the other. Rebecca would say that I had killed you by too long delaying my interposition, rather than saved you by its late arrival. I am not insensible to Rebecca's feelings of disinclination towards me."

"Ah, poor Rebecca!" said Susan.

"And why *poor* Rebecca?"

"Previous to this past week," said Susan, "when we were in the midst of toil and poverty, and the days, and the weeks, and the months rolled over us without bringing a moment's relaxation, or a glimmering of cheerfulness, when we spent whole days without exchanging a word with any human being, and sometimes were hours without even speaking to each other, thinking that a moment's breathing time was robbing us of subsistence ——"

"Spare me," said Lord Killikelly.

"In the midst of this destitute unhappiness we were found by the curate of our parish by some casualty; nay"—and poor Susan blushed the deepest die—"not by any casualty—that was the subterfuge of my pride to say so—well, then, in his visitings to his parish poor, he found us."

"And he gave you,"—asked Lord Killikelly: a deeper scarlet than Susan's own blazing over his indignant countenance. "And he gave you——?"

"Not charity," said Susan, faintly; "he was too generous for that!"

"That was true generosity!" said Lord Killikelly.

"He gave us what was better," resumed Susan; "he gave us kindness and sympathy; and, oh! if you knew how precious these were to us, you would not wonder how dearly we prized the giver."

"My love, I trust that you are now above the reach of his kindness."

"And he beyond the reach of our gratitude."

"My dear Susan," said Lord Killikelly, "I strive in vain to guess your wishes. Tell me what they are."

"If you knew," said Susan, "for how long a time he was our only consolation, our only gleam of satisfaction, our only glimpse of pleasure, you would not wonder that we still thought of him anxiously and gratefully."

"And how can we show our gratitude?"

"We used to wait, ah, how longingly, for his visits, and count the days till his day came, and the hours till his hour struck."

"And this stated day was ——?"

"Wednesday."

"And the hour?"

"Twelve."

"Now I think I understand," said Lord Killikelly.

CHAPTER XV.

Lord Killikelly's feelings had not been so wholly occupied by his new wards as to destroy his interest in Veronese, and now that his anxiety on poor Susan Warwick's account was somewhat abated, his thoughts recurred to the Rowlands with a solicitude in which very certainly Veronese had the largest share.

The five pound note which Veronese had sent to the Warwicks had some influence in reviving this interest. At all events, it raised the price of the stocks.

So once more Mr. Charles Kelly, in his spectacles, knocked at the door of the little house in Lisson Grove.

If any of the laws of natural history, or moral philosophy, allowed houses to grow smaller, Lord Killikelly would have believed that the house in Lisson Grove had contracted itself; and as expansion and diminution are relative and comparative, and belong more to ideas than things, the house had verily and truly, in this sense, narrowed itself into proportions smaller than ever.

Having, however, been admitted, he squeezed himself up the staircase, and was ushered into the little back drawing-room alias the artist's studio; and there at his easel sat the painter, with his everlasting brush in one hand, and palette in the other, just as Lord Killikelly had last left him, painting as earnestly as ever for posterity; and close behind him, with her feet on the fender, mending some piece of superannuated apparel, that had, perhaps, like the Jews', been worn for forty years, but not, like theirs, without being the worse for such a short term of service, sat Mrs. Rowland, giving him, as usual, the full advantage of her tongue.

Bulwer says that woman should be a talking animal. How much he would have admired Mrs. Rowland!

"I wonder whether your sister Phillicody would sit mending an old dressing-gown for *her* husband as I am doing for you," said Mrs. Rowland, as she laid a patch in every possible position, endeavouring in vain to make it cover a hole that had come without permission in the artist's dressing-gown. "I wonder whether *she* would sit patching an old thing like this."

"I wonder whether she would, my dear."

"Wonder! Why, you need not wonder at all about that! I know whether she would or not. I wonder at you for not knowing her better than that."

"My dear, I thought you wondered."

"Did you?" said the lady, with ineffable scorn. "I wonder only at you!"

The artist did not know what to answer, so he waited till he did.

"But to be sure she has no occasion to waste *her* time sitting to mend old things. *She* can buy new."

"So she can, my dear."

"Yes, and so might I, if I had only had the good luck to have had such a man as Mr. Phillicody. He knows how to mind the main chance. He has feathered his nest pretty well."

"Money, my dear, is a most contemptible thing. Gold is indeed but the dross of the earth."

"The dross of the earth, Mr. Rowland!"

"Yes, my dear, it is but filthy lucre."

"Filthy lucre, sir!"

"Yes, my dear, you should rather look for the riches of the mind."

"Look for a fiddlestick!" exclaimed the exasperated lady.

"I was only endeavouring to elevate your sentiments, my dear," replied the artist, meekly.

"Elevate *my* sentiments! Have the goodness to elevate your own first!"

"I did but wish to show you the superiority of heaven-born genius to the paltry gains of the pounds, shillings, and the pence of trade."

"You will drive me out of my mind!" said the lady.

"If you could once be taught to estimate things according to their real worth ——" said the artist.

"I should like a hovel that let in the wind and the rain better than a mansion that kept them out!"

"Undoubtedly you would, my dear. Nothing can be more distasteful to a cultivated mind and a discerning eye than stiff regular rows of vulgar bricks and mortar."

"A mud cottage tumbling down, for instance!"

"Ah, my dear, what an *effect*, what a *refinement*, there might be in such an object! I thank you for presenting so pleasing an idea to my mind. I will just make a sketch while the feeling is so vivid;" and the artist hastily seized a scrap of paper, and began to splash in as fast as possible. "A mud cottage, a fine warm colouring, trees, autumnal tints—an azure sky—no clouds, but the rich sunset melting the denser air into sapphire light—let me see—madder—no—Venetian red—what is it?—and then the sear and yellow leaf, and the rich masses of forest trees, and beyond their dark outline the purple gray of the far-off hills. O, my dear, I thank you!"

"And a beggarly creature in rags standing in the foreground," said the wife, with bitter acrimony.

"What majestic beggars have I seen!" said the artist; "the tat-

tered garments hanging in such rich folds of drapery—such fine outline—such breadth of colouring—such grand effect.”

“And, therefore, you wish me and Veronese to go like beggars.”

“No, my dear, no. We must sacrifice something to the customs of the world.”

“Grant me patience!” said the wife.

Happily for that patience, Lord Killikelly was ushered in.

There is not a flattery so sweet as to be met with a joyful face. The artist, in his haste to rise to welcome Lord Killikelly, very nearly upset his easel, and very nearly dislocated the peer’s shoulder, and put his wrist out of joint in shaking hands; and Mrs. Rowland at once forgot that she had any need of an additional stock of patience. Lord Killikelly had won the odd trick of the artist’s heart by appreciating his pictures, and his wife’s by buying them.

Lord Killikelly sat down and listened to a lecture on the doctrine of lines from the painter, with one ear; whilst with the other he endeavoured to catch something of the conversation which was passing in the next room, in which he recognised the voice of Veronese.

The speakers were Veronese and her two cousins.

“So you have returned from your visit?” said Veronese to Sophy Snookes.

“Yes, alive and well; and I am not going to take things as I have done, I assure you.”

“How, then, will you take things?”

“Why, with spirit to be sure—with spirit.”

“Have you discarded blue ribbons and sentiment?”

“Yes; I have cut them, ribbons and all. It did not do.”

“And why?”

“I found that it was all a mistake. I was made to be the wife of a military man. I should have been lost in love and a cottage.”

“That would have been a pity; but have you found this military man?”

“O no, not yet. I am as free as air. I have shaken all my beaux off, but I have had sad work—such sad work to do it. There was one gentleman in particular—quite an aristocrat; and he felt it so much—*so much*. He begged of me to allow him to be a friend, if he might not be anything more—*only a friend*; but I said, ‘No, O no; I would be quite unshackled—quite unshackled;’ and he was so hurt—so hurt. But he had not a military air, and my friends tell me that I was made to be the wife of a military man.”

“My dear Sophy,” said Veronese, “do not let these foolish friends mislead you.”

“Mislead me!—O no; they could not do that; but I know that they are right, because I feel that I was made to be the wife of a military man.”

“Certainly,” said Phœbe Phillicody, turning from the window, where she had been most intently watching, and entering into the conversation with something of her brother Mark’s malice, “certainly; anybody may see that; but how did your discarded swain take his refusal?”

“O, very much to heart, and he wrote to me to ask how we were

to meet—to teach him how to meet me ; if I would not suffer him to see me as a friend, whether it must be as strangers—as total strangers. And I said, ‘ Yes, as total strangers.’ I was determined to keep unshackled—to remain free as air.”

“ And so you dismissed that one out of the multiplicity of your adorers ? And the rest ? ”

“ Then there was another ; but he was old ; I would not look at him—I would not even look at him. And he said he was determined to have me ; so he commissioned a gentleman, a young lawyer, to court me for him, and he promised him to settle seven thousand pounds upon him if he succeeded.”

“ I suppose that you saw a great deal of company ? ”

“ Yes,” said Sophy, with a sigh, almost as sentimental as ever ; “ but I lost the best party—I could not go.”

“ And why not ? ”

“ O, because my sleeves were made with frills round the tops, and they are quite out of fashion—quite Gothic—they have been out a month.”

“ What a pity ! ”

“ Yes, and my gown did not trail ; it ought to trail a quarter of a yard ;—does yours ? Mine does now.”

“ Yes, I see—through the mud.”

“ Well, but the young lawyer,” said Phœbe, “ the young lawyer ; is he likely to get his seven thousand pounds ? ”

“ My dear Sophy,” said Veronese, “ either he was amusing himself with you, or you are amusing yourself with us.”

“ I wonder how you can say so !—I wonder how you can think so ! ” said Sophy, pettishly ; “ I am sure he was quite in earnest, and so am I.”

“ Could you think that anybody could laugh at Sophy ? ” said Phœbe, maliciously.

“ Yes,” replied Veronese, looking reprovably at Phœbe.

“ Then you are quite mistaken—I can tell you that,” replied Sophy ; “ I should like to see anybody laugh at me.”

“ So should I,” said Phœbe.

“ I should think so,” said Sophy, proudly.

“ My dear Sophy,” said Veronese, “ exercise your good sense.”

“ If I were a fool,” said Sophy, angrily, “ you could only say that to me.”

“ Never mind,” said Phœbe ; “ it is only Very’s way.”

“ I don’t like such ways ; if she had a beau of her own, she would be ready enough to believe him.”—(The womanly malice of this lay the most in the “ *if*.”)—“ I remember well enough, though I was but a child then, how pleased she used to be when Cousin Harry used to follow, and flatter, and flummery her over. She was ready enough to believe *him*.”

The rebel blood of the heart dyed and double-dyed the face of Veronese.

“ However, I hope I shall be as wise when I am as old.”

How little sense does it require to be ill-natured ! It was in vain for Veronese to say to herself, “ it is unworthy of me to be angry.”

"I am sure that cousin Harry of ours is a very disagreeable fellow," said Phœbe.

"You don't think so," said Sophy.

"I do indeed. I declare I was never more in earnest in my life. He is frightfully ugly."

"O no," said Veronese; "I must think him handsome."

"Handsome! Well, I do not know where you put your eyes; but even if he is handsome, he is awkward beyond expression."

"I cannot call a manly air awkwardness," said Veronese.

"But then he is so overbearing."

"Frank, but not overbearing."

"Boisterous."

"No; only cheerful."

"Selfish and unfeeling."

"If you mean," said Veronese, "that he is selfish in money matters, I think him even over open-handed."

"Well," said Phœbe, her eyes sparkling with delight at being thus contradicted, "whatever he may be, I can't bear him—I quite *dislike* him."

"You scarcely know," said Veronese, "what a pleasure it is to me to hear you say so."

Phœbe instantly took the alarm. "And why?"

"Because, with all the advantages of person and manner which I am happy to allow him, his character falls far short of what I had expected from him. I am deeply disappointed in him."

"Are you?" said Phœbe, in ambiguous accents.

"And it is a satisfaction to me to hear you disclaim all interest in him. Either I expected too much, or he has done too little."

"Why, what *has* he done?" asked Phœbe, pettishly.

"Nothing."

"And what ought he to have done?"

"He ought to have been high-minded, intellectual, with great acquirements and an enlarged philanthropy."

"Poor fellow!" said Phœbe, with bitter acrimony; "how I pity him for not pleasing you!"

"He did not wish to please me," said Veronese, sadly; "you need not pity him for that."

"Perhaps if he had," said Phœbe, "you would not have found so much fault with him."

The heart of Veronese showed its wounds in her face.

"If I know myself," she said, "if I have any confidence in my own feelings, or any security in my own understanding, I should have felt the same, and judged the same, had he remained as faithful as any olden knight."

"Poor fellow!" said Phœbe, scornfully; "he has not studied geometry, and astronomy, and chemistry, and botany, and all the sciences, and is not a professor at any of the universities, and, I dare say, knows very little about Euclid."

"And does not write sonnets," said Sophy, catching up the strain, "like somebody I could name."

"Nor look as if he were moon-struck."

- "Nor walk about with his eyes cast on the ground."
"And wear black."
"And sigh very deeply."
"And look as haggard as an old Jew."
"And make Veronese very piteous."
"And look so sweetly sympathising."
"And have such white hands."
"And seem so ill."
"That Veronese is obliged to go and see him every day out of compassion."
"And so let a new beau put her out of love with an old one."
"And teach her to think the grapes quite sour."
"And make her visit old, tiresome, twaddling, mawkish, gossiping Mrs. Cavanagh twice a week."
"No, you should rather say, make her go and see Mr. Wickham twice a week."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Killikelly did not very well know whether he were sitting or standing, asleep or awake, in his senses or out of them, when he heard the name of his rebellious nephew thus introduced, with as little ceremony and as much effect as a thunderbolt. Could it be Walter, or was it some other of the name, as unlike him as possible? It might be some fat old alderman—it might be a superannuated custom-house officer—it might be some stripling apprentice—it could not be Walter—it was so unlikely, so improbable, so altogether out of the round-about of daily life,—the geometrical circle of ordinary events—that they should thus cross each other's path at a point so distant from that whence they had both started. Some eight months ago, and Walter and himself were daily companions, and the four-and-twenty hours went circling round and round, without bringing them into collision with one vulgar association. Since then he had spent the time visiting with the herd of his vulgar relatives, intimatising at Bermondsey, and philandering with a soap-boiler's son; and could it be possible that in so remote a region he could clash with Walter? No, Lord Killikelly decided that that was impossible, and yet, the next moment, he found himself recurring to the same persuasion, telling himself of that anomalous fact, that the most unlikely things are the most likely; that some secret and mysterious influence, which it seems presumptuous to call providence, but which the ancients, who felt its influence on human circumstances, designated as chance or fortune, had thus led them together, and finally ending in the full conviction that, strange as it might be, this Wickham, of whom he had just heard, could be none other than his own Walter.

Ah, Lord Killikelly! acting still on impulses!

And if Walter, in what circumstances or condition had he found him? He recurred to the description alternated between Sophy and her cousin—"Looking as if he were moon-struck,"—"With his eyes cast on the ground,"—"Wearing black,"—"Sighing,"—"Haggard as

an old Jew,"—"Looking very piteous;"—and this was his own gay and happy Walter, whose smile was sunshine, and whose laugh was mirthful music. What should he do? Satisfy himself. But how? Lord Killikelly considered over the geography of every possible avenue that might lead him to that desired end, but could think of none other but resorting again to Mark Phillicody; and though this was very much like putting his hand into the fire, or walking upon ice as thick as silver paper, or ascending the heavens in a fire-balloon, or any triflingly dangerous amusement of that kind; yet was Lord Killikelly so deeply interested in the question, that he resolved to brave all the dangers of the adventure.

This counsel with himself had entirely abstracted his attention from the artist's discourse, who had been all the while lecturing with a vast deal of energy and eloquence on a hairs'-breadth curve of the line of the human nose, which was of the utmost importance, as its variation bespoke genius or idiocy, and he had wound up by assuring the peer that his nose had, like his own, the exact undulation of line which distinguished talent. Just at this juncture the peer roused himself from the speculation that was in his eye; and having fallen into the best rapture of admiration that he could manage, at the artist's mud cottage, which he had been splashing in all the time, begged, as the greatest possible favour upon earth, that he might be allowed to purchase it, to which, as the painter really had a regard for him, he readily assented, and having declared that the artist's valuation was not a just one, and that he would not take advantage of his friendship, he insisted, as a matter of common justice, on doubling the sum, at which the husband demurred, wishing to be generous too, and thus compelling the wife to interfere on Lord Killikelly's side of the question, which she did very effectually with a nod and a wink, and a "Now, Matthew," that most effectually silenced her spouse, and left Lord Killikelly at liberty to throw away his money as freely as he pleased, to the mutual and entire satisfaction of all parties.

This matter settled, Lord Killikelly took his leave, and the artist, with a most unwonted exertion of spirit, began to compliment himself at the expense of his wife.

"There, my dear," said the painter, as he spread out on the table, with the greatest possible effect, the peer's particularly pretty bank note—"there, my dear, now you see that a mud cottage is something."

The wife, for about the first time in her life, was silenced.

"You will believe that I have common sense sometimes," said the painter, as though that were a fact now fully established.

"I don't know," said the wife, in some confusion of ideas.

"This is the second time in which I have proved in the right," said the artist. "I told you once before, when you were miserable and complaining, that something would turn up."

"We had not a shilling in the house then," said the wife.

"And something did turn up; Mr. Kelly came and bought a hundred pounds worth of my sketches."

Mrs. Rowland could not solve the riddle of how it could be that she was in the wrong.

"And this morning you treated my mud cottage with contempt, and now see, it has produced us fifty pounds."

"I can't understand it," said the wife.

"By-and-bye you will think more of my opinion," said the husband with dignity, and not at all like the patient Socratism of his usual demeanour; "you will think something of me by-and-bye."

The wife, acting on an impulse, snatched up the fifty-pound note, and walking into the front drawing-room, with the stiffest air of ease, and the easiest air of stiffness, she could command, nodding graciously to Sophy, and speaking graciously to Phœbe, said, "Phœbe, my dear, can you give me change for this little note?"

"I never carry fifty pounds about with me," said Phœbe, laughing.

"La, my dear, don't you?"

"I never have fifty pounds to carry."

"La, my dear; it is but a trifle,"—and she carelessly rumped up the note in her hand, and passed back again into the artist's studio. She'll go home and tell her fat mother that," said Mrs. Rowland to herself. "I hate those Phillicodys—to think that we are not as good as themselves."

And the good lady sat down, and, by way of soothing the rumped dignity of the bank note, tenderly smoothed out its wrinkles and its folds upon her knee.

The artist was very much less like Socrates after these two triumphs. Whenever his lady wife began to discipline him with her tongue, he invariably reminded her that something had turned up, and of the mud cottage.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord Killikelly wrote his note to Mark Phillicody, requesting the pleasure of his company to take a glass of wine with him at a certain coffee-house at a certain hour in the evening.

Lord Killikelly was punctual, but Mark was not. The peer fidgeted for about three-quarters of an hour, and then Mark came.

"Well, Mr. Kelly," said Mark, "I am here like another Ariel."

"Not quite so quickly," said the peer.

"No; I knew you would wait, and I like to keep you waiting, because it shows my consequence, at least to myself."

"How did you know I should wait?"

"Because I know you must want me most particularly, and that the urgency would induce you to stay as long as I chose."

"You are most obliging."

"It is my general character; and now what is it that you want?"

"The pleasure of your company."

"Whew!" whistled Mark.

"Why not?"

"Because it is not a pleasure. I am about as welcome as the cholera, or the hydrophobia, or the plague."

"You can do something to oblige me."

"I shall be delighted."

"You are very kind."

"O no; *rien pour rien*—for a *consideration*."

"And what is that *consideration* to be?"

"O, as before. I desire no hard bargains—the pleasure of your company."

"Shall I say to you, as you said to me just now, that it is not a pleasure?"

"That would be just the reverse of truth. There is all the difference between those who receive and those who give. I have a pleasure in plaguing you—you have none in being plagued."

"I have no taste that way."

"That is it exactly—the want of taste."

"Well, is it a bargain?"

"I suppose it must be so; but if I am condemned, I beg to be recommended to mercy."

"You know that there is always a private investigation of character before mercy is extended," said Mark, significantly; "*you* know best whether yours will bear you out. But now tell me my share of the contract."

"I wish," said Lord Killikelly, with a sort of desperate resolution, "for an introduction to a Mrs. Cavanagh."

"Mrs. Cavanagh!" said Mark, in real astonishment.

"Mrs. Cavanagh," said the peer.

"Now does this," said Mark, "baffle all my boasted penetration. What can you want with Mrs. Cavanagh? Do you know who she is?"

"If I did," said the peer, "I might not require your kind offices."

"Mrs. Cavanagh, then, is a plague and a pest."

"Very likely, but I still wish to know her."

"Old."

The peer nodded.

"Wrinkled."

"No matter."

"Poor."

"All the same."

"Would talk a spider to death."

"All the better."

"A curious list of accomplishments to recommend her to your notice! However, I am most willing to perform my share of the bargain."

"And mine must be afterwards performed *unwillingly*," the peer muttered.

"Well," said Mark, "I am very glad to do anything in the world to oblige you, because then you are obliged to oblige me in return; otherwise I should have declined the service and thrown up my commission, for I was never in Mrs. Cavanagh's house in my life, and certainly never meant to go there, for she is thoroughly tiresome and twaddling; and however well it suits my constitution to plague other people, it does not at all agree with it to be plagued in return. However, as I pique myself on my generalship, I will, as we walk along, invent some excuse for our visit."

Mark led the way, and as they went, his fertile brain went on a thousand voyages of discovery; but his thoughts were like a skein of silk, getting more and more entangled every moment.

Mark led the way in a sort of circumambieny of ins and outs and

ups and downs, until he finally ended his wanderings in one of the courts contiguous to the Temple. The houses, dismal, old, and heavy, looked as if they were about to faint away. The white paint had got the jaundice, and the colour of the rest had forgotten its own name.

After some investigation, Mark discovered one of those dingy portals which bore a brass plate, and from this brass-plate shone out the illustrious name of Cavanagh.

"I am going to knock at the door, it is true," said Mark; "but what I shall say when it is opened it is equally true that I don't know."

Mark knocked, and inquired if Mrs. Cavanagh was at home, and the two gentlemen were ushered in. They were shown into the front parlour; a chair at cross corners, a footstool overturned, a reticule dropped on the floor, and the rustle of a retreating garment, made the gentlemen aware that the lady had run away.

" ' They who run away,
May live to fight another day,' "

said Mark. "Gone to accoutre, that she may return to kill and wound. Well, that gives us time to consider how we shall open the field."

Mark picked up the fallen reticule, which was of the brightest possible yellow, with black and gold cords and tassels, and having very comfortably seated himself, began most deliberately to examine the contents.

"I protest against such a breach of the sacredness of hospitality," said the peer.

"I must amuse myself with something," said Mark, as he proceeded to lift out the articles one by one, running on an inventory at the same time. "A pocket-handkerchief, impregnated with eau de Cologne, of sham cambric, with worked corners and an Urling edging, ornamented likewise with a few eyelet holes, worked either by time or accident,—imprimis a few cards, with Mrs. Cavanagh's illustrious name written, a bunch of keys, a bit of nutmeg, a piece of green aromatic sealing-wax, a rouge-pot, a play-bill, a quantity of the crumbs of broken biscuits, and sundry crushed, rumpled fragments of paper, and a memorandum-book."

These papers Mark began to decipher—a butcher's bill, a baker's ditto, the poet's corner cut out of a country newspaper, some loveable verses copied in a weak feminine hand, and spelt worse than written, and a letter that seemed to have been read at least a hundred and fifty times by the bright eyes of Mrs. Cavanagh.

This letter Mark read in a whisper to Lord Killikelly, in spite of all his murmured expostulations.

"MY DEAR WIDOW,

"I have received a paper, written with your own fair hand, telling me that I owe you I know not how many pounds, shillings, and pence; but what are these? Dirt and trash, and filthy lucre, to him who owes you his whole heart! Yes, Mrs. Cavanagh, I am proud to say 't, I owe you my whole heart, and I will pay it. Receive it, then, my dear widow, in lieu of all other payments; for why should poor,

petty, contemptible, pecuniary considerations be thought of between you and your adoring

LUCIUS ELPHINSTONE?"

"Whew!" whistled Mark.

"Shame!" said the peer.

"That gives me a hint," said Mark; "it has furnished me with a pretence for your visit. Now, then, for the memorandum-book. That must be a curiosity."

Mark opened, and read again. Paid for curling curls, sixpence—whisky, for Mr. Lucius Elphinstone, four shillings—paid for cab, one and fourpence—a duck, for Mr. Lucius, four shillings—muffins and crumpets, threepence halfpenny—wreath of artificial flowers for under bonnet, seven shillings—cigars, for Mr. Lucius, five shillings—mutton chop, for Mr. Wickham, fivepence.

Lord Killikelly listened greedily to the sound of the mutton chop, but as any Mr. Wickham might eat a mutton chop, it did not at all follow that it was his Mr. Wickham on account of a mutton chop. He ceased to interrupt Mark with expostulations, that he might catch any further clue to the identity of the known or unknown; but Mark had not time to progress further before a hand on the lock made him plunge the book into the bag, and the bag on to the floor. It was only the maid, however, who rushed into the room, in a great trepidation, to fetch Mrs. Cavanagh's reticule; and a fat shadow, if shadows ever are fat, on the wall of the passage, showed that the lady herself was not a little anxious for the fate of her rouge-pot and her love-letter.

After some search the maid found the bag; and after a little further delay, its fair owner entered with it hanging as gracefully as possible over her arm.

Alas! how difficult it is to grow old gracefully! It can never be done when we grow old against our will. And who grows old willingly?

Mrs. Cavanagh had not the least idea in the world of growing old. She had certainly lived these five-and-fifty years without thinking of such a thing, and why begin now? Mrs. Cavanagh had once had beauty, and beautiful, with all her might and main, she determined still to be. She wore flaxen curls, and just a *leetle* rouge, had a cap of rather elaborate fabrication, a wreath of *mille fleurs*, a chalis dress scattered over with flowers, like a garden in June, lace apron, lace pelerine, a cable chain of mosaic gold, earrings as long as icicles: of mits, and rings, and ribbons, and other etcetera, we say nothing.

Mrs. Cavanagh had the air and manner of a beauty. She walked into a room as if she thought it a duty incumbent on everybody in it to admire her. She had a way of her own, of smirking, and smiling, and sideling, and looking first up and then down—a way of her own, for she had possessed it about forty years, which we believe gives rather more than a legal right of possession.

Mark arose and addressed the lady gay. He hoped that he had the infinite pleasure of beholding the lady well; he certainly had never seen her look better, but her roses were evergreens. Would

she allow him the honour of introducing his friend, Mr. Charles Kelly?

The lady looked rather superciliously at the peer, but bowed her flowered head. Mark saw the unfavourable impression; and, taking a seat on her right hand, began to whisper to her very assiduously, and whether Lord Killikelly would or would not, some of those syllables fell upon his ear.

"My dear Mrs. Cavanagh, I hope you are not displeased with me for bringing my friend."

"If I were always angry at the visit of a gentleman, that would be very often. I should get to be quite ill-tempered, I declare," simpered the lady.

"That would be impossible; but you are always so surrounded."

"That is the gentlemen's fault," again simpered the widow.

"No; it is yours—you are too attractive. But since you speak of gentlemen, tell me what you think of the one I am now introducing?"

"Hum!" said the fat widow.

"What does that mean?" asked Mark.

"I confess I am too particular, too particular in everything. It is my failing."

"Then Mr. Kelly does not suit your taste."

"Not exactly. He has nothing of a figure—no distinction—no manner."

"But his face?"

"Is so so."

"And he has particularly good eyes."

"So so."

"And an animated expression."

"Very so so indeed."

"Well, I am sorry for him; very sorry for him."

"Pray why?"

"Because you do not like him, and he—no, I will not be treacherous to a friend. I will not tell you."

"O, now I sha'n't rest till I know."

"Well, then, he is desperately in —."

Lord Killikelly could not tell whether love or debt.

"O, now, you —, I won't believe you." But the fat widow began to look much more graciously on the peer.

"True, upon my honour. He wrote me a note this morning, entreating that I would give him a meeting in town. I was perfectly bewildered as to his object—could not surmise—could not guess—but I went, and lo it was for nothing more than to beg an introduction to you."

"La, Mr. Mark!"

"Have I spoken one syllable more than the truth?" said Mark, appealing to the peer, whose confusion and vexation were balancing each other.

"I had a great desire, I confess," replied Lord Killikelly, "to know Mrs. Cavanagh."

"Nothing can be plainer," said Mark, again dropping his voice. "Nothing can be plainer. A clear case. If this is not the tender passion, I don't know what it is."

The widow surveyed her rings, and looked as if she would have blushed if she could.

"Well, now, look at him again. Is he not a gentlemanly little fellow?"

"Not so very little either, Mr. Mark," said the fat widow.

"O!" thought Mark, "that will do. Now I may abuse him as much as I like. No woman can discover a fault in the man whom she fancies in love with her;" then speaking aloud—"But after all he is a little stiff."

"Stiff! I think his manner very gentlemanly."

"And rather finical."

"No, sir, only nice, delicate, and refined."

"And his voice rather—" Mark could not, at the moment, think of any defect that he might charge upon poor Lord Killikelly's voice.

"His voice," said the widow, very zealously defending her new admirer from she knew not what, "his voice is the most delightful voice I ever heard."

"If he is so good looking," said Mark, mischievously, "he must be stupid. I never knew a handsome man in my life that had common sense."

Can any woman think any man stupid who admires herself?

"I should have thought him very clever—very clever indeed. He looks like a sensible man."

"Whew!" whistled Mark.

Just at this moment the most untidy maid that ever belonged to a particular mistress entered, and in a loud whisper said, "Mr. Lucius wants two dozen more oysters, and another pint of whisky, if you please, ma'am."

"Does he?" said the mistress, with an indignant toss of the head; "then let him want."

"I told him you would say so, ma'am."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He bid me hold my tongue for a fool, and go and get them. He knew better."

"Well?"

"And then I said, says I, my mistress will have to go to the bank and draw out some money, if she does not get in her own bills soon, says I."

"To the bank—yes, certainly," said the widow, with an elevated air of conscious property. "Well, and what then?"

"O then he said, says he, that he had written to you all about that, and that you were as sweet as sugar, and would get him anything."

"That is just like his assurance. But I'll let him know whether I am as sweet as sugar. Go and tell him that I don't provide oysters or whisky for gentlemen. He had better order them in himself."

"Order them!" said the untidy maid, with an air of infinite superiority over poor Mr. Lucius; "I am sure I never even saw the colour of one of his sixpences."

Lord Killikelly immediately saw the necessity of giving the lady half-a-crown, if he meant to make a friend of her.

"Well, it was very kind of you to come and see me," said the fat widow, graciously, to Mark. "You know I have invited you a great many times, and you never *would* come. Your cousin Veronese comes to me very often."

"Does she?" said Mark; "what on earth does she come for?"

"What does she come for? Why, to see *me*—to sit and chat with me."

"Ah, indeed!" said Mark, "I don't understand that."

Lord Killikelly thought that he did understand.

"Have you any visitors?" said Mark; "anybody amusing; anybody cheerful?"

"Not when your cousin comes. Somehow or other, it generally happens that nobody comes near me when she is here—only poor Mr. Wickham comes down sometimes."

"Poor Mr. Wickham, and who is he?"

"Only a young man that I notice a little sometimes, out of pure charity. He is so moping and dull."

"What is he?"

"O, he is studying for the law. He reads great, ugly, fusty, dry, disagreeable law-books, until he is almost as dry, and yellow, and fusty as they are themselves. He looks as if he were half-starved. Indeed he never has anything but a cup of coffee, or a mutton chop, or a dry biscuit: and then he gets up at six o'clock, and is at his books till twelve at night. So it is quite charity to ask him down sometimes when your cousin Veronese comes. She is so kind as to talk a little to him, for I can't bear to have him down with me when I am alone, he is so horribly dull."

If this were Walter, and that it was Walter, Lord Killikelly was nearly convinced, he felt for him through every fibre of his heart.

Mark's further questioning was cut short by another interruption—nothing less than a *squabble* between the maid and some unknown tongue at the room-door.

"My mistress is engaged," said the maid, "and can't see anybody."

"Fiddle, faddle! she can see *me*," said the obstreperous voice."

"*You*, indeed! and why *you* in particular?"

"Get out of my way, saucebox, or I'll—I'll annihilate you."

And so saying, Mr. Lucius Elphinstone bounced into the room.

If Mr. Lucius Elphinstone had not a great affection for whisky, his face ought, indeed, to have been prosecuted under the law of libel. Never did looks express love more fondly—never with so much ardour, so much fire. Mr. Lucius had a right martial air, a very valiancy of demeanour. He could shoot you with his eyes, and cannonade you with his tongue. He had tremendous whiskers, a black stock a blue military coat, that had vowed not to meet in the front

lest it should be rent into another division, and boots that trumpeted forth the importance of the wearer at every footfall.

Mr. Lucius Elphinstone entered with all the air and manner of a man determined to assert his own privileges. Softening his fierce eyes into a very loving look, and going straight up to the lady, as if he would have taken her hand, he said, "My dear widow."

The lady drew back her hand, and tossed her head. "Don't you see, sir, that I am engaged?"

"Engaged! and who shall dare to engage you whilst I am here?" And Mr. Lucius looked fiercely at the intruders.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said the widow, "when I am called upon to account to you when I shall be engaged, and when I shall not be engaged."

"Account to me! Why, my dear widow, what does this mean? You were loving enough before dinner—what has happened since?"

The lady elevated her head above him as high as she could. "It seems to me, sir, that you have taken too much *at* dinner, or else you would not presume to insult me so."

"Too much at dinner! Why, that slatternly, slovenly, bundle of rags would not let me have dinner enough; and I am obliged to come to you to ask what it all means. Pretty usage, indeed, if I can't have a few dozen of paltry oysters and a drop of whisky when I please, and you such a dear widow, too."

"You can provide yourself, sir," said the lady, with dignity.

"I thought we had settled all that," said Mr. Lucius.

"You had better *settle* yourself."

"I am ready to *settle*—with you—any day, and [that's more than I would say to a duchess, my dear widow," said Mr. Lucius cajolingly.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said the lady, in a great heat.

"Guess, widow," said Mr. Lucius.

"You have had too much of—faugh—that filthy whisky."

"Dear widow," said Mr. Lucius, "let me whisper something to you."

"I cannot endure the smell of whisky," said the lady, retreating towards Lord Killikelly's side of the room.

"Let me only say one word to you, dear widow," entreated Mr. Lucius.

"Not a word," said the widow.

"One little sweet word."

"Not one."

"Such as I whispered to you on the sofa yesterday."

"I won't be so insulted."

"Insulted! Is a woman never in the same mind two days together?"

"I shall be obliged to ask this gentleman to protect me from your violence," said the fat widow, sideling up to Lord Killikelly.

Mark having by this time gained some idea of the politics of the cabinet, thought it high time to interfere.

"I am rather surprised," said Mark, "that one gentleman should thus interfere with the affairs of another. It is not quite delicate."

"Do I interfere with you, sir?" asked Mr. Lucius, fiercely, with his arms a-kimbo.

"Perhaps not, sir," said Mark; "but if you do not interfere with my affairs, you may with those of somebody else;" and Mark looked significantly at Lord Killikelly.

"Interfere with *you*!" said Mr. Lucius, eyeing Lord Killikelly in a very fierce style of passionate scorn.

"I was on the point of retiring," said Mark, "when you entered. I should think no gentleman could require a further hint."

"You interfere with *me*? A gentleman like me?"

Lord Killikelly looked calmly scornful.

"Sir, I fight a duel once a week before breakfast; getting up soon gives me an appetite."

"Do you sir?" said Lord Killikelly, politely.

"Sir, I can cut a feather-bed in two with one cut of my sword."

"Can you, sir?" replied the peer.

"And do you think I'm to be trifled with in a matter of the affections, in a matter of the heart? a brave fellow like me trifled with by a little insignificant Scaramouch like yourself?"

"O, Mr. Lucius, pray be quiet," said the widow, half melted at the sight of so much valour.

"I don't know," said the peer.

"A little—"

"O, Mr. Lucius!" said the widow.

"Mean!—"

"O fie, Mr. Lucius! Now pray be quiet.

"Contemptible—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Lucius!"

"Hop o' my thumb—"

"Hush, hush!" and the widow rather sidled towards the brave man.

"You, that I could put into my pocket?"

"Be pacified."

"That I could even put in my eye, and see none the worse for?"

"Hush now, for goodness sake, hush!"

"To meddle between me and my widow, my dear, sweet, beautiful, charming widow!"

"O, Mr. Lucius!"

Mr. Lucius thought that if he followed up the matter warmly, he might at once oust his rival and gain his mistress; so he went on with added energy, taking courage, not only from the urgency of his case, but from the insignificance of his rival.

"But I'll annihilate you!"

The mistress and the maid both began to scream as loud as they were able.

"Don't be frightened, dear widow; I must kill him, but I'll do it as gently and quietly as possible."

Mistress and maid clung to either arm of the valorous man. Mark stood laughing on one side, Lord Killikelly calmly eyeing his antagonist.

"Let me come at him!" shouted the brave man, in a voice of thunder. "Let me come at him, that I may do for him at once."

And Mr. Lucius, taking courage from the quietness of his enemy, as well as from the extreme delicacy of his proportions and the littleness of his size, shook off the feeble hold that would have restrained him, and threw himself, with all the vigour of brute force, upon our peer.

The result, however, was quite different from what might have been expected. Lord Killikelly, making up in perfect science what he wanted in strength, received the unwieldy bully with an apparently slight stroke of his cane, which being nicely directed, and administered on scientific principles, brought the arrogant boaster senseless to the floor.

"Well done!" said Mark. "*You will not suffer me to despise you.*"

The widow and the maid screamed ten thousand murders.

"Help! Murder! Help!" screamed the mistress.

"Help! Murder! Help!" screamed the maid.

"Mr. Wickham! Mr. Wickham!" screamed the mistress.

"Mr. Wickham! Mr. Wickham!" screamed the maid.

A hasty footstep was heard upon the stairs. Mr. Wickham was coming. Lord Killikelly snatched up his hat, rushed down the passage, and fairly ran away.*

* To be continued.

ITALY.

BY AN EXILE.

SECOND PERIOD. ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

§ I.—Dante.

Uncertainties about the life and writings of Dante—A picture of his age—Flourishing state of the Italian Republics—Their factions—Guelphs and Ghibelines—Bianchi and Neri at Florence—Dante's public life—His exile—His death—The divine comedy.

"To be great and unhappy,"—such is the sentence stamped on the brows of him whom Providence selects for its highest designs, and against that sentence the gifted one is seldom tempted to murmur. True loftiness of mind is never unattended by a corresponding nobleness of heart, and glory is endeared in the eyes of her suitors in proportion as the enmity of fortune and the malignity of men set her smiles at a higher rate. A man of genius belongs to no age; the whole future is his inheritance, he is the contemporary of all the generations to come. Justice is seated on his tombstone.

But to the memory of Dante justice was very late, if ever retributed. Not only was there for him no shelter against the tossing of the tempests of life, but not even the grave, his last refuge, was spared. His mortal remains were searched for with all the rage of party spirit, and, but for the interference of generous friends, even twenty years after his death, the threshold of the tomb would have been violated, and his ashes scattered to the winds. New generations ensued, upon whose effeminate ears the clashing of those verses of adamant sounded like harshness and rudeness, upon whose degenerate morals the sternness of that rigid temper had the effect of a constant upbraiding. Such of his works as had escaped the papal interdict sank into wilful neglect. The holy strains of the inspired patriot lay low and obscure, like the chiding of a doting censor, and when, at different intervals, an ephemeral enthusiasm awoke in Italian bosoms a vague longing for the lessons of their earliest master, the divine precepts were found disfigured, and the fountain of truth troubled.

But it was doomed that the warmest friends of Dante should prove no less fatal to his memory than his bitterest enemies. No sooner was his sacred poem rescued from oblivion than it fell into the hands of a swarm of commentators, who seized upon it like ravens crowding upon the body of a fallen warrior. Under pretence of rescuing the original text from the injuries of age and ignorance, of tearing asunder the veil of mysticism and allegory in which the poet, indulging the taste of his age, had mantled his eternal truths, they plunged the divine comedy into an ocean of doubt; they racked, they cramped, they stretched the sense even of its most lucid poetical

effusions, to shape it after their own narrow-minded conceits; they made of it a maze of enigma and mystery, a mosaic of quibbles and acrostics, a monster which timid minds cannot approach without awe and superstition.

At length, in our days, Ugo Foscolo, a kindred genius, has turned his efforts to follow, in its soaring, the genius of Dante. His discourse on the text of the *Divine Comedy*, written, as it was, when age and exile had fitted him rather for contemplative than creative pursuits, is still the work of a poet, and has rendered justice to the poet. It has cleared the fame of Dante from the stains of the calumnies of his opponents, and from the smoke of the incense of his worshippers. It has driven the pharisees and money-lenders out of the temple. It has levelled to the ground all the wretched systems and hypotheses by which we had hitherto been introduced to the perusal of Dante.

True, Foscolo has demolished more than he could rebuild; he met with obstacles that it was in the power of no man to remove. The poet is still in many passages impenetrable, but he is a poet at least; a great deal remains for us to regret, but a great deal more has been restored to our admiration. Where Foscolo had no means of bringing light upon his subject, he endeavoured, at least, to make us aware in its full extent of our ignorance. We have learned, distinctly and beyond all doubt, that not a single line of that poem has been preserved in its original autograph; that all we read of it is taken from manuscripts, appearing at late intervals, in different places, adulterated by time, by ignorance, and party spirit; that those different texts upon which we are compelled to rely are but too often and too sadly at variance; that scarcely anything can be fairly determined concerning the epoch, or the place, in which the poem was written; that the whole of Dante's life, but especially the period to which the greatest interest is attached—his exile—is related in absurd and contradictory terms, whilst not one of his lines was dictated without direct allusion to the hopes and fears which worked within his soul in the different stages of his anxious existence.

The discourse of Ugo Foscolo is evidently tending to a literary scepticism, which we would recommend as most salutary to all admirers of Dante. The blind obstinacy by which commentators pretended to account for everything, has been too long the principal cause that nothing could be understood. The blank that time and adverse circumstances have brought upon our knowledge of the poet's mind cannot be filled up with vain gratuitous conjectures. The spirit of Dante must be studied in his verses, in his text, bare of all commentary. The *Divine Comedy* is to be read without any other aid than a previous knowledge of the spirit of the age in which the poet moved, and of which that work was a vast, vivid, all-embracing reflection.

The youth of Dante was passed in Florence, then the most free and stormy, as well as the most refined and flourishing, among the cities of distracted Italy. Born of an ancient family of noble extraction, he was bred up in ease and affluence, and enjoyed all the advantages of an excellent education. In that earliest period of his age he was permitted to indulge in deep and recondite studies, in

dreams of love and poetry, in the cultivation of all liberal and chivalrous accomplishments.

But that was no age to allow the scholar the uninterrupted pursuit of his abstruse speculations, or the bard the enjoyment of his harmless melodies, or the citizen the comforts and affections of home. It was an age of strife and violence, of excitement and restlessness, when every city lay in a perpetual state of siege, when every citizen slept in his armour. All individual means and powers were made subservient to the common interest; the lands and houses of private men, their families, their lives, their bodily strength, and mental faculties, belonged by right to the republic. At the age of twenty-four Dante was already obliged to lay aside books and verses, and with that versatility of genius by which men of that age seemed to multiply themselves, he donned the armour and fought the battles of his country—he sat in the councils that ruled over its destinies—he advocated its glory and interests as a legate abroad, and promoted its welfare as a supreme magistrate at home—until, involved in the civil discords that tore Florence as well as all the rest of Tuscany and Italy, he was, in his thirty-seventh year, plunged into all the calamities of exile.

From the peace of Constance to the age of Dante, who was born in 1265, nearly two centuries had elapsed, during which Italian independence had proceeded with almost uninterrupted prosperity. The two sons of Frederic II., Conrad and Manfred, had successively fallen a victim to the jealousy and ambition of the popes. The last, heir of all the virtues of his father, a warrior of lofty mind and captivating manners, had rallied the noblest champions around the Ghibeline standard, and would have given that party the preponderance, and vested in his person the rights and dignities of the then vacant empire, had not Pope Urban IV. called to his aid Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis of France, who, at the head of a body of French cavalry, seconded by the combined efforts of the Guelphs, accomplished the conquest of the Two Sicilies in 1265. The heroic death of Manfred could not suffice to assuage the inveteracy of priestly hatred. His excommunicated bones were dug up from the lowly grave to which the piety of his enemies had consigned them, and strown on the blood-stained field, to rot and bleach under the inclemency of the seasons.

Three years later, Conradin, the son of Conrad, the last of the Swabians, a young hero of eighteen, forcing himself from the fond embrace of his foreboding mother, crossed the Alps nearly unattended, trusting his cause to the sympathy of the Italian Ghibelines, and, at the head of a powerful army raised by the Lombard republics, he marched against Naples to claim the crown of his fathers. His partisans rallied around him, they bled for him, they sheltered him with their bodies, until, left almost alone on the field, the royal youth was overwhelmed by numbers, and falling into the hands of unrelenting foes, he was sacrificed in cold blood to their cowardly policy.

The Guelph party had thus prevailed, and Italy almost universally acknowledged French and Papal ascendancy, when the arrogance and libertinism of the conquerors of the Two Sicilies soon

roused in the heart of the enthralled nation their native jealousy and vindictiveness. The magnanimous rancour of one man, Giovanni da Procida, ripened the seeds of a long-cherished conspiracy of more than ten years standing; and, by a sudden burst of popular effervescence, snatching from the French the sceptre of Sicily, and involving them in a long war against Arragon, relieved the rest of Italy from all apprehension of the influence of the House of Anjou. (1282.)

The Sicilian Vespers have long been made a subject of horror and execration among civilised nations in after ages. The shade of mystery under which the awful deed was perpetrated, has caused it to be considered in the light of a treacherous assassination; the atrocities inseparable from that scene of bloody execution have reflected disgrace upon the sanctity of the undertaking. But the blood shed by a people in the vindication of their independence falls upon the head of the usurper, who urged them to such fatal extremities. The laws of nations and the rights of humanity no longer apply to a conqueror who saddens and tortures the image of his Creator in the person of his fellow-beings. The boundaries of each country were determined by the works of God. He who invades the home of his neighbour is no longer a brother.

By the Sicilian Vespers the power of France was thus utterly neutralised, nor could any foreign ruler ever since exercise any influence on the affairs of Italy, except by placing himself at the head of some of the numerous factions with which the country was raving, invited and supported by the arms of the Italians themselves. The Tuscan and Lombard republics, secure in the enjoyment of their independence, had reached their highest degree of prosperity. They displayed that ardour of public spirit, that soberness and energy of private virtues, which freedom alone is wonted to foster. The plainness and modesty of their manners at home formed a noble contrast with the magnificence exhibited in their public edifices, in the monuments they raised to the Divinity, and in the asylums they opened for the refuge of suffering humanity. It was in that age that those cathedrals and palaces were erected which formed the wonder of after generations. It was in that age that the republic of Florence bid one of her architects "to build the greatest church in the world."

The fine arts rose simultaneously, and advanced with gigantic steps. Architecture and sculpture led the van of their sister arts, and had their chief seat in Tuscany, under the disciples of Nicolas of Pisa. Painting was restored in Florence by Cimabue, and by his pupil and rival Giotto, a friend and familiar of Dante, whose lineaments he transmitted to posterity; whilst another of his friends and masters, Oderisi da Gubbio, revived the art of miniature painting; and Casella, who numbered also Dante among his pupils, gave a new life to the science of music. It was in such intercourse, and under the tuition of Brunetto Latini, who had opened in Florence a school for grammar and rhetoric, and of Guido Guinizelli and Guido Cavalcanti, who then disputed the palm of poetical valour, that the blessed adolescence of Dante was spent. Wherever he passed from one to the other of the Italian universities, to Bologna, to Padua, he found the love of

study, and the culture of taste in the fine arts, blended with the ardour of liberty, and with the martial spirit of the age; for letters and arts want excitement; they can sail with all winds, but not without wind; great minds expand in proportion to their own exertions: they exult in the heart-stirring commotions of the great drama of life, in the conflict of factions, in the tumult of wars. Give a genius passion and movement, delirium and fever, anxiety and suffering; let the mountain-stream madden through rocks and over precipices, dash and foam against bridges and dikes, but let it not exhaust its might on the plain to stagnate in marshes and mire. Wherever he passed, the poet traversed the wide plains of Lombardy, smiling with plentiful crops, the reward of a laborious husbandry, aided by a spirit of enterprise that rescued marshes and swamps from the bed of rivers, opened canals, and raised dikes, edging and fencing that garden of the vale of the Po, whose fertility forms, even in our days, the envy of foreigners. He might see the blue waves of the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian seas glittering with a thousand sails, loaded with the treasures of the East, with articles of wealth and luxury, with which the West was still unacquainted: he might visit in Lombardy the forges where the armours were tempered and burnished that covered the breasts of all the feudal barons of Europe; in Tuscany the silk factories, where the mantles and trains of their proud ladies were woven. He might meet on the road of the Alps crowds of those shrewd Lombards, who at the peril of their lives established the first rudiments of banking and money-exchanging in France, in England, and Germany. He might meet at Venice, Marco Polo and other daring adventurers; and at Rome the missionaries on their return from their eccentric pilgrimages, relating wonders of the golden realms they had explored, and of the stars of an unknown hemisphere they had been the first to salute, (1295.) He found everywhere a growing, stirring, bustling population, who seemed to feel crowded and confined at home, and panted for adventure and excitement abroad. Here Bologna marshalled forty thousand of her combatants within her walls, there Genoa manned her fleets with thirty thousand sailors, whilst the colonies of that city on the Bosphorus, and in the Black Sea, nearly equalled the wealth and power of the capital, and the emperors of Constantinople were often braved on their throne by the repeated attacks of their restless neighbours; and if it is true, as it has been often averred, that his love for the arid study of polemic divinity and scholastic philosophy led Dante in his youth to the university of Paris, and even to Oxford, the contrast between what he had viewed in those countries, and what he met on the better side of the Alps, must have cheered his patriotic heart with ineffable joy at his return.

The contrast is now sadly inverted; and the Italian who travels along the rivers of France, or on the railroads of England and America, who witnesses the rapid growth of New York or Manchester, has reason to smile with pity at the exulting vaunt with which the happy ones point out the results of their present prosperity, or at the sanguine hopes they entertain of endless future improvement; for the mournful experience of his country teaches him that nothing can last

here below ; that every nation has its own day ; that when a country has arrived at the height of success by the perpetual alternation of human vicissitudes, it fosters the germs of disorganisation, and hastens to its ruin.

The first and most permanent source of evil for the Italian republics lay in the spiritual and temporal influence of the popes. The day had been when the pontiffs of Rome had, for their own security, advocated the interests of the people, when their legates were seen stepping forward amidst the fray of brotherly feuds, preaching the truce of the cross ; when one Giovanni di Vicenza, a legate of Gregory IX., an inspired monk, a prophet and a legislator, by the might of his eloquence, assembled the representatives of the cities of Romagna and Lombardy, to bring about a universal reconciliation on the Plains of Paquara, where four hundred thousand of the most conspicuous partisans, Guelphs and Ghibelines, headed by lords and bishops, and by their magistrates, riding in all the pomp of their municipal chariots, knelt at the friar's feet, and abjured their old grudges, swearing an eternal amity that was to last, alas ! only a few months. (1233.) The day had been when Alexander IV. preached a crusade against the first usurper of Italian liberties, Ezzelino da Romano, and hunted from town to town the hydra, from each drop of whose blood a new tyrant was to proceed. (1259.)

But that day had been long since ; and the popes, abusing the gratitude of the people, to whose efforts they were indebted for their preservation, set no limits to their pretensions ; they forced the allied cities to minister to their religious persecutions, and share in the wars which they waged against the pretended enemies of the faith. Those same Giovanni di Vicenza and Leo da Perego, and other legates of Gregory IX., followed by the Dominican ministers of the Inquisition, erected their tribunals in the squares of the cities ; hundreds of Cathari and Paterini, and other sects, connected or not with the Albigenses of Languedoc, who had perished by the crusade of Simon de Montfort, expired in the flames before the eyes of a horror-struck, reluctant multitude, whose notions of liberty rather inclined to toleration of opinion and freedom of inquiry ; for the age was wild with daring extravagance ; the activity of men's minds knew no limits, and the men of eminent genius, from Frederic II., and his secretary, Pier delle Vigne, down to the noblest friends and masters of Dante, and Dante himself, loved to dwell on dangerous doubts, constantly waylaid by their specious logic ; and the suspicion of heresy, and even of open infidelity, was often courted as a mark of superiority of intellect ; so that by a strange contrast, whilst the roads and bridges seemed too narrow to give passage to the numberless hosts flowing to revivals and jubilees, whilst the thresholds and floors of holy shrines were kissed off by the devotion of bigoted enthusiasts, Fra Dolcino, a hermit of epicurean tastes, a precursor of the *Père Enfantin*, preaching the easy doctrines of the *communauté des biens*, and *communauté des femmes*, nearly in the same terms in which they were to be revived five hundred and thirty years later, attracted an immense crowd of votaries, male and female, whom he kept feasting and revelling at the expense of the faithful, robbing and ravaging the mountains of Canavase and

Montferrat, until, besieged and taken by famine, he was burned at the stake with the fair partner of his orgies, and twelve of his apostles and proselytes—a sad instance of the fate that awaited, in that iron age, all innovators, while the good sense and soberness of our days needed no more formidable weapon than ridicule to laugh the saint Simonians out of fashion. (1305—1307.)

But the intolerance of the popes in spiritual matters would have proved, perhaps, less pernicious than their interference in the more worldly concerns of political questions. The factions of Guelphs and Ghibelines, which the peace of Constance, or, at the latest, the death of the second Frederic, might have happily ended, were opened afresh by the crafty ambition and jealousy of the pontiffs. The bondage of Italy to the empire had been long since broken for ever. It was long since enfranchised Lombardy had any danger to apprehend on the part of divided and exhausted Germany; every free town was considered, behind its walls, and even in the open field, more than a match for the whole host of emperors. The Imperial or Ghibeline party could then no longer hope or wish to restore, in its full extent, the absolute sway of the Cæsars of Germany. But a natural feeling of admiration and gratitude for the princes of the house of Swabia, a sense of duty, of faith, and allegiance; the ideas of greatness, of splendour and dignity attached to the imperial crown; the fond recollections of the glories of Rome, and the hopes of seeing them realised in their visions of an Italian unity; their continual experience of the evils resulting from municipal dissensions and popular anarchy, caused the dispersed remnants of the discomfited aristocracy, the warmest supporters of Ghibelinism, to regard the present state of things as one of interregnum and transition; to cling fondly and closely to the vain phantom of a demolished empire, and to view with mistrust and indignation the slow and wily arts by which pontifical hypocrisy attempted to erect a theocratic throne on the august metropolis, which had been, and they expected would be still, the seat of empire.

On the other hand, an unbounded, undiscerning love of independence, the intoxicating exultation of triumph, and an inextinguishable hatred and rancour against all remains of feudalism and monarchy—the illiberal prejudices of municipal rivalries—the excitement of the public debates of a popular sovereignty—inspired the largest mass of the people, and the heads of the Guelph party, with the blind presumption that every city could suffice, and ought to belong to itself; or that if common interest or dangers should require the renewal of their confederation, their natural bond lay in the sacred unity of their common faith, their national banner was to be the standard of the church—that standard with which all their most intimate and indelible affections were virtually blended—that standard under which their pious fathers had rallied, when, with the blessings of Alexander and Innocent, they had, by prodigies of valour, repeatedly crushed the pride of the Frederics in the days of the formidable Lombard league of happy remembrance.

Such were the main purposes by which the most sincere partisans of the Guelph and Ghibeline factions were actuated. But, as is too generally the case in all political divisions, every party, righteous

and sacred as it is in its origin, and so long as it is only the organ and representative of a principle, ceases to be so as soon as it is made subservient to personal views. Thus the populace, who always adhered to the Guelph party, only obeyed, however, the impulse of its leaders; and these, whatever the class they belonged to, whatever the principles by which they were raised into power, had no sooner attained it, than more or less openly they embraced aristocratic views, and joined the ranks of that Ghibeline party by which alone power seemed to be secured and sanctioned; while the nobility by birth and feelings, always stanch Ghibelines, serving however their private passions, their family feuds and jealousies, not unfrequently sided with the Guelphs, and embraced the cause of the people. Thus were the elements of the two parties nearly balanced in all cities; but when, either by sudden internal commotion or by external influence, one of the two prevailed, the other was dispersed by massacres, banishments, and confiscations, to return afterwards at the head of neighbouring auxiliaries to exert, in its turn, equally awful retaliations. Wave after wave the two opposite factions were ebbing and flowing from one end of the country to the other.

The frequency of murders, the appalling perpetrations of domestic tragedies, gradually undermined the basis of sound morals, on which alone the sovereignty of the people could harmlessly subsist, and ministered to hereditary animosities, which no human interference could any longer reconcile. All tender and kind affections were scared from the most gentle bosoms by the habitual spectacle of revolting atrocities. The innocent emotions of love not seldom added fuel to the vehemence of political passions. Here Imelda Lambertazzi sucked death from the wounds of her lover, who had fallen at her feet pierced by the poisoned daggers of her brothers. (1274.) There Buondelmonte paid with his blood the outrage of which he had rendered himself guilty, by deserting a noble maiden to whom he had plighted his faith. (1215.) The bonds of family relation, even to the remotest degree, were held in a reverence of which we have no example in our days, except perhaps in the Highlands of Scotland, or in the forests of Corsica. The next of kin hastened to the injured party, espoused their quarrel without examination, stained the points of their swords and poniards in the blood of the slain, and flew in the pursuit of the murderers. Soon doors and windows were fastened, barricades were stretched across the streets—all trade and intercourse were at an end—blood flowed in the squares, in the churches, in the halls of justice. The alarm was spread from town to town; whoever had old accounts to settle seized the opportunity; whoever had no quarrel of his own embraced that of his neighbour: brawling and fighting were the elements of the age.

The balance, however, could never be so nicely established that it might not be perceived, in the midst of those complicated contentions, that Milan and the great majority of the Lombard cities inclined to Ghibelinism, whilst the Guelphs more constantly prevailed at Florence and in the rest of Tuscany, with the exception of Pisa; and as Ghibelinism naturally led to aristocracy, and aristocracy paved the way for the usurpation of tyranny, so the Lombard republics were

early engaged in desperate struggles to resist the attempts of their nobles, who, under the pretext of favouring the interests of their party, and securing public order and tranquillity, were bringing into their hands the supreme power of the state.

Thus, in the age of Dante, nearly every city in Lombardy had invested with the highest magistracy some of their noble families; and although the forms and insignia of their municipal institutions were still nominally preserved, yet, by accustoming the people to acknowledge a hereditary supremacy, the basis of future absolute sovereignty was gradually laid. Truly, the people did, by repeated revolts, shake off the yoke to which they were not yet thoroughly schooled, and the reaction was sudden and formidable. The whole country was filled with wandering tyrants, who had too soon or too far reckoned upon the passive endurance of the people, and who considered themselves fortunate to have thus escaped the worst consequences of the resentment of the dormant lion, whom they had undertaken to tame. The first attempts at novelty are apt to prove fatal to the innovators.

The fate of Ezzelino da Romano was not a sufficient warning to the ambition of Alberigo his brother, and he fell, like him, a victim to popular fury, stabbed to death with his wife and children in the hall of his palace at Treviso. (1260.) William of Monferrat, who had extended his sceptre nearly over all Piedmont, taken prisoner by his subjects of Tortona and Alexandria, was shut up in an iron cage; nor could his near relationship to the Greek emperor and the king of Castile, nor could any remonstrance or menace, withdraw him from the vengeance of those fierce republicans, who dragged him from town to town, exhibiting him like a wild monster, until he died of his sufferings after two years of captivity. (1292.) Ugolino della Gherardesca, who, profiting by the calamities of his country, had by treason and crime usurped the high dominion in Pisa, fallen into the power of an exasperated multitude, and given up to his bitterest adversaries, walled up in a dark dungeon, with two of his sons and grandsons, expired amidst those pangs of exquisite torture that the fancy of Dante alone could have dared to picture in verse. (1288.)

All these and a thousand such horrible scenes were constantly exhibiting all round, and nearly under the eyes of the young poet, and he must have received their impression in the prime of youth, in that age in which such sensations were most apt to take possession of his soul, to haunt and fatigue his imagination for the rest of his life.

Florence alone, preferring the storms of liberty to the slumbers of servitude, had not, in one instance, departed from her democratic policy, and liberty seemed, in the days of Dante, to have taken shelter within its walls. The factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, first brought into open collision in 1215, by the murder of Buondelmonte, had ever since disputed the field with incessant vicissitudes; they had obeyed the Ghibeline ascendancy of Frederic II. in 1248, and that of his son Manfred in 1260, when Florence was by turns subdued and spared by the more than Roman magnanimity of her exiled citizen Farinata degli Uberti; and were now at rest, since

the conquest of Charles of Anjou had secured the triumph of the Guelphs in 1265.

Dante was, then, born in a Guelph city, and of a Guelph family, and it was as a Guelph that he was present at the battles of the republic against the Ghibelines of Arezzo and Pisa in 1289, 1290, and distinguished himself for shining valour, especially at the combat of Campaldino, in which he is represented as fighting valiantly in the foremost ranks of the Florentine cavalry. It was as a Guelph that, restored to peaceful life, he offered his talents as he had lent his arm to the service of that republic, and was engaged in several embassies, and discharged many other important functions for the course of ten years, until he was raised by popular favour to the supreme magistracy of the state.

However much it may result from various passages in the works of Dante himself, and especially from the fond and moving picture of Florence in her age of innocence, given by his ancestor, Cacciaguida, in the fifteenth canto of *Paradise*, that manners had degenerated from the primitive simplicity of the ever-regretted olden times, yet is there no doubt that Florence was still the seat of all manly and austere republican virtues. The sovereignty of public opinion watched over the conduct of private men; idleness and indolence were proscribed as civil transgressions.

The people were mustered in their corporations of arts and trades, and the members of the noblest and wealthiest families sued for admittance into those fraternities, powerful by their numbers and unanimity, and by their right of universal suffrage. The college of the *Priori*, who, with the Gonfalonier of justice, constituted the *signoria* of the republic, were selected from the mass of those plebeian associations; and Dante owed to his skill in miniature painting, by which he was enlisted in the corporation of dyers, his elevation to the rank of the *Priori*, among whom, by the superiority of his abilities, he soon assumed a well-deserved ascendancy.

But he had reached this high station in an epoch of trial and hardship; a crisis that had long been in progress under the deceiving appearances of a profound calm, was now fatally mature. The Guelphs, who had for more than five-and-thirty years held an undisputed sway in Florence, were not free from jealousies and animosities among themselves. The families of the Cerchi and Donati, the first accused of secretly inclining to Ghibelinism, the last considered as composed of the most violent Guelphs, were waiting for the first opportunity of rushing into an open warfare. The occasion was not late to present itself. The quarrels of the Pistoiese family of the Cancellieri, two branches of which, the Bianchi and Neri, had, from 1296 to 1300, startled all Tuscany by their frequent assassinations and skirmishes, were introduced into Florence with the pious design of bringing them to pacification; when the Cerchi, espousing the cause of the Bianchi, and the Donati siding with the Neri, the long-repressed hostilities burst forth, and discord whirled its torch madly and blindly over desolate Florence. (1300.)

It was in this dangerous contingency that Dante was raised to the

council of the Priori. He had belonged, by birth and by choice, to the faction of the Cerchi, nor had he been reconciled to the opposite party by his marriage with Gemma, sister of the sanguinary partisan Corso Donati, the great leader of the Neri, and Dante's personal enemy—a lady of proud spirit and of high birth, but with whom, notwithstanding she had brought him six children, he seemed never to have been at peace, either owing to the ever-verdant remembrance of Beatrice Portinari, the first, the only love of his tenderest age, the subject of his juvenile rhymes, the source of his inextinguishable regrets, or owing to the ungracious temper of his wife herself, or finally, to the bias of political antipathies, which he had fondly hoped, by that ill-sorted alliance, to overcome.

But though his native predilection inclined him to favour the Cerchi, and, in consequence, their allies, the Bianchi; as a magistrate, he listened to no party spirit, and the most virulent champions of the two parties were, by his advice, confined to the two opposite frontiers of the republic.

The Bianchi, however, who had been relegated to Sarzana, having remonstrated against the unhealthiness of the place, and one of them, the poet Guido Cavalcanti, a friend of Dante, having fallen dangerously ill, they were in an evil hour recalled. The Neri, who felt themselves wronged by this act of partiality, had recourse to Pope Boniface VIII., with whom they had long since opened secret negotiations, and who was bitterly adverse to the Bianchi, in whom he apprehended ill-disguised favourers of Ghibelinism. The Signoria, aware of these hostile dispositions, charged Dante with the mission of expostulating with the pontiff in Rome. But the false priest, while he entertained the poet with fair promises, sent to Florence, as a mediator, Charles of Valois, the brother of Philip-le-Bel, king of France, who rallying the dispersed Neri, let them loose against their adversaries, issued decrees of proscription and confiscation against the Bianchi, pillaged and ravaged their property, and rased their houses to the ground. (1302.)

This was the convulsion which decided the fate of Dante. He was accused of the basest offences, he was sentenced to pay an enormous fine, his property was forfeited, his house pillaged and rased to the ground. Subsequently he was condemned to be burnt alive, when he began that career of wandering and misery that was to end only with his life. He was then in his thirty-seventh year.

He joined the other Florentine exiles, who assembled in the territory of Arezzo, and as the Bianchi already were, perhaps, Ghibelines in their heart, and had now no other resource left, they joined the Ghibelines of Arezzo and Pisa, the inveterate enemies of the Florentine republic. Having thus raised men and arms, headed by Count Alexander da Romena, and by a council of twelve leaders, of whose number was Dante, they appeared with ten thousand combatants at the gates of Florence. Owing, however, to some dissension among their chiefs in the plan of attack, their efforts proved unsuccessful, and they were repelled with heavy losses. (1304.)

Overwhelmed by this last reverse, Dante crossed the Appennines with bitterness and despondency in his heart, and sought refuge in

Lombardy. The Lombard republics were now, as we have seen, hopelessly wrestling against an all-pervading tyranny, arming the chiefs of one party against another, shedding torrents of blood, no longer with the hope of destroying, but only by a blind necessity of changing their masters. Already the Della Torre and Visconti disputed the sceptre of Milan with alternate success. The Este in Ferrara, and the Della Scala in Verona, founded a lower but surer basis of absolute dominion. It was at the courts of these tyrants that Dante, now an open Ghibeline, but still a proud, insubordinate republican, was compelled to sue for hospitality. To follow him in his long wanderings, trusting to the accounts of his various biographers, would be a tedious and unprofitable task. The devotion of the Italians for his memory in after ages has given rise to a hundred idle traditions. Inscriptions are to be found in several districts, pointing out with pious idolatry the apartments he occupied, the desk on which he wrote, the stone on which he sat, and, as it were, the very press of his footprints. He was in Padua in 1306, at the house of the Marquis Papafavi; he attended a Ghibeline meeting at Mugello, and was, in the same year, a guest of Morello Malaspina, Marquis of Lunigiana, a generous and courteous lord, who forgot old political differences in his eagerness to welcome the victim of misfortune.

How long he roamed abroad; in what period of his career he was in Casentino with Count Guido Salvatico, or with the Lords della Faggiuola in the mountains of Urbino; when and how long he was cheered by the hospitality of Bosone de' Raffaelli da Gubbio, a learned and accomplished Ghibeline, and, like him, a man more used to the frowns than to the smiles of fortune; whether he wrote a great part of his poem in the monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avelana near Gubbio, or at the castle of Tolmino in Friuli, when a guest of Pagano della Torre, patriarch of Aquileia; we leave to the ingenuity of his commentators to conjecture.

His favourite abode, however, and one to which he seems, by his own confession, to have repeatedly repaired, was the court of the Lords della Scala in Verona. This reigning family consisted, in 1306, of two brothers, Alboino and Cane, the last of whom, a youth of eighteen, by his splendour and liberality, by his brilliant chivalrous qualities, was eminent among the princes of Lombardy, and was looked upon as the pride and hope of the Ghibeline party. How far Dante may have shared in the common routine, so as to endure the thralldom of a courtly life, and swell the gaudy train of that young hero, cannot now be satisfactorily demonstrated. Certain it is, however, that Italy beheld more than once the sad spectacle of the wandering poet, of the silent, pensive, solitary scholar, of the soft-speaking, grave-looking, absent-minded dreamer, whose milk of human nature calamity had turned into sour misanthropy, clad in his plain garb of gray cassock, his stern brows shaded by his uncomely cowl; his pale, care-worn, long visage composed to an ill-repressed expression of utter scorn, lost and neglected at a prince's levee amidst the simpering, grimacing, noisy crowd of satellites, sycophants, and jesters, amidst the thousand vile beings who in all times and in every court never fail to find favour in the eyes of the great by that natural law

of assimilation, by which (as Dante himself bitterly replied to his patron's taunting insinuations) "*like loves like*."

But if he cherished for one moment the hope that the valour and ambition of Cane might alter the course of fate, bring about the humiliation of his adversaries, and restore him to the home of his fathers, that hope must have been speedily undeceived. Italy was as yet ill-trained and reluctant to servitude; and the new usurpers, far from having leisure to conspire against the peace of their neighbours, could hardly keep ground against the tide of popular rebellion, and watch over the conspiracies of their own subjects at home.

Hope failing after hope, the home-sick exile, consumed by chagrin and by powerless rancour, disgusted with the arrogance of his patrons, and the baseness of their minions, the sternness of his temper raising enemies against him in every quarter, felt his courage repeatedly overwhelmed by calamity. He then had recourse to his studies, plunged headlong into the deepest of his theological and philosophical researches, followed in their infant discoveries the physical sciences, astronomy, and mathematics, and revisited those seminaries of learning, in which, by the vastness of his encyclopedical lore, by his valiancy in public dissertations and disputes, he had left, from his earliest youth, the most dazzling reputation.

A day dawned at last under brighter auspices, at the epoch of the descent of the Emperor Henry VII., of the house of Luxembourg, into Italy. The German throne, vacant for seventeen years, then indifferently reorganised by the sovereign genius of Rodolph of Hapsburg, and suffered to relapse into utter disorder under Albert of Austria, had now finally fallen into the hands of a monarch who, unable to restore peace and order in Germany, had spirit of enterprise enough to look for better fortunes in Italy. Dante, who, like all other Ghibelines, had never ceased to look towards Germany for the redress of their wrongs, and had by several epistles, and by more than one apostrophe in his poem, invoked the mediation of Henry's predecessors, now hearing of the emperor's disposition, resumed his former spirits, and started forth, in his treatise "*De Monarchia*," as the advocate of the rights of empire. Henry, meanwhile, had crossed the Alps at the head of only 2,000 cavalry, offered his mediations to, and exacted the homage of several cities with various success, and, joined by a large Ghibeline host, had undertaken the siege of Florence. Dante did not, on this occasion, bear arms against his native city, but his voice of repining and despondency had now resumed a tone of invective and menace; he declined the ignominious terms on which he had been offered readmission, and shut against himself all possible means of future reconciliation. Henry was, in the mean while, repulsed from Florence, after a few months of ineffectual siege, and died, poisoned by a monk with the sacrament, at Buoncomento, near Siena, leaving the Ghibelines in a worse plight than he had found them at his arrival. This occurred in 1313.

Dante resumed his studies, his wanderings, his miseries. He crossed the Alps once more, and was received with wonder and applause among the doctors of the Sorbonne in Paris. He reappeared at Verona in 1320, where he sustained a learned thesis on the two

elements, earth and water. The excitement of these public exhibitions had a tonic effect on his shattered nerves, and he was heard to repeat, "that the fame he was acquiring had power to reanimate him even in the bitterness of exile." In the same year he repaired to Ravenna, where peace at last awaited him, and final rest from all the evils of life.

There reigned in Ravenna, in those days, and for more than fifty-seven years, Guido Novello da Polenta, an octogenarian sage, renowned for valour and prudence, a liberal patron, and no mean cultivator of all noble disciplines, and who had learned mercy from his own experience of the elations and reverses of fortune.

There might, perhaps, be still in his outward apparel, but there were certainly in the inmost core of his heart, the traces of the deep mourning he had worn for the loss of a beloved, apparently of an only daughter, that incautious Francesca, whom his wakeful remorse still smote him for having sacrificed to the selfish views of a cold reason of state. That tragedy was now far back in the past, (1288,) but the lonesomeness to which the bereaved parent had been left must have allowed little chance for the healing mediation of time, and the poet must have found that court such as the sympathies of a distressed mind would have chosen as its fittest abode—a house of sorrow.

His generous host, not satisfied with evincing the highest regard for the exiled bard in his palace, thought he could afford diversion to the preyings of his mind by engaging him in a difficult message to the republic of Venice. But the ill success of his embassy so deeply affected the susceptible heart of the poet, (who, under the outward aspect of stern misanthropy, was open to the fondest emotions, and loved, as he hated, with all the vastness of his colossal faculties,) that he fell severely ill of vexation and disappointment, and hastened back to Ravenna, where he arrived in time only to expire in the arms of his friend, Sept. 1321.

Guido had no sooner laid the mortal remains of the poet in his humble grave, and paid a tribute of praise to his memory by a few words at his funeral ceremony, than his hoary hair and his piety were of no avail to shield him against the storms of public life; and, forced from his seat at Ravenna by a sudden start of hostile faction, he also closed his days in exile in the following year.

Excepting his juvenile rhymes of love and the *Vita Nuova*, a romance of his pure and heavenly affection for Beatrice, all the works of Dante in his exile were, by the constant fretting of his uneasy mind, left incomplete. There was only one conception—that one on which he dwelt with longer and fonder intensity—for which no toils were spared, no relaxation indulged—"the sacred poem to which heaven and earth had lent their hand, which had for many years worn and exhausted him,"—only one monument on which he lived to see the last stone laid—the *Divine Comedy*.

Be it true or not that he had conceived the first plan of that poem, and had written seven cantos of it, whilst living at home, it is certain that never did that work assume its form and consistency, never did its author concentrate all his thoughts, all his hopes upon it, until after his expulsion from Florence; and the *Divine Comedy* is to be

regarded altogether as the work of his exile. It was the work of his declining life, and it might be proved that he was, to his last days, constantly at work, adding or suppressing, recasting and correcting, as he was influenced by circumstances, as his hopes were fading and colouring, and his passions ebbing and flowing.

From the first hours of his exile, Dante, who wrote actuated by the spirit of revenge, and who, according to the phrase of exiles, was "waiting for better times," desired to vent his magnanimous indignation by his writings, the last weapon by which he could render himself still formidable to his insulting antagonists. He was thinking of a work in which all the names of his enemies could be registered, in which they should atone, with eternal ignominy, for all the wrongs he had to endure. He wanted a conception unlimited as his rage; he wanted an invisible world, in which the world he lived in should be judged and sentenced after his own prepossessions. There was among the plans contemplated before his exile, an idea, yet only the embryo of a most vast idea, that admirably suited his design. Whence that primitive plan might be derived, it would now be as useless as difficult to state. The formless performances of some of the legends and fabliaux of French minstrels, even if they could be alleged as models from which the first project of a mysterious journey to the kingdoms of eternity might have been suggested, can be no disparagement to the claims of Dante to original invention. The Vision of Frate Alberigo, a monk of the Monte Cassino, who died in 1183, the *Tesoretto* of Brunetto Latini, his preceptor, or some dream or vision he really had, may, perhaps, be considered as a more immediate source from which the main idea was drawn.

But, without seeking any farther, his familiarity with the works of Virgil, his favourite poet, was most probably sufficient to give such a mind as Dante's the starting point from which he was to soar to such a prodigious height; nor was it, perhaps, without good reason that the Latin poet was chosen as leader and master through the greatest part of that eventful pilgrimage.

It seems to us by no means improbable that the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, and his affecting meeting with friends and enemies, and the oracles of the future disclosed by the ghost of his parent, and the thousand awful images by which the fecundity of the Roman bard so far enhanced the crude, primitive creation of Homer, might have struck Dante with a sudden thought that he also could, like Æneas, "sweep adown the gulf of time," break through the limits of life, surprise the secrets of the kingdom of death, and lay them open before the gaze of mortals.

The ideas of mankind concerning life beyond life were, in those days, blended with appalling phantoms and superstitious terrors. There was to have been a day to which the sons of man foresaw no morrow,—a day in which this globe was to be effaced from its system, and all the living at once summoned to their final account.

The year 1000, through ignorant misinterpretation of the Scriptures, had been considered as appointed by the supreme Arbiter as the close of time. The fated period had gone by, and the world stood on its axis as firm and safe as ever. Men tried to be ashamed and to laugh

at their own credulity, but the apprehensions of the millennium were renewed at the end of each century; the institutions of the jubilee, and other religious revivals, contributed to spread a gloom upon each centennial anniversary; and death was still present with all its ghastly cortège of doubt—of dread—of never-subsiding anxiety.

It was then an inexhaustible source of poetical machinery, in the year 1300, to describe a voyage to the eternal regions, to bring among a timid and credulous multitude the tidings from heaven and hell;—for the personification of fiends and angels was in many instances taken literally by the vulgar. The stupid crowd pointed at the poet as he passed, and thought they perceived, in his swarthy complexion and frizzled hair, the marks of his long exposure to the heat and smoke of the unquenchable fire.

It was a pious and retributive undertaking to visit the shades of men anciently or recently deceased, to paint them as undergoing the everlasting punishments which divine justice had pronounced against them; to unmask the hypocrisy of personages who had imposed upon fame, and usurped an undeserved celebrity; to restore the reputation of others, who found no rest in their tombs until struck by the blow of envy or malignity that had laid them low; to assuage the grief of a repining survivor, by showing the joy of the lamented one, if exulting among the elected; or the resignation to their doom, if cast among the reprobates; to induce guilt and wickedness to relate their own infamies in that kingdom where truth is potent; to show their pride crushed, and their arrogance chastised, where man is nothing but dust and shade; to hear from the dead the prophecy of the future, and threaten the repose of the living whilst engaged in the prosecution of their worldly schemes, blindly presuming on their youth and vigour, and triumphing in all the ebriety of success.

There was a wild transport in the thought of meeting the shades of men whose names the poet had been taught to pronounce with reverence and enthusiasm—conversing with those who had died leaving behind them bitter, unavailing longings for vengeance, and insulting the tears and groans of others who had promoted or hastened or derided his misfortunes. There was a rapturous excitement for a mind anxious in its yearnings after knowledge, in the expectation of seeing the most arduous, inaccessible truths unveiled, and being enabled to spread among men his own conjectures, as sanctioned by what he had seen or heard in that place where is the end of all doubts—he will go—he will see—he will ascertain; he will quench his long thirst at the fountain of truth, and clothing that truth in all the magical charms of poetry, make it a law among mortals.

Is there not in heaven an angel praying for him—is not the love, the dream, of his childhood—the sacred flame he had treasured up in his bosom with the vigilance of a vestal,—Beatrice, constantly watching over his fate, and guiding his star like a tutelar guardian—Beatrice, the ornament of paradise—the favourite of God! It must be Beatrice who solicits from the eternal court the grace of escorting the steps of her beloved into heaven; she will be his teacher as soon as Virgil shall have led him through the circles of the gulf of darkness, and up the steps of purgatory—as soon as he shall be purified of all human

frailties, and freed from all mortal errors,—as soon as, having been plunged into the waters of life, he shall be worthy to gaze upon her face, and to steal one of her looks from the contemplation of the eternal Being.

Such was the conception of Dante, nor ever did any man's soul so pour its whole self into one single creation, nor ever did human inspiration so far embrace all the thoughts and feelings, nor shoot so widely beyond the limits of the knowledge of his age: and the more we fix our eyes on the contemplation of that gigantic mind, we feel overwhelmed and amazed at the vastness, the boldness, the profundity of his undertaking; and we are proud that our spirit is derived from the same breath that animated his spirit, and we look towards our Maker with gratitude and dignity, praising him that he was pleased to bestow so much of his light upon one of our race.

All the political passions of the roaming Ghibeline, all the tenderest ecstasies of the lover of Beatrice, all the deepest abstractions of the ripe scholar, all his age, all his heart, and all his mind, found place in one work; but because such influences did not act at once with the same intensity, the different parts of the poem breathe a different spirit, according as the incidents of the poet's life gave one part of his feelings the ascendancy over the others.

The first part, the *Inferno*, is nearly all dedicated to politics; it was written during the first exasperation of exile, whilst the poet was striving to raise enemies against the enemies of his cause. Ghibeline rage and Ghibeline revenge engross all his time, and, with a progressive disdain, attacking Florence, Rome, and France, the Guelphs, the Neri, Charles of Valois, and Boniface VIII., he restores the fame of a hundred Ghibelines, or, in the amazement of terror and pity, he conceals their crimes under the veil of a deep commiseration for their sufferings.

Hence, leaving behind the abyss of all sorrows, and breathing again the vital air, as he reaches the outskirts of the mountain of purgatory, he spreads over his rhymes a blessed calm, an ineffable abandonment. The shades he meets are breathing love and forgiveness; they are less anxious of hearing news from the living, and only send messages of joy: the heart lightens and brightens with the different strata of the atmosphere in the rising regions of the mountain. At length, on its summit, where he has placed the terrestrial paradise, Beatrice approaches. She is coming—all that human fancy ever created falls short of the pomp and glory by which she is announced. Her lover has seen her—all earthly remembrances have forsaken him; with his eyes riveted on her eyes, he wings his flight to the spheres, attracted by her immortal looks.

There, while soaring from star to star, Beatrice reads in the mind of her lover, as in a mirror, all the doubts with which he was troubled: she gives him the solution of all problems about the system of the universe, about the inmost secrets of nature, about the most recondite mysteries of christian revelation; and, having thus explored the eternal light in all its emanations and reflections, Dante is allowed to turn his eyes towards the centre itself of all light, where dazzled,

bewildered, and lost, he sinks, and abandons his subject, as if avowing that *there* is a limit even for the genius of Dante.

Thus, of the three parts into which the poem is divided, politics are almost exclusively the subject of the first, love is the soul of the second, the third is consecrated to knowledge.

Such is the main plan of the poem; but as it is not our design to enter into any details of the works of the eminent geniuses who, by their writings, exerted the greatest influence on their respective age, we shall not dwell upon beauties that no description or illustration can enhance. We shall not say by what art he strikes the fancy of his reader with all the horrors of the eternal gloom—how he overflows with the wildest or tenderest feelings—how he rings with all the chime of the spheres. We shall not attempt to describe the whirlwind of sounds that besiege the entrance of the kingdom of darkness, nor “the sweet colour of oriental sapphire dawning in the sky,” and the “glimmering of the waves,” and the “glittering of the southern stars,” when landing on the shores of purgatory,—or the winged steeds of the chariot of Beatrice, or the hymns of her angelical chorus, or the smile by which she calls forth the smiles of paradise.

We shall say nothing of those fantastic, or pathetic, or majestic figures arising before us, portrayed at one stroke, such as Sordello of Mantua, or Farinata degli Uberti, or Pier dalle Vigne, or Manfred of Swabia, or of the heart-rending episodes of Francesca da Rimini, or Count Ugolino, which, clothed in all the charms of painting and sculpture, have become the property of all ages and countries.

Such is the great volume of Dante, such is the production of that primitive mind, that, rising like an immense alp above the clouds of the middle ages, created for his country a language, a poetry; who, obeying the encyclopedical taste of his age, embraced, in a vast panorama, all the opinions and errors of a dawning knowledge, and who, by an intuitive sense, seemed to unfold truths at which his age was not known to have arrived—Dante, the redeemer, the regenerator, the prophet, unheeded and forgotten in time of prosperity, resuscitated in days of adversity, the glorious pyramid, the monument that was to serve as a rallying point for the sons of Italy against future dispersion. For the fame of their earliest poet had its phases in the reverence of the Italians. The first appearance of that colossal figure, so evidently framed after the type of the ancients, had upon his contemporaries a startling effect. It seemed as if by that one performance Dante had vindicated the human mind from the charge of its gradual degeneration, and inspired modern genius with a new confidence in its own powers. “It was,” to make free with the comparison of a great historian of our days, “as if, in some of the ancient games, a stranger had suddenly appeared, and thrown his quoit among the marks that tradition assigned to the demigods.”

But by degrees that wonder and veneration abated. The revival of Latin, in the fifteenth century, to the detriment of the national language; the idolatry for Petrarch among the numberless crowd of his cold imitators in the sixteenth; and the progressive depravation of taste and degradation of manners in the two following centuries, had

finally the result of removing from Dante the attention of the universality of readers. Only in the sacred recess of some solitary mind—in the emulous aspirations of an archetypal fancy, like Michael Angelo's—in the sympathies of a heart shattered by long calamities, like Tasso's—or in the vehemence of a stern, passionate temper, like Alfieri's—could Dante find shelter and favour. His spirit loved to dwell only where it met with kindred spirits; his verses were the test to prove the existence of true elevation of soul and nobleness of heart.

The reaction by which the Italians, in our days, strive to atone for the long blindness of their reckless forefathers, the affecting devotion by which young enthusiasts are to be seen kneeling on the relics of their great father, in the still darkness of a humble church at Ravenna, the prodigious diffusion of his verses, and the supreme height to which his name has been replaced, speak highly to the praise of the present generation, and stand as a pledge of the renovation of their moral character, and of their ripeness for better destinies.

“O Italy! appease the manes of thy mighty dead!” The justice that we pay to their memory can alone justify our proudest claims to our noble descent, and raise us to the emulation of their glorious examples.

A PILGRIMAGE FROM FONTAINBLEAU TO SCOTLAND.¹

BY MISS HARRIOTT PIGOTT.

Annie folded her afflicted friend in her arms, watering her troubled brow with tears of pity ; then awaking her wean, she enveloped him in the folds of her tartan, and hastened after her. Phemy felt herself to be like a lambkin on the mountain, desolate ; she had neither a father to protect her, nor a brother to show himself brave in a sister's behalf. She climbed and sprang over each brae and each furze bush, treading down the thistles of Scotia, unheeding their prickly branches and prickly leaves, for the black horse's hoofs and his sinful rider, with his jingling wallet, sounded to her terror-stricken mind close following at her heels. Thus speeding onward, she had long distanced Annie and her wean ; but slackened her own pace to hush her troubled feelings on arriving nearer the spaewife's cave, her last night's misgivings having come over her with augmented force. Again she paused in trembling dubiousness, whether she was not committing an actual sin by thus invoking a mortal's mystical spells and predictions to discover prematurely her destiny on that earth which presented every hour the conviction, that an overruling Providence superintends the events and smallest incidents of our frail existence.

Marion had perceived Phemy approach from the mouth of her cave, and instantly advanced, with grimalkin by her side, to receive the poor trembler. Her brow was deep furrowed by her rough uncomely way of life ; she expanded her skinny hands in vehement action, as if to prevent nearer approach to her unhallowed abode. The old crone knew well what such a pure heart must feel, and she took pity on her.

"I loved thy mother well when she was but a weenie bairn, and when thou first camest on earth, and peered at the light of day, I took thee on my knees, I cast my cantrips, and gave advice to shield thee from harm's way ; therefore I will not bewilder thy poor love-sick, frightened heart with my powers of witchery and inspirations by flying through the air in your sight on a kale-cock, nor by milking your uncle's cows without so much as stirring from my own peat-fire, my black caldron, and such like things. Hie thee back to thy uncle's, my poor quaking innocent ; thy future life shall be brighter than was thy poor mother's, or than thine own hast hitherto been. Hie thee back, I tell thee ; seek thy bonnie laddie, and wait thee both but a short while, and gude luck will come knocking at thy door."

Then seizing her broom of heather branches, she waved it round Phemy's head three times, who hastily took the nearest track homewards, not once looking back, or uttering aught of thankfulness to Marion, nor even to her goodly Annie.

¹ Continued from p. 96.

Re-entering the dwelling which yet sheltered her orphan state, her heart felt somewhat less heavy ; which puzzled her the more, because she was discontented with her own conduct, that is, with the step she had taken in defiance of her better sense and those secret pious admonitions, those heavenly imaginings, that glanced athwart her mind. We may demand of the great and mighty of the earth, ye high-born, and cottage-born, ye absurd characters of every caste, ye fine ladies in plumes and diamonds, or in Birmingham's imitation jewellery, have ye content of mind while ye cease to pursue the path of manly honour, and of woman's virtue !

The uncle spoke to her more kindly than he had done for a long day past, and that surprised her exceedingly, and re-kindled sweet hope in her bosom. Now the legend of *Isla* mentions that the uncle, although a forecasting shrewd Highlander, being an untravelled man, he was not versed in the subtleties of the mainland, where it appears he had never been domiciled, nor had been there more than three times, and then not farther than Falkirk, to exchange a part of his flock for improved lowland breeders ; nor did he, after the strange practices he had seen there, ever wish to go again. He had not a cruel heart ; though rude and brief of speech, he loved his orphans well—the laddie from long habitude, but the lassie was his glory ; being a girl, she had required gentler cares from his rougher Highland nature. In the main, he had, in this affair, only intended her advantage, although it must be avowed he had certainly strayed wide of wisdom's laws to make her happy in this life, or, with the guide he had lately chosen, to ensure her a blissful immortality. The old man felt cheerless and cold without their gladsome greetings, and he thought his herds looked reproachfully at him, and would fain inquire where was their guide, Robin. He had also begun to weary of the bold bearing of his new inmate, and to think, as did an ancient English philosopher,

“ All is not gold that glitters.”

However, the more he cogitated, the more he was puzzled, and the more he felt embarrassed how to cancel his bargain with honour ; quite forgetting his previous broken faith with his orphan kinsman, as we too frequently witness in the practices of the highest circles in our supposed advanced state of civilisation. Man is more scrupulous to keep his word with a stranger than with one of his own blood. Although he had ever been of stout heart, never dreaded man or evil spirit, nevertheless somehow his heart on this extraordinary occasion misgave him whenever he thought of sending away his guest and his black steed. But all of a sudden the fiend in dark human form became ungovernably obstreperous, and so impatient to possess and to carry away to his own rich country (as he said) the half-distracted trembling Phemy.

Then the uncle, as a last resource, bethought himself of an impracticable scheme, and thus addressed him—“ Thou boastest, stranger, of thy horse, and of thine own equestrian prowess and skill, as far exceeding that of our most redoubtable and renowned High-

land warriors,—the Campbells, the Macdonalds, the Macleans, that have lived, or that are now in their life's vigorous prime.

"Now there is, as is well known to all persons dwelling in Isla, or in other isles on the Atlantic, or on the margin of the Scotch Lochs, a certain terrific whirlpool, called Slochd-bhaol-dori. 'Tis true that this gulf is an awful span to leap across, and muddy to look upon when on secure footing on the greensward, or on the desert sands. Nevertheless, to thy horse, and to thee, puissant stranger, who hast come from the most wonderful country in the creation, inhabited by such a marvellous race as you would seem to be, Slochd-bhal-dor will be as the breadth of a hair of thy horse's mane to pass over, or as the breadth of a purling stream to a bonnie lassie who seeks her lover.

"It is fitting that in presence of our brave Highlanders, who all respect my orphans, and who are in stirring wrath, and bear a menacing countenance against you, and against me, that you should win the lassie fairly, that is, by some courageous feat of arms or of horsemanship."

The foreign man accepted most eagerly the challenge, and named the morrow afternoon for the attempt of what the uncle doubted not the least must prove a failure, secretly rejoicing in his own adroitness in thus easily cancelling his contract, and at the same time getting rid of man and horse. He depicted to his own mind his Phemy in renewed ruddy hues and blithsome spirits by his well-piled peat fires, nor did he think less of recalling the banished laddie. But that last night at supper the stranger evinced such malignant boisterous jollity, cutting and hacking the haggis, scattering about the picked skull of the sheep's head and was so prodigiously coarse in his spiteful jokes to the shuddering maiden, oversetting or quaffing off stoups of mountain dew that the uncle was verily in a real consternation. His Highland bravery withered away, for he doubted not that a supernatural spirit from his Satanic majesty was seated at his table.

This terrible personage, ere he retired for the last time to his chaff pallet, worked up as he was to a pitch of madness by the fury of his passions, exacted that Phemy (his own lassie, as he most audaciously denominated her) should be present to witness his prowess, and crown instantly his triumphant right to make her his wedded bride with a garland of wild sweetgale, the emblem of the Campbell's chieftain, the noble Argyll. The maiden, against her will, acquiesced in this brutal requisition; for though she little doubted that he would evade the trial by galloping off across the island to embark at some one of the many ports and bays, or that he would perish; yet she had too much of blessed mercy and sweet pardon in her nature to covet to witness misery or death, not even to this baneful author of her unhappiness.

The news spread that night throughout the hamlets, and from shieling to shieling, in that part of Isla. Annie sat at her door, watching the sun going down in the chambers of the west, with restless impatience; so anxious was she to see Robin M'Arthur enter as usual to take repose under her husband's roof, that she forgot to hush her bairn to sleep, or make aught ready for their eve's repast, until she had told him "how things had taken sic a turn."

The inhabitants, the old and the young, parents with their naked-legged bairns, congregated on the shore at the hour named, all in intense anxiety for the liberation of Phemy, and her first betrothed and rightful spouse. Every visage darkened, every tongue whispered and murmured, as they cast their eyes on the dark foreign man, who was the first arrived on the scene of action, holding fast the strong rein of his wild steed, that seemed never to have been trained. So unmanageable had he on a sudden become, dashing the white foam from his mouth o'er all within his reach, neighing and prancing in seeming impetuous impatience for the wonderful leap, his fore and hind legs kicking up clouds of sand, with the apparent design to obscure the view of the anxious spectators. All wore at that moment hostile mien, some looking proud defiance, folding closer their plaids around their gaunt forms, whilst others held by firmer grasp the hilts of their dirks. Deeper and hoarser murmurs rose at short intervals, indicating strong impulses of their souls to fall upon and put to death both man and horse, also wavering whether they ought to respect the life of the gray-headed uncle, and amongst the poor bairns were sobs of sorrow.

The jocund piper was there in decisive posture in the foreground, wearing the badge of his chief in silver, and the eagle's feather in his bonnet; he called out, in decided derision, the old phrase of the Campbells,

“’Tis a far crie to Lochow !”*

Cousin Robin M’Arthur stood behind the piper, partially hidden from view; his plaid fell negligently in drapery, his Scotch blue bonnet was decorated with red worsted knots that confined a large bunch of the wild gale. Close to Phemy was her uncle in throbbing emotion; his blue bonnet had fallen off, his white hairs were blown apart in wild disorder; and he appeared wild from dismay at his own domestic misrule, his folded hands and body bending to the earth.

The faithful Annie was on the other side her sinking friend, supporting her kindly, and whispering hope and certainty of coming happiness.

But as the legend records—who in that hour could depict the direful consternation which reigned in that assemblage, when the fierce stranger seized the maiden with unprecedented dexterity, swinging her with herculean strength and wondrous celerity round his shoulders, and successfully placing her firmly behind him on his wild horse. The horse instantly reared on his hind legs, his fore feet extended over the awful gulf. The maiden uttered a fearful shriek, the multitude echoed that shriek, rushing forward at this certainty of a woful tragedy with warlike vengeful cries; but the maiden had appealed to the heavenly interposition; she cried with a distinct voice, “O God of mercy, save me, or take me to thyself!”

The contract betwixt the fiend and Satan was instantaneously broken,

* “It is a far crie to Lochow,” is a proverbial expression of Campbell clan, meaning that their ancient hereditary domain lay beyond the reach of an invading enemy.

through the influence of Christianity, by the potent name of the Almighty.

The wild horse with his rider leaped onward. The gulf swallowed them up.

Phemy, without an effort on her part, but by something she could not explain, felt an invisible hand slide her off, and light her on her feet upon the smooth sands laved by the waters of the mighty ocean, which became suddenly calm in smiling tranquillity, gleaming under the ethereal face of heaven.

Robin M'Arthur darting forward at that blissful moment, folded her securely in his plaid, as if he would never part from her more. Then taking a small sprig of the wild sweetgale from his blue bonnet, he placed it in triumph on her breast, praising aloud the Author of all good for this signal victory of his virtuous lassie over vice and its golden attributes.

The old uncle then advanced to bless his orphans, betrothing them over again to each other in sight and in hearing of his now joyous assembled Isla brethren. A sure-footed messenger was despatched to bring a holy man on the morrow, and all present, auld and young, were bidden to the wedding feast. The jocund piper played his merriest tunes before them all the way back to their habitation, with Cro-challin, that olden, sweet, pastoral strain sung in the Highland fold. The uncle, all gladsome for the safety of his younglings, forgetting the hours of bitter woe he had so heedlessly inflicted on them, laughed loud and merrily that evening as he sat betwixt them; and he invited Phemy to sing her merriest ballads, as she was wont to do—never heeding, in the joy of the present hour, her still pallid cheek—her fainter voice.

Henceforth Happiness and her sire Content dwelt with them. Neither Robin nor his Phemy had any longer a fancy to provide themselves a nest in any humble shieling apart from the dwelling that had protected their younger life. Stirring remembrances and affections were all at work to make them love on. She thought more how to be a duteous gudewife in their guardian's old abode; but he made over to her a stated number of breeding ewes, with lambs and cows; for he said, and said again, his sister's orphan girl should not become any laddie's gudewife without her dower of living kine.

I must not omit to state that the old laird of Barbreck sent a red deer, shot by his own skilful hand, for the wedding-feast; and two prime wethers, well fattened, were slain, roasted, and placed smoking hot on the wooden platters, and duly eaten. The lads and lasses of the isle came from far and near, with the best dancer of Highland reels; and there were Highland games before the cheerie dwelling—gille-cullum, or the sword dance, the best man at tossing the cabar, thrower of the putting stone—all seemed inspired to unusual force, agility, and mirth, in their best Highland garb.

A few nights later Phemy bethought herself of the foul fiend's fatal gift, and besought her uncle to take down the black wallet from off the wooden peg, that Robin might forthwith, and without losing an instant of time, carry it down to Laggan sands, and from thence throw it into

the sea ; " for there could be nae luck about the house whilst ill-gotten gold hung therein." So the uncle, nothing loath, took down the wallet off the peg, although rather in a tremor, loathing to touch, with his wrinkled sunburnt hand, aught which had appertained to that fiend, his false counsellor. But in jerking it on the ground, out rolled, *not* the golden pieces that had so dazzled and led him astray from honour's path ; but lots of pieces of common slates, which unexpected sight brought real joy to his old heart and to the young folks, strengthening their conviction of the imminent danger they had incurred from the visit of the arch-fiend in human form, as likewise that heavenly gratitude to Divine Providence for his merciful protection which should arise from the contemplation of their escape from remorse and death. This ill-omened wallet was flung with indignant force from out the threshold by the old uncle, as a bitter memento against himself of the dangerous influence of ambition ; and truly from that bright hour all flourished around and within their dwelling-place, so much so, that in process of time Phemy's dower of herds increased and multiplied surprisingly ; their lambs yielded the finest woo' in all the Hebrides. Her plaid was now of finer homespun woo', but the plaid of gude Hawslock woo', which she wore that sad morn to visit the spaewife, she never ceased to think served her most comfortably in snowy weather. The long years of their healthy life were untinged with romance, their bairns arrived in the world one after the other in due time, and the uncle blessed each in succession ; but his blessing was always followed by a pithy petition to keep them from harm's way, from southern dark men and their filthy lucre temptations. Thus the incidents of their future years were the usual incidents of rustic Highland life, accruing to peaceful unruffled minds, recollecting how mercifully all the events of their lives had been ordered. They ever retained that sharp remembrance of those past feelings, arising from the cold blasts of domestic discord, that served to enhance their thankfulness for the ultimate boon accorded to them of a prosperous comfortable mediocrity, always bounding their wishes within the path their resources measured out. Both Robin and his Phemy continued to have a paramount dread of straying wide from their own little domain, fearing to risk encountering stranger men. Their rustic existence was

" Like the calm stream
That murmurs onward with the self-same tone
For ever, by the mystic power of sound
Binding the present with the past, pervades
The holy hush, as if God's own voice,
Filling the listening heart with pity."

PROFESSOR WILSON.

To be continued.

THE PILLAR OF SIVA.¹

LOVE and hope had added wings to the young and ardent Mussulman, on receiving the information of the sepoy. No time was lost in reaching the city, arming himself, and repairing to the abode of Amrut. The peon refused admission to the wrathful being who demanded it. The alarm was sounded, and the armed party rushed to seize Mustapha. With his whirling sabre he cleared a circle round him. They rushed upon him, and a dozen weapons clashed alternately with his. Again they rushed on to the assault, and were again baffled. Fiercely were they scattered back, and step by step Mustapha won his way to the staircase. Miracles seemed worked for his preservation. Rear, front, and flank, pressed the glittering blades of his opponents—yet he escaped. Every thrust was parried, every assailant defeated, and now he reaches the staircase; but two of his foes oppose him at the foot. It was the strength of the lordly lion, encountering the forest-boughs borne on the blast of the hurricane. He sprang upon them—struggled—they are overthrown. Mustapha is at the door of Amrut. It is forced—he stands in menacing attitude over his enemy, as he awakes from his frightful dream; while the guard, resigning the attempt to foil him with the sabre, thronged the door and room with presented fire-arms.

“Save—seize him!” roared Amrut, hardly conscious that the scene was not a change of his former apparition.

“Fire, if ye dare,” thundered Mustapha, as he forced the Babao from the ground, and held him as a shield before the threatened volley of the domestics.

“He will murder me,” gasped Amrut; “release me from his hands—on with your swords—cowards!”

“Make but a motion to obey the order,” shouted Mustapha, holding his writhing prey at arm’s length, “and the head of Amrut pays the forfeit.”

The paralysed attendants remained irresolute.

“Madman! what is thy purpose?” asked Amrut.

“To redress the innocent, and regain my own. Slave of lust and infamy—restore the girl—give me Panama—tell me where thou hast hid her amid thy accursed wantons—tell me where—for were it in thy black heart’s core, I’d tear her from the foul and bloody dungeon.”

“I know her not—she is not here,” answered Amrut in confusion.

“Base briber of the pander!” retorted the Mussulman; “provoke me not by falsehood, lest I cut short thy power of giving me reparation—quick—where is she?”

“I tell thee, not here,” repeated the other.

“Thou shalt attend me while I search; and if I discover aught of treachery in these thy words, or that thou hast done the maiden harm—then make thy peace, for thy blood alone will satisfy the indignation of Mustapha.”

¹ Continued from p. 190.

So saying, he tightened his already iron gripe, and waving his sabre to keep back the following servants, he dragged Amrut from the apartment.

Muttering threats of eager and impatient vengeance, Mustapha explored every room, gallery, and crevice of the habitation, still forcing along its terrified owner, still attended by the group of servitors, anxious to defend their master, yet fearing to approach. Shrieks of females, exclamations of fury, groans and imprecations from the jealous Amrut, and the calm, stern, threats of the Mussulman, at length rang through the building, and announced that they had entered the sanctum sanctorum of the Babao, the most sacred tabernacle within the veil, where were confined, in indiscriminate confusion, the withered harridan of former pleasure, the still lovely but now neglected bride, and the latest blooming and disconsolate victim.

"Slay the women!" shouted the enraged Amrut, "since they have been polluted by the intrusion of a stranger."

"Death for the first slave who dares to stain the steel of manhood with the blood of a helpless woman," responded Mustapha, throwing himself before the crowd of screaming females, and the advancing group of armed men; "death also for him who gave the order, unless it is instantly countermanded. I came hither to rescue the feeble from thy power, not to behold thy cowards do the work of massacre upon the unprotected."

"Spare me—it is revoked," implored the trembling Amrut.

"Dismiss the women," ordered Mustapha.

"Ye are ordered to retire," repeated the Babao, addressing his multitude of partners. "Another time will come for this," he muttered, as they left the room, while a horrible scowl of restrained hate and anger blended with that pallid expression of fear upon his face. "Thou hast searched, and hast not found her," he said, to Mustapha; "thou art satisfied—depart."

"True, I have searched; yet have I no guard against thy treachery. I was told by a certain fakir—knowest thou aught of him?"—and he fixed a keen look on the face of Amrut.

"Of the fakir?—yes—no—nothing," answered Amrut in embarrassment.

"Speak!—thy trembling limbs, thy pallid cheeks, thy faltering voice, betray confusion—consciousness of guilt—speak—what of the fakir?"

"Hold off—for Allah's sake, hold off—I will tell thee," said Amrut, striving to collect himself. "'Tis true, a fakir was my agent to possess the girl, but I know no more—I met him by accident, and offered him the bribe—I know not his abode—he has deceived me—would I could denounce him to thy vengeance!"

In the midst of his chagrin and terror, the wily Babao forgot not all the resources of artifice.

"The sepoy—one of those who surprised me first unarmed, and bore away the maiden—I afterwards discovered him bound."

"Bound!" echoed Amrut, with unfeigned astonishment.

"Ay, he told me of this fakir; he was bold, and daring, and subtle too, as much as either. He said a party had surrounded him and his

associate, seized Panama, and left them thus fettered, with their muskets suspended from a tree."

"Treachery, treachery!" groaned Amrut, inarticulately.

"What sayest thou? Thou art perplexed!" urged Mustapha.

"I was considering that from this sepoy thou couldst force the information thou requirest," said Amrut.

"But where to find him?" demanded the other, eagerly.

"At his post."

"But where? Darest thou mock me?"

"Nay, n—ay—I mock thee not," replied Amrut, as if musing.

"Didst thou ask his name?"

"Hell and fury! no," said Mustapha; "ten thousand curses on my stupidity!—and yet he might have played me false on that point too."

"But thou sawest his features—thou couldst identify him?—the troops may be paraded—and——"

Anxious to hear the answer, yet afraid to know the worst—the means of tracing and proving his own guilt,—he paused, with heaving chest and parted lips, to catch the reply of the Mussulman.

"Identify!" said the dupe of the cautious Amrut, in a tone expressive of bewildered thought, "curse me—I am a fool—no—the place was dark—I was agitated—beside, for a moment I mistook his features for the mangled ones of her. Ask me no more—I gave him arms—liberty—I cannot trace the wretch."

"Then, indeed, is there no clue left," said Amrut, scarcely able to conceal the emotions of self-congratulation, which he experienced; "then, indeed, is there no clue left!"

"Devil! why remind me of that?—do I not know it?" shouted Mustapha, clutching his enemy more firmly than ever.

"Calm thyself," entreated Amrut, quivering like an aspen in every joint, "reflect—I meant no harm."

Mustapha made a violent effort to master his rebel feelings, and partially succeeded. "I know it—I know it!—oh! I am mad—mad!" he said, with a calmness more appalling than the previous vehemence.

"Now, then, depart," remonstrated Amrut, seizing the propitious moment of tranquillity; "thou hast assaulted my house—quarrelled with my attendants—outraged my person—violated the sanctity of my harem—I forgive thee all—go—for thy safe conduct from this place thou mayest depend upon my honour."

The young man listened quietly to the enumeration of the several charges preferred so coolly against him; but, at the utterance of the last words, he looked full upon Amrut, and shook him as an infant in a giant's hands. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, in the same wild manner which had thrilled to the soul of Ballo in the jungle—"honour, indeed!—I will seat myself upon a vapour of the marsh, and trust to its solidity and strength to bear me safely over the vast 'black water,' but never trust to honour such as thine. He whose soul aspires not to be brave, will stoop in any hour to become the assassin. I ask not thy forgiveness; whatever thy malice can effect I can abide; but for the present I shall trust to my own protection—thou art still in my

power," he thundered; "command these myrmidons of thine to lay their weapons at my feet."

A slight hesitation was visible in the deportment of Amrut. With the keenness of an eagle it was observed. "Come—the time admits of no delay—command, or——"—Mustapha raised his sword.

"Do as the Mussulman suggests," ordered Amrut.

One by one the group piled their weapons at the feet of Mustapha.

"Now thou art free," said the Mussulman, pushing the Babao headlong among his attendants, and arming himself with one of the surrendered pistols; "this will guard against any lingering treachery which may yet lurk amidst thy ruffians; my own sword will protect me from a more daring and nearer foe. I depart, but first proceed and show me the way."

With a menacing air, he waited beside the heap of arms until the last servitor had followed his master, and then brought up the rear with his own person. When arrived at the foot of the great staircase, Mustapha pushed at once through the throng, and entered the court without saying a word. Then, and not till then, did Amrut draw forth a pistol, which he had concealed within his vesture during the whole transaction, but which, in his panic, he had neither the courage nor skill to employ. Slowly and deliberately he levelled it at the person of Mustapha, as it loomed through the darkness of the court. He fired. At the instant when the flash illumined the spot, the Mussulman was seen to stumble forwards.

"He is ours, by Brahma!" exclaimed Amrut, rushing to where his enemy was last observed.

The attendants, with something like reluctance, hastened after their master. They examined the place. A few drops of blood were observable upon the pavement.

"He is wounded at least—perhaps mortally," observed Amrut. "His outrage is sufficient apology for the act."

As he uttered the words, something crawled or crept across his foot. He started, stooped, and saw the unlucky victim of his cowardly attempt.

"Sacrilege! sacrilege!" he cried, raising a small monkey from the ground; "the wrath of Siva will be on my house—haste, slaves, let us in, and strive, by attention to this sufferer, to conciliate the god, and heal the sacred animal of Hunimawn."

With every symptom of fanatical terror, and an exhibition of anxiety, contrasting strangely with the cold carelessness with which he had just striven to murder a fellow-creature, Amrut had the wounded monkey conveyed within his dwelling, there to lavish upon it more endearments than any of his brides enjoyed after the first week's possession.

At the entrance of his abode the fakir stood ready to receive the escort, and, having paid his mercenaries, conveyed into the house the still unconscious Panama.

"Lie there!" he said, gently depositing his burden upon a couch. "Now thou art in my power, child of mine enemy. To-morrow, when thy father mourns in disconsolate anguish for thy loss, I will

seek him in his solitude. There, having deprived him of the power of resistance, I will defile this beauteous thing of innocence before her sire's eyes; then will I take her life, bathe Abdullah's hands and garments in her polluted blood, depart, and denounce him as her murderer. I can suborn witnesses—gold will do all. How sweet is the contemplation of such a revenge!" rubbing his hands together in the ecstasy of horrid thoughts, "Violation and murder—pollution and widowed age—ignominy and judicial death—but she revives—I must be cautious."

"Mustapha, I have a father," murmured the poor maiden, unclosing her eyes upon the countenance of the fakir. "Who art thou?" she asked with fearful wildness; "tell me who art thou?"

"Hush! hush! my child!" whispered the fakir soothingly; "thou requirest rest."

"How came I here?" continued Panama; "thou art a holy man, and will not deceive me—tell me, where is Mustapha? I thought I saw him—oh!" And with a low, shuddering moan she hid her face upon the pillow.

"The fate of him thou callest Mustapha I know not," returned the fakir. "I was so fortunate as to rescue thee from ruffians—thou art here in safety. Who is thy father—mother?—hast thou parents?"

"Abdullah the brahmin is my father—knowest thou him?" said the unsuspecting maiden.

"Who hath not heard of the piety and benevolence of Abdullah?" replied the fakir.

"And Mustapha—knowest thou him? I thought every one knew the brave Mustapha—is he slain?—canst thou rescue him too, old man?"

"I tell thee of Mustapha I know naught; but thy father, I will comfort his aged heart with the sight of his beloved daughter. To-night it were impossible—besides, thou dost require rest—to-morrow thou shalt hear more—I will restore thee, child, I will restore thee—sleep, sleep!"

And calming her troubled spirit by the gentlest attentions, the wily fakir had the satisfaction of beholding his victim sink into an uneasy slumber. Hiding beneath a face of smiles the blackness of pre-determined crime, he sat patiently down beside his prey, carefully employing whatever ingenuity could devise to still her terrors, and (strange perverseness of the human heart) lull her into the confidence, at least, of friendly security.

The sun rose in splendour over the festival of Jumna Osmee. Already waving banners adorned every shop. Groups of people might be seen, dressed in their holiday suits, and crowds of pilgrims and religious mendicants thronged the streets and the approaches to Benares. An unusual life seemed to pervade the numerous monkeys which clambered along the roofs, or clung from the balconies and projections, taking the most impudent familiarities with the passengers, as if on that day determined to enjoy their full immunity of privileges, and mingling their multitudinous chatter and screams with the sound of gongs, the discord of vinas and biyals, the thunder of tom-toms.

the "blare" of the brazen trumpets, and a thousand other notes of barbarous and uncouth music. Here and there a circle of Mussulmen, with their solemn aspect and haughty port, stood round the entrance of the mosque, where they had just been performing their morning devotions, or sauntered sullenly through the narrow streets, scowling disdainfully upon the Hindoos who passed by, and hardly refraining from striking the brahminy bulls, which, like mastiffs, crossed their path, or lay lazily athwart the street, scarcely deigning to stir from the human shapes who were blind enough to treat them with idol reverence. Like pampered favourites, they repaid the indulgence of their masters but with insolence and neglect. But the frowns of the Mussulmen arose from the jealousies of creed. They remembered that on that day also would be celebrated the feast of the Mohurrun.

The day advanced. The festivals proceeded. The crowds of people poured on in greater numbers, and with higher zeal. The incessant din of jarring sounds rang more deafeningly from one end of the city to the other. Chaos had left the realms of night, and revelled with unresisted power beneath the noontide sun. On came the car of Jumna Osmee. Shouts and uproar accompanied its progress. The brahmins prayed—the devotees tortured themselves and danced. Then afar off were heard the lamentations which announced the commencement of the Mohurrun. Acclamations were answered by hollow shrieks, and peals of horrid mirth with groans of apparent anguish, while all grew gradually blended and confused by vastness and distance, until Benares, with its multitude of long, narrow, winding alleys, and its proud assemblage of ruins, temples, and palaces, appeared to be converted into one mighty theatre, devoted to the saturnalia of Belial. The car moved on. The Mohurrun drew near. Then arose a stunning continuous roar of instruments and voices; louder, more terrible, more strong, than the "bore" upon the Ganges. The rival processions had met. The throng waved back, then undulated onwards with an unsteady motion. Cries of vengeance, and the curses of either faith, now lent their additional strength to the universal clamour, and announced that the demon of religious rancour, and he alone, had spread his baleful wings above the fated multitude. In front the struggle for pre-eminence was violent and incessant, while, as the tide rolled either way, causing the mass of turbaned heads and agitated banners to reel and waver like smoke before the breeze, the shouts of hostility were echoed from afar, and many a clenched hand might be seen raised in fury, and lowered with equal rapidity, while the lips of the owner yelled forth the execrations of bitter bigotry. Suddenly in the rear of the Mussulman party swelled forth one clear and solitary voice, but, by reason of the tumult, audible to those only in the vicinity of the speaker.

"To the Pillar of Siva!" it shouted. It was the voice of Mustapha. After leaving the house of Amrut, he had wandered, like a maniac, through the city, almost without aim or purpose, in the lingering hope of finding Panama, though he knew not where to seek her, until day broke upon his desolate spirit. He then joined the train of his brethren, in the procession of the Mohurrun, resolved to make

religion the scape-goat of his griefs, and to bury the recollection of private wrongs in one vindictive and memorable blow against the faith of Brahma.—“To the Pillar of Siva!”

His followers heard the words, and rushed forwards, at the signal, to support their leader.

Beneath a mosque, which Aurengzebe had built upon the site of a demolished Hindoo temple, towered the stately and ornamented column of Siva. When the temple had been destroyed, it was suffered by the Mussulmen to remain, on condition that half the offerings presented should accrue to them; and the Hindoos were particularly anxious for its preservation, as, according to tradition, it would involve in its fall the fate of the brahminical religious dynasty.

Some time had elapsed after the departure of Mustapha and his followers, when the multitude, from its remotest limits, became agitated with more than former tumult. Yells of triumph vied with shrieks of fury. “The Pillar of Siva is overthrown!” were the words of exultation and dismay which were echoed from lip to lip. Then burst forth, in terrible activity, the demon of misrule. Retaliation actuated the fierce spirits of the outraged Hindoos. They rushed upon the mosques; rashers of bacon were plentifully strewed through the temples of the Mussulmen; act impelled act, until blood alone could assign a limit. In a certain part of the holy city stood a well, whose waters, brought by a subterraneous passage from the Ganges, were esteemed even purer and more sacred than those of the hallowed stream itself. A cow was slain, and the blood poured into the well. The last bar was broken down which held at bay the spirits of anarchy and carnage. One universal cry of grief and vengeance testified the feelings of the worshippers of Brahma. The victory would be that of numbers, and those were in favour of the Hindoos. It seemed that nothing short of the extermination of their religious foes could satiate their resentment. Many lives were lost, and the interference of the military at length put a stop to the general disturbance.

Ere yet these horrors of fanatical rancour had ceased to rage, two sepoy were placed as sentinels to guard the mosque wherein lay, extended on the earth, the prostrate Pillar of Siva. These were Ballo and Lalljee. With looks of impatient curiosity they watched the progress of the shouting and infuriated crowd. That crowd approached the place. Swiftly they passed the intervening space. They are in front of the mosque—mendicant brahmins and devotees forming the foremost rank, and by prayers, curses, and threats, endeavouring to obtain admission. With presented muskets the sepoy kept them from the entrance. Suddenly an aged man, with all the marks of fatigue, and toil, and combat, pushed through the clamorous people, and advanced with menacing gesture to the very muzzle of the levelled muskets. It was Abdullah, the brahmin.

“Thou canst not pass—stand back!” exclaimed Ballo.

“I cannot pass?” echoed Abdullah; “I have lost my child, the Pillar of Siva is overthrown, the holy well is defiled, and salvation can be obtained in Benares no longer—I must pass.”

“Advance, and thou diest,” said Ballo, firmly.

"Slave! wilt thou do violence to a brahmin?" asked Abdullah, with haughty air.

"I know my duty, and will do it," responded Ballo.

"Then do it, for dead or alive I will lie beside the prostrate Pillar of Siva."

As he spoke, he darted furiously onwards. Then came the report of Ballo's gun. Abdullah dashed his hand upon his forehead, and reeled; then collecting his remaining strength, he forced the sepoy on one side, passed by the irresolute Lalljee, and staggered into the mosque. Short space had Ballo for reflection, still less to follow the refractory brahmin. Before he had time to reload his musket, another foe presented himself.

"Stand to thy arms, coward!" he shouted to Lalljee, as the fakir, with brandished and bloody sword, bearing on his arm the unfortunate Panama, burst through the crowd, and confronted the sepoys.

"I have found him at last," said the fakir; "give way, or death for him who hinders me."

"Fire!" commanded Ballo, and Lalljee had not been slow in making preparations to do so, but the effort was useless. With one stroke of his sword, the fakir dashed the muzzle up, and it exploded harmlessly in the air. Then turning on Ballo, he parried and avoided a heavy blow of the unloaded gun, and returning the assault, laid open his temple with a mortal and a ghastly wound. Ballo staggered into the mosque. The fakir followed, and Lalljee fled. A cry of "The soldiers approach," then spread a panic through the throng. They poured on another way. The place was for a moment deserted.

As the wounded Ballo retreated before the Rohilla, his foot touched Abdullah, who had fallen beside the pillar, which had so much usurped, throughout his life, the visions of superstitious glory. The cold dews of death were on the brahmin's brow, when he turned upon the intruder a faint and anguished look. He perceived not that any other was present. "Thou hast trod upon the grave of a brahmin," he said solemnly, and his voice sounded like the denunciations of offended heaven; "remember, in three days thou shalt be no more."

"The story of Lalljee, when we were setting out to seize Panama!" groaned Ballo, striving to totter to a distance from Abdullah, while, with an expression of remorseful terror, he sank upon the floor.

"I should know that voice," exclaimed Panama, reviving to consciousness, and looking in the direction whence it issued; "it is my father—he is wounded—oh! release me—let me save my father—let me die beside him."

She struggled to release herself, but the fakir held her firmly back.

"Thou didst promise thou wouldst restore me to my father," she remonstrated; "why detain me from affording him needful succour?"

"Fear not," answered the other, sarcastically; "I will restore thee."

Holding back with one arm the struggling maiden, he bent, and scrutinised the features of the brahmin, as he lay writhing in his expiring pangs. Abdullah saw him. "Thou art welcome," he exclaimed; "thy touch will not be pollution. Brahma be praised, thee at least I know."

"Know me!" hissed the fakir, in the accents of hate and fury, at the same time tearing off the seams and patches which disguised his natural countenance—"know me!"

Abdullah looked in terror at his altered face. One wild scream of horror testified his recognition. "The Rohilla Hafiz!" he shrieked, struggling painfully with the approach of death, yet striving to shut out with his hands the terrible vision.

"Ay, the Rohilla Hafiz," hoarsely answered the other, fetching his voice, which sounded like the imagined one of a demon, in gurgling accents from his throat. "Did I not tell thee, Abdullah, that I would be revenged—that no spot should be remote enough to hide thy imperious head and stony heart? When Hafiz was proscribed, and left naked and unprotected to the pursuit of his enemies—remember thou didst refuse him succour—thou knewest no pity for his helpless babe, whose mother had already fallen, sabred by the merciless foe;—thy creed—thy bigotry—thy selfish purity, forsooth, was more to thee than the claims of humanity—than the pangs of famished innocence, when, in the frenzy of my desperation, I entrusted her, my only offspring, to the tender mercies of the waters, and hung around her neck a cownie, marked with the initial of her mother's name, that I might—mad thought!—be enabled to recognise her, should she ever fall again beneath her father's eye, and decorated her infant body with the badge of the accursed brahmin, that she might have that further chance of life in appealing to their bigoted sympathy. When I did this, Abdullah, I vowed to have revenge. I have never seen her since—she hath gone—thy god, Gunga, did not rescue her when cast upon the surface of the stream—and now, while you lie expiring before me, I will show thee—though it is not the full amount of my purpose—I will show thee how the Rohilla Hafiz can nurse the vengeance of desolation."

He raised his blade, yet reeking with the blood which he had so recently shed, and held it before the dying brahmin.

As the brahmin listened to the words of his enemy, his struggles ceased. The dull film of mortality, which had glazed his sight, disappeared for a moment, and his eyes lit up with more than common brilliancy. The Rohilla prepared to execute his purpose. Already the weapon was raised for murder.

"Stay thy hand—she is thy child," screamed the Brahmin, exerting himself with a desperate effort, and sinking once more in the feebleness of approaching death. The sword dropped from the hand of Hafiz. He gazed as if thunderstruck, first on Panama, then on Abdullah.

"What sayest thou, Abdullah?" he asked in a whisper, which might thrill to the heart of the senseless, it was so earnest and so deep.

Abdullah again heard, and roused to speech and sense. "I found her, an infant, floating on the Ganges, and reared her for my own—examine—thou wilt find the shell thou speakest of." Once more the senses of the Brahmin receded. Hafiz rushed to Panama—he sought and found within her breast the shell—the treasure which marked

her for his—he turned her tresses from her brow, and gazed upon the features, which he now recognised to be the semblance of her buried mother.

“The great Brahma be praised!” he shouted; forgetting in the ecstasy of the hour the antipathy of prejudice, and invoking in sincerity that god whom he had long feigned to worship. “Live, Abdullah! Live, thou restorer to me of double existence! live—receive my thanks—accept my gratitude.”

Abdullah rolled slowly over as he lay, then raised himself heavily on one arm, while he stretched the other to Hafiz, which was grasped with firmness; then with a low deep sigh he relaxed his hold, and fell for ever. The fanatic brahmin died in the friendship and embrace of the vindictive Rohilla Hafiz.

From the moment when the Rohilla threw off his disguise, and was recognised by the brahmin, the faculties of Panama seemed entranced as in a delirious dream. The death of Abdullah first recalled her to activity; the full tide of nature poured upon her heart—she sprang into the embrace of Hafiz.

“My father!” she sobbed, “my father!—he was a kind father to me—but thou wilt be kinder still—for thou art my own, own father.”

“Heaven bless thee, child! doubt it not—I will—I will,” answered Hafiz, while he clasped her to his paternal breast.

While yet the reunited hearts of a father and his long-lost child throbbed together in the wildness of uncontrolled emotion, Mustapha entered the mosque. He had met Lalljee in his retreat, questioned him, and learned that Panama and the fakir were probably then within its walls. On the wings of rage and jealousy he flew to the spot.

“Now, then, for love and vengeance,” he said, advancing upon the Rohilla, “release the girl—take up thy sword and fight. I scorn to take thy life as thou wouldst take the lives of the defenceless.”

Panama shrieked—she knew the voice of Mustapha. With all the sternness of recovered self-possession, the Rohilla snatched his sword from the earth.

“Ay, villain,” he said, “I will fight; this arm was never weak, except from famine; beware its force, when nerved in preservation of a daughter’s life and honour.”

“My father!” gasped Panama, striving to prevent the collision of their weapons, yet unable, from surprise and terror, to utter more—“My father!”

“Father! daughter!” echoed Mustapha, “more mystery. Panama, explain—I will be trifled with no longer.”

“Lower thy sword, sir,” commanded Panama, with dignity; “the Rohilla Hafiz stoops not to threats, and remember thou art in the presence of the father of Panama.”

“The Rohilla Hafiz the father of Panama!” said the bewildered Mussulman, instinctively lowering his blade-point, and bending his knee before the Rohilla, while he retired respectfully a few paces; “Gracious heavens, what new wonder will next be developed?”

“Father!” said Panama, in a low tone, turning to her conciliated

sire, and hiding her blushing face upon his bosom, while his arm encircled her form, "I have to request thy favour for a youth." She paused, hesitated, and was silent.

"A favour, child!" said Hafiz; "if anything within the bounds of prudence be demanded, the hour which restores thee is not the one in which I could refuse. For whom is it required?"

"Even for him who but now raised his sword against thy life."

"And would fain have taken it, but for thy intercession, child."

"Ay, spite of my intercession, until he knew thou wast the father of Panama."

"Well—his name?" demanded Hafiz.

"Mustapha," answered the maiden.

"Thy lover!" exclaimed the Rohilla, starting in some surprise.

"He who won my affection ere yet my years had taught me to withhold or disguise it," murmured the blushing girl.

"Is he noble?" demanded her sire.

"Descended from the proudest blood of the Mussulman conquerors," answered Panama.

"Faithful?"

"I have found him so, father."

"Virtuous?"

"My heart informs me that he is."

"Is he brave?"

With a swift and sudden movement, Panama flung aside the supporting arm of the Rohilla. Never was vehemence of feeling more strongly portrayed, or change of passion more conspicuous. Never more completely was the bashful timidity of the dependent virgin altered for the majesty and action of the man-opposing Amazon. She measured two or three paces apart from her father—

"Brave!" she repeated, waving her hand disdainfully. "Is Mustapha brave? Mustapha, step forth, and prove that thou art brave to them who doubt it."

With steady step and tranquil air, but with respectful mien, Mustapha advanced and knelt before the Rohilla.

"Hafiz," he said firmly, "thou hast a soul of valour, an arm of power—send and take the wildest, fiercest brute which roams the forest of the Himalaya—sting him with such petty wounds as may inflame his wrath, rouse him to despair, but not impair his strength. Then in this naked arm place a single dagger, and against the savage of the woods will I proudly enter the lists of death, to prove my claim to such a prize of victory."

"Hark!" shouted Panama, her eyes flashing enthusiasm and triumph—"hark! how the brave man woos and wins a woman's love! Ay, and then," stepping again towards her sire, "when he is engaged in deadly conflict with his enemy, and when the claws and fangs fasten on him, baffling with brute force the steady skill and mighty arm of Mustapha, ere yet my lover's blood hath stained the monster's jaws—then—give me the arms of a man—and I, the Rohilla's daughter, will rescue or perish with him."

With fevered cheek and delighted aspect, the Rohilla listened to the fervent outpourings of courage and constancy. The

eloquence of the lovers had kindled within his torpid veins the fire of youth. He was silent for some time, as if in doubt whether to admire most the calm bravery of Mustapha, or the daring enthusiasm of his own child. At length he spoke. "Mustapha," he said, "thou art worthy. Panama, thou hast thy request—thou art free to bestow thyself on him who first won thy love." He took his daughter's hand, and led her gently towards the kneeling Mustapha. Nature had undergone another change—once more she was all tenderness, blushes, and confusion.

"Mustapha," she murmured, looking smilingly in his face, and extending her hand, which was grasped by the youth with passionate eagerness. "I have a father—but he is not the brahmin, whose memory, notwithstanding, I must continue to respect as of one who preserved my life, and reared me to enjoy the present felicity. Mustapha, we have loved long—too well hast thou proved thy constancy and merit—accept the hand which—" She stopped, and lowered her eyes to the earth.

"Which comes," continues Mustapha, pressing her hand to his breast, "without even the breath of hereditary superstition to taint the sweetness of the offering."

Scarcely had he spoken the words, when a tremendous shout, which seemed to echo from the remotest corners of Benares, rolled awfully along from street to street, growing louder and more distinct as it proceeded, until the cry of "The magistrate! the magistrate!" became audible from those in the vicinity of the mosque.

"Some fresh outburst of fanatical fury," exclaimed the Rohilla. Another shout rent the heavens. "There may be danger in remaining here," he continued. "Hark! they are coming this way—we shall be charged with murder, if surprised in this place, and with arms in our hands. Mustapha, take the arm of Panama, and assist me in conveying her to home and safety."

"Nay," said Panama, springing from the support of both father and lover, "thou sayest there is danger—my burden will but embarrass your exertions. Nay, give me a weapon, and if in this hour I prove too feeble to force my way by your side, resign me to destruction. A woman should know no weakness where flash the sabres of her father and of Mustapha."

"Why this rashness?" urged Mustapha, in the wild anxiety of distraction. "There is no weapon; besides thy strength could not second thy spirit. Delay but a moment, and thou shalt forfeit the life of thy father; more—the life of him who will die defending thee, but never will yield thee to another owner."

"Too truly art thou the Rohilla's daughter," said the exulting Hafiz; "yet now is this obstinacy misplaced. I tell thee the first rush of the living torrent which pours along the streets would force thee from us, and the sacrifice of our lives would not save thee from being trampled under foot. Come, proud girl, take the arm of thy lover; they must be something more than brahmins and fakirs who stop the path of Hafiz and Mustapha."

Urged by the entreaties of her lover, and the admonition of the Rohilla, Panama at length resigned herself to their guidance. But it

was too late—the precious time had flown. The shouts which before came from some distance, rose deafeningly without. Then came the rushing of the mighty multitude, as they fled with execrations, prayers, defiance, and groans, before the advancing military. The trumpets, the tom-toms, and the gongs, ceased not to send forth their discordant din, amid the shrieks of women, and the mad yells of the devotees of Brahma. Mustapha and Hafiz exchanged a fierce and significant glance, expressive of deep determination to do or die. Then seizing Panama at either side, they hurried onwards. The regular tramp of armed troops was heard. “The magistrate! the magistrate!” again rose from the yelling and retreating crowd. They rushed forward—they reached the porch—the fresh hot air blew in their faces—it felt like the breath of freedom wafted from the bosom of the Ganges—another step, and their two solitary sabres clashed against the levelled bayonets of the soldiers—a fierce struggle, and the voice of the Rohilla might be heard calling on Mustapha for support; a moment more, and they were forced back disarmed into the mosque; and the magistrate of Benares, at the head of a strong party of soldiers, entered the place. Amrut walked by his side, and looked with malignant satisfaction upon the fakir, Mustapha, and Panama, who was already, to the wanderings of heated fancy, given up to his embrace.

“Secure them,” ordered the magistrate; and several soldiers advanced to execute the mandate.

“Back for your lives!” shouted Panama, throwing herself upon the advancing troops in an attitude of haughty menace, and causing the men to stop short in sudden astonishment. “They are mine—both of them—ye dare not seize them—ye shall not, by Brahma!” Then turning, and dropping on her knees before the resident—“Excuse, my lord, the daring frenzy of a devoted, and, but for these, a friendless girl; pardon the violence of a father, the impetuosity of a lover—they would have saved me from the insults of the mob. But an hour since, and I had no friend—that hour restored me two. Wilt thou, by robbing me of them, make me again companionless; or, by sparing, permit me to bless thee as the third and best?”

“What brought you here?” inquired the magistrate; “why had ye arms? Ye were not those appointed to guard the mosque—and, lo! to afford the proofs of crime, here lies a dead brahmin, and here one of the sepoy who guarded the door. I am sorry, maiden; but your words, I fear, cannot save your friends from punishment.”

“Oh!” said Panama, covering her face with her hands, while her frame trembled with a convulsive shudder, “save them, save them—they are innocent—save them, for thou canst!”

“Huzzoor,” said Amrut, addressing the magistrate, “this girl has been fearfully deceived. This young man is he who last night made a violent assault upon my house, and from whom I very narrowly escaped with life. The fakir, who claims to be her father, doubtless for some demoniacal purpose, seized this lovely girl when about to become my bride, according to the contract existing between me and her real father, the brahmin, who lies murdered

before thee ; and I now demand thy interference to punish the criminals, and obtain my lawful wife."

" 'Tis false," shrieked the dying Ballo, who had listened to this harangue, though to all appearance in a state of insensibility ; and he now dragged himself painfully along, until he confronted Amrut, who shrank from the keen yet haggard look which Ballo fastened on him. " I will do one service to my ancient chief before I die."

" The Rohilla Hafiz," muttered Amrut, in confusion, looking terror-struck on the tall form of the rebel chieftain.

" Mustapha, the Mussulman, spared my life," continued Ballo ; " he it is who is the betrothed of Panama ; the Rohilla is her father, and not the brahmin. With the sword of the conquering Rohilla this breast was pierced, yet with the breath of a dying man I forgive him—I will serve him. I heard the brahmin declare Panama to be the child of Hafiz ; it was proved by a shell tied round the neck of the maiden, when exposed by her father on the Ganges, where the brahmin found her, and reared her for his own, and I, with my own hand, dealt the brahmin's death-wound as he endeavoured to force his way into the mosque—I did only my duty."

" A base falsehood, Huzzoor," remonstrated Amrut, interrupting the narrative of Ballo, and drowning his voice by his own vociferous tones.

" Upon my word, sir," answered the magistrate, " the story seems to have more truth than may be found to conduce to your honour. Let the man proceed."

" To what I am now about to say, I can call another witness," resumed the sepoy. " Lalljee, come forth." And his companion in the enterprise of the preceding night was forced to advance from the throng of soldiers.

" Lalljee," said Ballo, " thou knowest that last night Amrut promised to give us eighteen hundred sicca rupees to master this Mussulman, who met Panama in the jungle, and bring him the maiden—is it true ?"

Lalljee assented.

" I have not now long to live, my Huzzoor," said Ballo, faintly, " I can defy punishment—the last act of my life has been one of mercy. Remember, Huzzoor, it was my dying request that thou shouldst make that act of mercy complete by the pardon of my associate, who was reluctantly persuaded by my solicitations to engage in the design."

" 'Tis granted," answered the magistrate ; " he is pardoned. And thou," turning to Amrut, " dost thou still continue to put forth a delusive claim to this young maiden, against the strength of testimony so convincing ?"

" I am sufficiently punished, Huzzoor," answered Amrut, in evident embarrassment ; " thou wilt pardon a little contrivance for the possession of a thing so lovely."

" A contrivance, as I suspected, very little to your honour," said the magistrate, sternly ; " nevertheless, your pardon, too, is granted." Then advancing to where Panama stood between her father and Mustapha—" As for you," he said, smiling, " your fault deserves

something decisive still—thus I join the hands of these young lovers; bravely, young man, have you defended her, long may you possess her. The brahmin met his fate as an insurrectionist; and the redoubted Rohilla Hafiz is forgiven at the suit of his old, trusty, and, after all, affectionate attendant, Ballo the sepoy."

Hafiz and Mustapha knelt—Panama held a hand of each, and wept tears of joy upon them; and one hearty and universal cheer for the magistrate, and the happiness of the united lovers, who, in the prospect of another generation, might seem to bid defiance to the destructive power of the god, rose inspiringly above the prostrate Pillar of Siva.

W. L.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I WILL not heed thy syren voice, Despair,
Whisp'ring repose to this distracted breast,
Pointing the bourne where misery loses care:
Death's silent home of tranquil, tearless rest
Impious deluder! think'st thou I forget
To speed his fate's not man's prerogative?
No; must he suffer, unrepining yet,
Till God reclaims the life he chose to give.
Lord, shield me from the dang'rous tempter's wiles,
Strengthen my soul, and bid it rest on thee—
Fearing the sin that poisons while it smiles,
And blights the hope of blest Eternity!
Bid Resignation lighten ev'ry woe,
Instruct my heart to bear thy chast'ning love;
Assured, the heavier is our grief below,
The brighter, purer are our joys above.

A LESSON IN DANCING, AND A CLERICAL DANCING MASTER.

"HAVE you read Baruch?" was the question which La Fontaine was in the habit of propounding to every person he met. "Have you read Young?" we should take the liberty of asking, were not the inquiry a useless one. Who has not wandered, with the poet of the "Night Thoughts," under the gloomy cypress trees of the churchyards his imagination loved to depict? for, in spite of their dark and sombre colouring, his portraitures possess attractions which it is almost impossible to resist. Such is the constitution of the heart; in its alternations of reverie, the image of grief and suffering is not without a certain charm; and we all know, and must have felt, that there is a pleasure even in melancholy.

And yet how much in Young is false and exaggerated! How little he possesses of that gentle and unaffected sadness which finds its way at once to the heart, and twines around its strings while it softens and relaxes them; in fact, in his strained and pompous elegies, there is something laboured and artificial, which checks the illusion, and compels us to think of the author instead of the sentiment. There are fine verses and fine images, but very little nature. True grief, the grief which consoles the heart as if with a hand of iron, does not so coquettishly and carefully arrange the crape folds of its mourning. The declamation of Young is constantly directed against solitude; hence we infer that reverie and contemplation were not habitual to him; yet the Parnassus of the poets is a solitary mountain. Be this as it may, it would have seemed at one time that the most emphatic of our elegiac poets was not predestined to sigh away his soul in lugubrious accents. In his youth, when the horizon of his future life was brilliant clouds, he was among the gayest and merriest, hurrying joyfully along the path of life, and gathering the smiling flowers that embroidered its walks. It was not until multiplied chagrins and bitter disappointments had shivered the prison which reflected so bright a tint on the objects of his hopes and fancy, that he gave utterance to those lamentations which conjure up so despairing an image of human nature.

When Young left the university he was a master of arts, and brought away with him a vast stock of Greek and Latin. But the fire of a fine imagination was not extinguished under the heavier acquisition of his scholastic pursuits; its *vivida vis* and enthusiasm had survived, and when he began the world, his heart was new and peculiarly susceptible to each impression. Thus constituted, a person will not go far without meeting Love on his road; and Young soon discovered it in the charming smile and piquant grace of Anna Bowley, to whom he offered a timid homage, which was accepted without hesitation. The society in which his fair one moved necessarily became the centre of his universe, and the ladies that composed it possessed in him a most devoted and assiduous cavalier.

One fine summer evening he escorted them to the river-side, not then so thickly built upon as now. It was the middle of summer, and the hour was that delightful one when the wings of the breeze bring coolness with them to refresh all nature, which was languid and exhausted by the heat of one of those oppressive days which ever and anon give us a taste of the fervid hours of a torrid clime. Bustle and activity prevailed around; the river was instinct with life and motion, and a thousand boats, gallantly equipped and manned, furrowed its broad bosom; a thousand confused sounds floated in the air; and the John Bull of the olden time seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his proverbial merriment—that picturesque John Bull of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, in cocked-hat and laced cravat, embroidered and bright-coloured coat, knee-breeches, and high-quartered shoes.

Young enjoyed the scene with a poet's eye, and found ample materials for the indulgence of his satirical turn, when one of the ladies proposed that they should all go to Vauxhall, as it was a public night. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a wherry was soon freighted with the joyous company. By way of amusing his fair friends, Young drew from his pocket a flute, on which he excelled, and his notes were so perfect that a crowd of boats soon gathered around; among others was one filled with young officers, which pulled hastily up, and took a station alongside that of the musician. As Young only played for the gratification of his company and himself, he did not choose to be made a public spectacle; so he soon ceased, and returned his flute into its case. One of the officers took offence at this; and, thinking that his game was sure with a young man in a clergyman's dress, and whose aspect was anything but martial, he ordered the player to produce his flute and begin anew. Young shrugged his shoulders at this piece of impertinence, but took no further notice of it; it was followed by threats and curses, which had no greater effect upon the person against whom they were directed. The officer, who was very angry that his orders were disobeyed, and his menaces despised, directed his rowers to close with the boat of the refractory musician, and swore that he would fling him into the Thames unless he immediately began playing. The alarm of the ladies was intense, and seeing that the soldier was about putting his threat into execution, they entreated Young to yield to the exigency; but the indignant flutist still resisted.

"Edward!" exclaimed a soft voice at his side; "will you do nothing to oblige me?"

"Do you wish me, Anna, to submit to the degrading insolence of such a brute?"

"Yes, I do; I beg it, if you have any regard for me."

Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked round as if to impress upon the auditors the idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall, where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress's

presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of vengeance, and of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. An occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

"Sir," said he, "you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly."

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word."

"But that depends upon your hearers; and I have a different opinion."

"Have you? and yet it seems that just now——"

"O, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness."

"Well, what is your wish now, sir?"

"To give you to understand that if I produced my flute, it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now; so——"

"You know this is a challenge, and your cloth——"

"Why should it?" You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction."

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said—"As you please, sir; you shall be satisfied. When and in what place shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at daybreak, in Battersea fields, without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society?"

"Be it so; what are your arms?"

"The sword," replied the juvenile member of the church militant.

The conditions being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier, when Young produced a large horse pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished soldier; "have you brought weapons to assassinate me?"

"Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played on the flute; this morning it is your turn to dance."

"I would die first; you have taken an unworthy advantage of this stratagem."

"As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir; your conduct is most ungentlemanly."

"No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire."

These words, which were uttered with much earnestness, and accompanied with a corresponding gesture, produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was

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Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked round as if to impress upon the auditors the idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall, where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress's

presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of vengeance, and of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. An occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

"Sir," said he, "you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly."

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word."

"But that depends upon your hearers; and I have a different opinion."

"Have you? and yet it seems that just now——"

"O, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness."

"Well, what is your wish now, sir?"

"To give you to understand that if I produced my flute, it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now; so——"

"You know this is a challenge, and your cloth——"

"Why should it?" You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction."

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said—"As you please, sir; you shall be satisfied. When and in what place shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at daybreak, in Battersea fields, without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society?"

"Be it so; what are your arms?"

"The sword," replied the juvenile member of the church militant.

The conditions being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier, when Young produced a large horse pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished soldier; "have you brought weapons to assassinate me?"

"Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played on the flute; this morning it is your turn to dance."

"I would die first; you have taken an unworthy advantage of this stratagem."

"As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir; your conduct is most ungentlemanly."

"No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire."

These words, which were uttered with much earnestness, and accompanied with a corresponding gesture, produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was

desired, and stepped through the figure of a minuet, while Young whistled a slow and appropriate measure.

When it was finished, Young said—"Sir, you have danced remarkably well; much better, in its way, than my flute-playing. We are now even; so, if you wish, we will begin another dance, in which I will be your *vis-à-vis*." Saying which, he drew his sword.

But the dancer very justly thought he had received a proper lesson, and more favourably appreciating the man he had so wantonly insulted, thought it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy. He therefore held out his hand to Young, who shook it cordially; and in perfect harmony, and arm-in-arm, they quitted the spot which might have been fatal to one of them, but had, fortunately, only served to give and take a lesson in dancing.

P.

THE POLISH EXILES.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Sons of Albion, famed for glory!
Listen to an exile's cry!
Earth resounds the fatal story,
Angels echo it on high.
Daughters of the nation, aid us!
Beauty never pleads in vain;
See what *Tyrant power* has made us,
Rouse your brave to arms again!

Sons of Albion! by our brothers,
Pining in the despot's chain,
By the woes of widow'd mothers,
By the ashes of our slain,
Call upon the brave of spirit!
Call upon the daring few,
Who with freemen's blood inherit
Hearts that pant for freedom too!

Sons of Albion! by each martyr,
Dying for his country's good,—
By your *bright and blessed charter*,—
Sealed with many a Briton's blood,—
Show yourselves the sons of freedom,
Brothers of the *free in soul*:
Hearts and hands! 'tis now we need them,
Pity and redress the Pole!

GEORGE THE FOURTH AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

*From an Extraordinary Work, which will shortly be published,
entitled*

"TIMON, BUT NOT OF ATHENS."

* * * * *

"THE visible indignation of Timon, when the character of George IV. was eulogised at the dinner party, had struck Delamere very forcibly, and he felt convinced it was not excited without some adequate cause. In a conversation which occurred a few days afterwards, the circumstance was adverted to by Timon himself, who did not hesitate to account for the sudden warmth of feeling into which he had been betrayed.

" 'Perceiving your agitation, I was glad you so far suppressed it, as to make no reply.'

" 'I take blame to myself for having betrayed any emotion at all; but I was taken by surprise. The subject came up unexpectedly, and the recollections which rushed to my mind, had an effect which, at the moment, I could not conceal. I mention this to account for my discomposure, not to justify it; because I hold that in conversation, especially in a mixed company, every one has a right to express his real sentiments, whatever they may be, and no one of the party is privileged to take offence because they differ from his own. Had he known the character of the personage he was speaking of as I do—if the same facts were within his knowledge as are within mine, he would, if unprejudiced, have formed a very different estimate of him. He had formed his opinion, however, on grounds satisfactory to himself, and that is as much as can be required of any man.'

" 'He, perhaps, adopted his opinion of that personage,' said Delamere, 'from report, and the favouritism of party;—you from demonstrative proof.'

" 'That, I apprehend,' replied his friend, 'is about the difference in the nature of our information. I consider the perfidy of George IV. towards his Queen, and his cruel and unmanly treatment of her from first to last, as unexampled in the history of modern depravity. His persecution of her was followed out by every infliction that the

meanest and most reckless vengeance could suggest. Then look at the deliberate and savage inhumanity of that persecution!—it began with the first hour of her marriage—it heaped wrongs and insults and mortifications upon her to the very hour of her death—and even then it was not glutted; it tore the ornaments from her coffin, and kept up a running fight with her dead body, to the very threshold of the grave!

“He rose from his chair, and walked towards the window. After a few moments he returned, and again took his seat.

“‘I know of no period in the prince’s life,’ said Delamere, ‘nor, indeed, of any one public act in the course of it, in which he exhibited any thing of noble or elevated feeling. But when we see the sort of training that our princes receive from their youth up, can we wonder that the blood-royal is the most impure blood in the nation? The studied forms of court etiquette—the external graces of manner—all that has reference to rank, and pomp, and station, and the artificial accomplishments that belong to them—are taught line upon line, and precept upon precept! But by whom, and in what manner, are our princes educated for the arduous duties of the station to which they are born? Whose task is it to imbue their minds with the sentiments and feelings fitted to their high calling, and to expand their bosoms to the reception of all that is good and great in conduct and in character? That this is utterly disregarded, is evident from their doings in the world. It is clear that their teachers have directed all their attention to externals; that the cultivation of the higher faculties—the drawing out and cherishing all the finer sympathies of our moral nature—has made no part of their concern. The heir-apparent, beyond all others, is left to himself; not for the world would his tutor risk giving offence by resisting his will, or thwarting his inclinations. He keeps his eye upon the future, and is too wise in his generation to put a spoke in the wheel of his own preferment: the result is, that all his bad propensities are connived at, his animal impulses are strengthened as he ripens into manhood, and his passions, fearfully predominant, have no habit of self-restraint to contend with. He has formed no estimate of the value of moral character. He does not feel it of any importance to obtain the regard, the sympathy, or the respect of the people whom he looks forward to govern. He is out of the reach, as he imagines, of any evil to happen from their dislike, or any benefit to be derived from their good opinion. He will be “king hereafter,”—their duty is obedience. Their allegiance is his by law; whether that allegiance is from the heart, is a matter with

which he does not concern himself. He lives in a splendid circle of parasites, admirers, and flatterers, male and female. Within this circle everything is, to him, of surpassing interest; and for the opinions that may be formed of him by those beyond it, he cares no more than for the chirping of grasshoppers.'

"'Your picture is truly drawn,' said Timon: 'but what an incalculable evil to a nation to be governed by a king thus educated! How much of the prevailing profligacy and want of principle among the upper ranks of society was generated by the reign of the Prince Regent! How very few of unsullied honour, or of genuine worth, were to be found among even the best of his associates! The contaminating influence spread far and wide; the same moral laxity descended to the classes beneath them, and infused itself imperceptibly among all ranks, and its effect is visible to this hour.

"'Were the conduct of the sovereign, and of those who more immediately surround him, marked by a sacred sense of moral obligation—were his public demeanour exemplary—were he seen to stand aloof from all unworthy companionship—were his expenses such only as befitted his station—and were his debts conscientiously discharged, how great would be the moral influence of such an example on the great body of the people! It would operate as a species of education, and its practical result would be invaluable. Such an exalted pattern of integrity and manhood would make virtue revered, and would keep honesty in countenance.'

"'The benefit to society,' said Delamere, 'would be incalculable. It would be the first exhibition of the kind which the world ever witnessed, and could not fail of its effect. It will be a red-letter day in the almanac whenever it comes. Futurity may perhaps have such a day in store for us, but I fear it is very far distant.'

"'Should it ever arrive,' said Timon, 'the future will present a very different appearance from the past.'

"'At present,' added Delamere, 'the whole frame-work of society in England is disjointed. The springs are overstrained, and the parts are all jarring and out of harmony. The enjoyments of the wealthy are overrated;—they look for happiness in money, and do not find it. Women seek it in marriage, and it flies before them. The rich give the poor no sympathy, and the poor give the rich no repose. Into what all this will settle itself, would take a wiser head than mine to prophesy.'

"'How sad a mistake it is,' said Timon, 'to imagine that the highest ranks are the happiest! With men, to a certain extent, and

in a certain sense of the word, it may be so; but with the gentler sex, it is peculiarly otherwise. Woman is a lonely, unprotected creature. She is at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of the world; and her nature is not fitted to contend with them. She looks out for some object, to which her heart can attach itself; and the endearing hours of her life are passed in the indulgence of those feelings, to which such an attachment gives birth. In those feelings it is, that all her happiness begins and ends. But to the high-born daughters of rank and fashion, the exquisite delight flowing from a mutual affection is, except in very rare instances, wholly unknown. All its sweet and sacred feelings are sacrificed to speculations of affluence and splendour, and family aggrandizement:—overtures are made, terms are discussed, preliminaries adjusted, settlements prepared, and after all, the nuptials are solemnized;—and what is the result?

“That the marriage-bed is of eider-down, and its pillow a pillow of thorns,” replied Delamere.

“‘It was too fatally thus with the poor Princess of Wales,’ said Timon. ‘The whole of her wedded life was one dark day of desolation; at no time did even one ray of brightness gleam upon it. The first and only letter she received from her royal suitor and betrothed husband, previous to their marriage, was not calculated to raise any high expectations of connubial felicity. She read it again and again, and it did not fail to give birth to most uneasy anticipations; but still there was nothing in it from which to predict the hapless fate that awaited her. She could not foresee from it, that all the purest feelings of her heart would be stung to the quick. She could not contemplate that it was in the nature of man, much less of the heir-apparent to the throne of England, to act so unfeelingly towards her as a woman, and so cruelly as a wife, as to make her future life one continual source of bitter agony and painful humiliation.’

“Timon here rose, and going to the further end of the library, he took down from an upper shelf of the book-case a small box, covered with Russian leather, which he unlocked; and after looking over a long list of the documents it contained, all of which were respectively numbered and endorsed, he took from it a paper.

“‘Here,’ said he, putting the following into the hand of Delamere, ‘is the letter of the Prince, to which I refer.

“‘C’est la première fois, ma chère Cousine, que j’ose m’adresser à vous, pour vous exprimer combien je me sens heureux de l’espoir flatteur de pouvoir peut-être contribuer à votre bonheur. Croyez,

chère Princesse, qu'en m'attachant à vous pour le reste de mes jours, et en vous rendant heureuse, je ne ferai que combler les plus doux vœux de mon cœur. C'est avec ces désirs là, en attendant que je puisse vous les exprimer de bouche, que j'ai l'honneur de me souscrire,

‘ Ma très chère Cousine,

‘ Vôte très affectionné Cousin,

‘ Et futur epoux,

‘ GEORGE P.

‘ *Londres, le 23 d'Oct. 1794.*’*

“Delamere, having read it attentively, laid it down on the table. He presently took it up again, and re-perused it.

“‘It is, certainly,’ said he, ‘a rich specimen of its class. As a declaration of love, I think it is one of the most edifying on record.’

“‘It marks the man,’ replied Timon. ‘His passions were so sated, and worn down, that he could not even muster strength of expression sufficient to conceal his indifference.’

“‘It bears,’ said Delamere, ‘upon the face of it, to be the language of a lover who finds himself obliged to say something, when he has nothing to say; and whose gallantry can just reach far enough to dress up a phrase or two of devotion, in which his heart has no share.’

“‘It happened too,’ said Timon, ‘that a very few days after she had received it, some anonymous information reached her, of a most painful nature, relative to certain female associates of the Prince, and particularly to his then existing *liaison* with Lady J——. When she received this intelligence, the conflict of her feelings, susceptible, affectionate, and high-spirited as she was, may be readily imagined.’

“‘Her marriage had no honey-moon,’ said Delamere.

“‘Indeed it had not,’ replied Timon. ‘The insolent harlotry of Lady J——, and the neglect, insult, and mortification which she underwent from the Prince, even during that short period of proverbial

• “‘It is the first time, my dear Cousin, that I have ventured to address you, to express how happy I feel myself in the flattering hope of being able, perhaps, to contribute to your happiness. Believe me, my dear Princess, that in attaching myself to you for the remainder of my days, and in rendering you happy, I shall but fulfil the tenderest wishes of my heart. It is with these desires, until I can confirm them with my lips, that I have the honour to subscribe myself,

“‘ My very dear Cousin,

“‘ Your very affectionate Cousin,

“‘ And future husband,

“‘ GEORGE P.

“‘ *London, Oct. 23, 1794.*”

felicity, would have broken any female heart less firm than her own. Her's was not a chequered scene of existence, in which sorrow is relieved by occasional intervals of happiness;—she was made to lead a life of daily and hourly annoyance—annoyance of a kind which even the strongest mind finds it difficult to bear up against. When one considers the personal loveliness of the Princess, one is at a loss for language in which to express the indignation excited by the brutal unmanliness with which she was treated. But the Prince was a mere sensualist. As to love—that sublime sentiment which is among the inborn feelings of our nature—he knew it not. From the first hour of his marriage, he had resolved to effect a separation; and he took his measures accordingly.'

“‘It is not difficult, I should think,’ said Delamere, ‘for any husband so to conduct himself towards his wife, as to make her desirous of living apart from him.’

“‘In common life, certainly not,’ replied Timon; ‘but with persons standing before the world, in the exalted station which the Prince Regent and his royal consort occupied, it could not be accomplished without placing the latter in a peculiarly painful situation; a situation, which she would naturally make almost any sacrifice to avoid. After enduring for twelve months the most afflictive indignities, she wrote a letter of remonstrance to the Prince, and here is his answer to it:—

“‘MADAM,

“‘You must allow me to answer in English your letter of this morning, as you sufficiently understand the language; because it is essential to me to explain myself without any possible ambiguity on the subject of the unwise, groundless, and most injurious imputation which you have thought fit to cast upon me. In the first place, Madam, I beg you to recollect, that I detailed to you the peculiar circumstances by which I must be led for some time into a course of dinners abroad, that you might not misconstrue my absence into any purposed neglect towards you; and unless you are conscious that the tone you have unfortunately taken must necessarily make your society uncomfortable to me, you ought, in candour, to have been satisfied with the reasons I gave. As to the sentence of your letter, which intimates that I oblige you to dine *tête-à-tête* with Lady Jersey, I should be lost in astonishment at a statement so utterly contradictory to truth, did I not perceive, with great concern, an object in that assertion, to which I shall advert presently. I am more immediately

called to notice the indelicate expressions which you have used towards me, in the allusion you make to Lady Jersey. Believe me, Madam, that the persons who endeavour to poison your mind with the vile calumnies which have been propagated in the world respecting Lady Jersey, are no less seriously your enemies than mine; they hope to further their private malignant views by fomenting discord between you and me, at the expense of *us both*. What else, Madam, than ungovernable disgust in my mind, could be the consequence, were it in your power to make me meanly and dishonourably sacrifice, in the eyes of the public, a woman whom I declared to you, on your arrival, not to be *my mistress*, as you indecorously term her—but a friend, to whom I am attached by the strong ties of habitude, esteem, and respect? Were it otherwise, were my connexion with Lady J. of a different nature, such repugnance at the idea comes, if I may be allowed to say so, singularly from you. I cannot forget that you have launched out to me in praise of another woman, whose character never would have been known to you, but through the interested or vindictive suggestions of designing individuals—praises, the only drift of which could be to reconcile me to a person, whose conduct I always must resent with just indignation. But let me remind you, Madam, that the intimacy of my friendship with Lady Jersey, under all the false colour which slander has given it, was perfectly known to you before you accepted my hand; for you told me so on your arrival, reciting the particulars of the anonymous letters which transmitted the information to Brunswick; and giving yourself credit for having suppressed all mention of their purport, but *to myself*. This was two days before we were married. I then took the opportunity of telling you, that Lady J. was one of the oldest acquaintances I had in this country; and that the confidence resulting from so long a friendship, had enabled her to offer advice, which contributed not a little to decide me to marriage. You will recollect, Madam, that you have several ladies in your family, besides Lady J., any or every of whom it is in your power to summon, either for dinner or company, at any time. Lady Willoughby, as sister to Lady Cholmondely, you know to be likewise admitted to obey your invitation. If the choice be not more extensive, it is not my fault, but is the consequence of the etiquette existing from all times for the situation of the Princess of Wales. You know, Madam, that at times when Lady J. has not been in waiting, you have asked to dinner other of your ladies, (or, at least, always might have done so, had you pleased,) than ~~the~~ the one which happened to be in attendance. What impeded you, or ~~what~~ impedes your doing

so in the case of Lady J. ? I never said anything to you which could ever influence you to make a distinction between any of your ladies, leaving it to your own taste and judgment to regulate your society among them, as might be most gratifying to yourself. But, Madam, I much fear that the insinuation of your being forced to keep company *alone* with Lady J. through a *long day*, as you state it, was not meant for *me*, who must know the total want of foundation for such a representation. I am very apprehensive, that you have been inconsiderate enough to imagine that you might hereafter appeal to the copy of that letter, in order to prove to others, not so well informed, the ground you had for dissatisfaction. This I the more suspect, from the forced and insidious compliments paid to the English nation in another passage ; involving, however, a most unjustifiable charge against me, by the contrast in which I may be supposed to stand. The strange incorrectness of your writing, and of your turn of expression, may possibly have made me misunderstand this ; but it is necessary that I should speak to the point, as I am determined to leave nothing doubtful between us. If, Madam, such a purpose has been indistinctly floating in your mind, I recommend to you to ascertain to yourself exactly what result you expect from it,—what improvement does your situation admit, which does not depend wholly on the prudence and propriety of your own conduct ? We have, unfortunately, been obliged to acknowledge to each other, that we cannot find happiness in our union. Circumstances of character and education, which it is needless to discuss, now render that impossible ; it then only remains, that we should make the situation as little uncomfortable to each other, as its nature will allow. It has been my studious wish to soften it in that respect to you. I have been solicitous that you should have every gratification which the nature of the times, the manners of this country, and the established customs of your rank, would admit ; with a due regard, at the same time, to the pecuniary difficulties I so cruelly, unjustly labour under. Those difficulties undoubtedly preclude you from a part of that splendour which ought to attend a Princess of Wales ; but you well know, that no blame can, on that head, rest with *me*, or with the King, whose honourable support to me I must always acknowledge with most grateful sensibility. However, these wishes on my part for your comfort, can in no way be so effectually counteracted, as by your attempting—and in which you must fail—to establish an interest and a comfort irreconcilable with mine. The unfair and insidious attacks which you seem disposed to make upon my tranquillity and welfare, must disincline me to contribute to your satis-

faction and pleasure, in the degree I should desire. Let me, therefore, beg of you to make the best of a situation, unfortunate for *us both*; which is only to be done by not *wantonly* creating, or magnifying, uncomfortable circumstances. I have desired Lady Cholmondely to have the goodness to be the bearer of this letter, that she may explain any phrase to you, should there be any which you might not perfectly comprehend. I am, Madam, with great truth,

“ ‘ Most sincerely yours,

“ ‘ April 21st, 1796.’

“ ‘ GEORGE P.

“ ‘ What think you of that epistle?’

“ ‘ That it is quite in character with the personage that penned it,’ replied Delamere. ‘ He is a faithful emblem of his race.’

“ ‘ It is such a letter,’ said Timon, ‘ as could only proceed from a mind closed against every suggestion of honour, and every feeling of shame.’

“ ‘ Which,’ added Delamere, ‘ is the case of most minds which have been cast in a royal mould.’

“ What a striking contrast does the republic under Cromwell exhibit, compared with monarchy as dispensed by the House of Hanover! The difference has afforded, and will long continue to afford, ample food for meditation. Had the GEORGES but possessed the high and glorious mind of that extraordinary man, or anything approaching to it, how unlike what it is, would be the condition of England at this moment! Had they had but a tithe of his judgment, justness, and penetration, in what an altered position should we now have stood, as respects our relation to the whole of Europe!

“ It needs no great effort—it requires no commanding genius on the part of the ruler of a nation, to promote and protect its interests. It wants only the will, and the choice of sincere and sound advisers. But instead of this, both Church and State open all their greater and lesser batteries against every fortress of popular freedom; and hence, that resolute and wide-spread warfare against the lords of earth, in which, to use the words of Milton,—

———— “ Matters now are strained
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.”

“ Cromwell, in the hey-day of his youth, with all the passions of a warm and vigorous temperament, and amid all the excesses which grew out of it, did, nevertheless, not neglect the studies which led to the attainment of eminence, and which qualified him in every way for

the high station at which he aimed. If his younger life was somewhat dissolute, it was never tarnished by any act of meanness, unmanliness, or dishonour. His gallantry was graceful and generous; he never forgot the ennobling worth of the sex, nor the homage that was due to it. Borne away, as at times he was, by the tide of pleasure, his mind was not emasculated. He was every inch a man, which is infinitely more to his praise, than to have been 'every inch a king.' He was nobly born, and he did not disgrace his descent.*

"It was to the intellectual energy of his character that he owed his unrivalled ascendancy. It enabled him, singly and self-supported, to give a new standard of government to England, after sweeping a faithless despot from his throne. His legislation was of a kind which

* "Oliver Cromwell enjoyed the advantage of being *well-born*, in a better sense than the word bears when it is used to signify a descent from a long line of ancestors less illustrious than their titles—men of splendid stars and squalid hearts—men, whose heads are not of half the value of their coronets. He was descended, through his mother, from the youngest of the three sons of Alexander, Lord Stewart, of Scotland, the founder of the royal family of the STUARTS; and Cromwell, the commoner, was three generations nearer their common progenitor than Charles the King. CHARLES the First and CROMWELL's mother were eighth cousins. The great-grandfather of Oliver Cromwell, Sir Richard Williams, adopted the name of Cromwell from his uncle, Thomas Cromwell, a great man, and a great statesman, who, though the son of a blacksmith, became Earl of Essex, the prime minister of Henry VIII., and vicar-general of England.

"As regards his parents, too, Oliver Cromwell was well-born. His father was Mr. Robert Cromwell, the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and known to the poor of his neighbourhood as the Golden Knight. Mr. Robert Cromwell, who appears to have been a worthy younger brother, with a fortune of about 300*l.* per annum, married in early life, Elizabeth, the daughter of William Steward, of the city of Ely, a young widow, with a jointure of 60*l.* a year. Mr. Robert Cromwell represented the borough in one of Elizabeth's parliaments; he sat also as a justice of the peace, and served as one of the bailiffs, when his son was an infant. As their family increased, Mr. Cromwell and his wife had the good sense to think that a provision for their children, obtained by trade, would disgrace neither the knightly origin of the one, nor the royal descent of the other,—a wholesome democratic conviction, which the position of his parents would infuse into the breast of young Oliver. His father took up the trade of a brewer at Huntingdon.

"Oliver Cromwell had a good mother. She assisted her husband in his business. When left, by the death of her husband, with the care of a young and numerous family, she gave dowries to five daughters, sufficient to marry them into good families; amidst the splendours of Whitehall, her solitudes were constant over her beloved son in his dangerous eminence;—and when dying, she begged that she might not be interred in a royal tomb, but carried to a simple grave in some country churchyard.

"Mr. Forster gives us an account of her portrait at Hinchinbrook. She wears a simple, though beautiful cardinal or cloak of velvet, clasped by a small rich jewel; and in a white satin hood is modestly enveloped a face with light hair, large melancholy eyes, a mouth small and sweet, yet full and firm, as the mouth of a heroine, and with a pervading expression of quiet affectionateness. In 1684, this excellent woman died at Whitehall, when ninety-four years old: and a little before her death, gave her son, then Lord Protector, her blessing, in these noble and touching words: 'The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people;—my dear son, I leave my heart with thee;—a good night.'"
—*Vide London and Westminster Review*, for October 1839."

always kept the sparks of liberty alive. Never did this country obtain a higher consideration than under his counsels; nor was it ever so well, or so wisely governed. Its greatness was his first concern; all else was secondary.

“The above remarks fell from Delamere and his friend, while discussing the respective merits of monarchy and democracy—a discussion which naturally led to the subject which had been touched upon the preceding day.

“‘When I hear the husband of the Princess Caroline praised as the first gentleman in Europe,’ said Timon, ‘I can never resist the provocation to retort; while his intrigue with Lady Jersey was matter of scandalous notoriety, he forced her society upon the Princess, in a manner the most purposely offensive. The insult was the more unpardonable, as it was a violation of decorum from which he might so easily have abstained; but, as she once truly said of him, *Rien ne lui coûte.*’

“‘The wrongs she suffered,’ said Delamere, ‘were of that kind which is the least endurable to woman’s nature; the heart can feel no agony equal to it.’

“‘Here,’ said Timon, ‘are the letters which succeeded those you recently read.’

“*From the Prince to the Princess of Wales.*

“‘MADAM,

“‘Your letter exacts from me a few words of reply, after which, I hope, this unpleasant kind of correspondence will entirely cease. You completely misapprehend the language which you state to have been held to you at Brighton; and again two months ago, by some mutual friends. I can comprehend the zeal, I can admit the good sense, and honest intention, of any representations which they have spontaneously made; for their evident purpose was to prevent your adopting a conduct injurious to your own peace as well as to mine; but nothing can be farther from my sentiments, than to sanction, at any time, a statement incorrect in its application. With regard to another lady, it was impossible that I could ever have begun the discussion with you; and to prove to you that you deceive yourself, I only recollect her name having been mentioned in any manner to occasion conversation thrice between us, in each of which instances it was introduced by you; first, when you mentioned the anonymous letter,—secondly, in the garden, when you told me a circumstance

respecting Payne, which nobody could know but yourself; and lastly, in the conversation alluded to in my last letter, which took place but a few weeks since. I am happy that you see the indelicacy of the appellation which escaped you respecting Lady Jersey; let me beg you to recollect, that I have never intimated the most distant desire for your manifesting a partiality towards her; my wish has always been, that there should not be any distinction in your behaviour to any of your ladies, unless any of them should fail in respect or personal attention to you, of which I cannot but assure myself they are all equally incapable; without such a reason, you ought to feel, that it must be at least a striking incivility to me, to show a wanton distaste towards any of the ladies whom I had, with solicitous attention to your dignity, chosen to form your household; and if this spleen were exercised against one whom I had mentioned to you in terms of that particular esteem and friendship which long acquaintance had established, would it not be, towards me, the most offensive and revolting conduct that could be adopted? My boundless attachment to the Queen, both as a friend and as a mother, must ever make me feel, with uncommon gratification, the tribute of praise so justly due to her character; let me hope, that you will take example from the amiable solicitude with which she has always studied the King's disposition, and promoted his comfort. This, Madam, is not to be effected by irritating insinuations, or fretful complaints. The sort of appeal which you have made to the Duke, and the Princess Sophia, of Gloucester, by showing your first letter, and answer, cannot have any evil consequence, because they are both too much interested in the credit of the family to talk of the subject elsewhere. I have, however, told you that our situation allows no partial appeal, with any degree of propriety, even within my own family. Every such partial appeal must be unfairly made with regard to me, because delicacy keeps me silent on some peculiar points, which, even to yourself, I never can communicate. I would not let any indications of those private feelings appear in a letter, the object of which is—what the tone of mine ever shall be—to moderate, and not to wound your sensations. I regret sincerely, that an etiquette, not established by me, but fixed by propriety and custom, prevents your mode of life from being more gay and amusing; in what depends upon me to render it more comfortable, you will always find me sincerely disposed to meet any reasonable wish of yours; but my efforts must be ineffectual, if, on your part, I do not find a disposition to be

satisfied. Let me hope that this painful contest will now be closed. If you wish for more of my company, it must strike you, that the natural mode of obtaining it is, to make my own house not obnoxious to me; and you will judge whether a captious tone towards me, or indirect management against my tranquillity, are well calculated to make me feel at ease in your society. It is my sincerest wish to live upon terms of quiet, and of friendly civility with you. I am, Madam, with great truth,

“ ‘ Most sincerely yours,

“ ‘ GEORGE P.’

“ ‘ *Carlton House, April 25th, 1796.*’

“ ‘ MADAM,

“ ‘ As Lord Cholmondely informs me that you wish I should define, *in writing*, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head, with as much clearness, and with as much propriety, as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power; nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required, through Lady Cholmondely—that, even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I will not infringe the terms of the restriction, by proposing, at any period, a connexion of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting, that as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity.

“ ‘ I am, Madam, with great truth,

“ ‘ Very sincerely yours,

“ ‘ GEORGE P.’

“ ‘ *Windsor Castle, April 30th, 1796.*’

“ ‘ The delicacy of the princess, as well as the sensibility of her temperament,’ said Delamere, ‘ is strongly visible in one passage of this letter. She dreaded the possible result of a capricious licentiousness, and had resolved to guard against it. The artifice of expression in which her royal husband justifies the abandonment of her, is not the least revolting feature in the affair. ‘ Our inclinations

are not in our power!" What apologist of adultery could dispute the palm with such a "Defender of the Faith" as this?"

" 'It is the language of an unprincipled voluptuary,' said Timon, 'who values life only as it furnishes the means of sensual gratification. It were bad enough if held to a discarded mistress; but written to his wife, and the mother of his child, it is monstrous. Its tendency is to make marriage one shifting scene of prostitution.'

" 'It is lucky,' rejoined Delamere, 'that kings are anointed with holy oil, and reign by the grace of God; for were thrones elective, they wouldn't get a single vote. But I am straying from the subject:—the reply which the princess would return to such a letter as this, was, I have no doubt, worthy of her.'

" 'It was. She abstains from at all alluding to the private affliction which she was made to undergo. She wrote with simplicity and firmness, but carefully avoided all occasion of offence. Here is her answer.'

" ' *Ce 6 de May, 1796.*

" 'L'aveu de votre conversation avec Lord Cholmondely ni m'étonne, ni ne m'offens. C'étoit me confirmer ce que vous m'avez tacitement insinué depuis une année. Mais il y auroit après cela, un manque de délicatesse, ou, pour mieux dire, une bassesse indigne, de me plaindre des conditions que vous imposez à vous-même.

" 'Je ne vous aurois point fait de réponse, si votre lettre n'étoit conçue de manière à faire douter si cet arrangement vient de vous, ou de moi; et vous sçavez que vous m'annoncez l'honneur. La lettre que vous m'annoncez comme la dernière, m'oblige de communiquer au Roy, comme à mon Souverain, et à mon père, votre aveu et mon réponse. Vous trouverez ci incluse copie de celle que j'écris au Roy. Je vous en prévien, pour ne pas m'attirer de votre part la moindre reproche de duplicité. Comme je n'ai, dans ce moment, d'autre protecteur que sa Majesté, je m'en rapporte uniquement à lui; et si ma conduite merite son approbation, je serai, de moins en partie, consolée.

" Du reste, je conserve tout la reconnoissance possible que je me trouve, par votre moyen, comme princesse de Galles, dans une situation à pouvoir me livrer sans contrainte, à une vertu chère à mon cœur—je veux dire la bienfaisance. Ce sera pour moi un devoir d'agir de plus par un autre motif, sçavoir, celui de donner

l'exemple de la patience et de la resignation dans toutes sortes d'épreuves. Rendez moi la justice des vœux pour votre bonheur, et d'être votre bien dévouée,

“ ‘ CAROLINE.’* ”

“ ‘ You perceive how very early after their union the Prince had determined upon a separation, and had even intimated the terms upon which he intended to effect it.’ ”

“ ‘ It must have been almost before the wane of the marriage-moon,’ said Delamere.

“ ‘ It was. The nuptials were solemnised on the 8th of April of the preceding year, 1795; and in this letter of May, 1796, she expresses herself as not being surprised at the purport of his avowed conversation with Lord Cholmondely, inasmuch as it did but confirm what, in substance, he had intimated to her twelve months before. ‘C’étoit me confirmer ce que vous m’avez tacitement insinué depuis une année.’ In fact, she was treated with the most mortifying neglect, even from the very first hour of her arrival in this country. She landed from one of the royal yachts, at Greenwich Hospital, accompanied by Mrs. Harcourt, Lord Malmesbury,

* “ ‘ 6th May, 1796.

“ ‘ The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondely neither surprises nor offends me. It does but confirm what you tacitly insinuated to me twelve months ago. But there would be, after that, a want of delicacy, or, I should rather say, an unworthy meanness, were I to complain of conditions which you impose upon yourself.

“ ‘ I should not have replied to your letter, had it not been couched in terms which made it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeded from you or from me; and you know that the honour of it was announced to me by yourself.

“ ‘ The letter which you indicate is to be the last, obliges me to communicate to the king, as my sovereign, and my father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find enclosed a copy of my letter to the king. I apprise you of it, that I may not draw down upon myself, from you, the slightest reproach of duplicity. Having at this moment no protector but his Majesty, I refer myself exclusively to him, and if he approves my conduct, I shall be, at least to a certain degree, consoled: as for the rest, I feel in the highest degree grateful at finding myself, as Princess of Wales, in a condition, by your means, to indulge without constraint a virtue dear to my heart—I mean benevolence. It will make it also more incumbent upon me to act from another motive, that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every sort of trial.

“ ‘ Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be

“ ‘ Your much devoted

“ ‘ CAROLINE.

and Commodore Payne, and was received, on her landing, by Sir Hugh Palliser, the governor, and other officers, who conducted her to the governor's house, where she took tea and coffee. Lady Jersey was the person appointed to attend her arrival with a change of dress. During her voyage, the Princess wore a muslin gown, and blue satin petticoat, with a black beaver hat, and blue and black feathers. The dress brought from town was a gown of white satin, trimmed with crape, and ornamented with white feathers; but so insolently disrespectful was Lady Jersey, that instead of being in waiting, as she ought to have been, she did not arrive at the governor's till an hour after the Princess had arrived.

“ ‘ This was a foretaste of joys to come.’

“ ‘ It gave room for sad anticipations, and her only consolation was the honest and heartfelt greetings with which she was received by the people. The whole way from Greenwich to London was lined with rejoicing crowds, hailing her arrival with the most earnest enthusiasm. It was the devotion of the people that sustained her spirits; but for this she could never have borne up against her afflictive and incessant persecutions; but for this, that sensitive pride which every high-minded woman feels, stung as she was to the quick, by the indignities passed upon her, would have hastened by many years the crisis which brought on her death.’

“ ‘ This public devotion to her cause,’ said Delamere, ‘ was honourable to the nation. I have often,’ he added, ‘ been surprised at the accuracy with which the English people, and especially the working classes, estimate the character of those in public life in whose conduct and proceedings they have an interest. All the malicious falsehoods that were circulated throughout the kingdom, by the hired agents of Carlton House, failed utterly of their effect. Their drift was seen through with a penetration that was quite extraordinary. The more charges were multiplied against her when she became queen, the more earnestly were they scouted by the people, as base and malignant fabrications. Instead of lessening her in their good opinion, it made them rally round her the more closely, and with a deeper determination that she should not be sacrificed.’

“ ‘ I have heard this discernment of character by the English populace remarked by foreigners,’ said Timon, ‘ and remarked with admiration. They ascribe it to that spirit of liberty which leaves them free to discuss the acts of all public men, and to the absence of that *espionage* which makes it dangerous, in other countries, to canvass the conduct or principles of men in power.’

“ ‘ That it is mainly owing to that,’ replied Delamere, ‘ I have no doubt : in other countries politics is forbidden ground, on which no one, at his peril, must dare to trespass : but our newspapers leave no political rumour unwhispered, and no official misdoings untold. In our manufacturing towns, the operatives congregate in great masses ; their topics of conversation are furnished from the newspaper of the day, and all these rumours and misdoings come under discussion. In almost every knot of workmen, there is some one of shrewd perception, and strong natural sense, whose remarks are eagerly listened to, and whose opinions give a tone to the rest. One common stream of intellect runs, as it were, through the whole. They soon come to think with one mind—to act as one man ; generous emotions are imparted, or indignant feelings roused, according as the conduct of those in high office gives rise to the one or the other. Every one speaks his sentiments ; but there is an influential intelligence in the few that brings them all to the same conclusion, and upon that conclusion the judgment of the mass is formed.’ ”

“ ‘ You solve the problem, I think, very clearly ; not only is freedom of opinion better maintained, and more highly valued, in England than under any government in Europe, but the interests of the middling and lower classes are more closely identified than in nations less assured of their liberties, and where the contrivances of power keep them more widely asunder.’ ”

* * * *

“ History, it has been said, is philosophy teaching by example ; and it would be so, if the portraits of those who figure in it were truly drawn, and the tale of their lives truly told ; but when the vices of the great are varnished over—when kings and princes are clothed with virtues that they never possessed—when all the hideous features of their character are shaded down, and are so placed before us as to inspire feelings of fervent and respectful admiration—history, in this case, instead of *teaching*, is *corrupting* by example. All our powers of thought and reflection are perverted ; they are turned into a wrong course. The past, instead of being made instructive to the future, is made to deceive and mislead. The inferences which we are induced to draw from it, are false ; instead of arriving at that knowledge by which our judgment may be safely guided, we are led into conclusions false in themselves and fatal in their application. A greater imposition cannot be practised upon posterity than this. It deprives history of all its philosophy ; it takes from truth all its polarity. We can

either decide nothing, or we decide falsely. The evil of this is incalculable.

“The reign of George the Fourth is one which peculiarly calls for fidelity in its historian. The conduct and character of the ministers and statesmen of that day, and the degree in which they respectively lent themselves to the iniquitous prosecution of the Queen, should be durably registered. To use the words of Job, ‘It should be engraven with a pen and lead in the rock for ever.’

“Delamere had strongly expressed this opinion, when perusing the interesting correspondence which Timon had laid before him.

“‘These disclosures,’ said Timon, ‘refer not to his public treatment of the Princess, but to his treatment of her as his wife, and the affectionate mother of his child. If there is one kind or manly sentiment in the bosom of a husband or a father, these ties will draw it out. But the Prince had no home in his heart for such a feeling.

“‘It was natural that the Princess should be indignant at having the companionship of Lady Jersey forced upon her. She remonstrated again and again, but in vain. To remove Lady Jersey was a measure he would not consent to. He felt that it would give a sanction to the imputation which the world, and even the Princess herself, had cast upon her, and in which his own reputation was deeply involved. I have here the correspondence which passed upon the subject; but it will be enough to read the last of the series to judge of the tenor of all that preceded it.”

[Here follows a Letter of the nature described.]

* * * *

“‘To deceive the English public,’ rejoined Delamere, ‘is no easy business. All the creatures of office—all the hangers-on of the court—all that aspired to royal favour, took part furiously against the Princess, and gave effect, each in his circle, to every tale of slander which the spies and paid hirelings of Carlton House could invent. But the public were not to be deceived. They kept their eye stedfastly on what was going on, and the truth could not be hid from them. His scandalous connivance at the treatment his wife received from ‘his mistress,’ became a subject of indignant censure from the public press. This painful notoriety induced the Princess to address a letter on the subject to her uncle, George the Third. The sad result of his son’s conduct occasioned the unhappy monarch the deepest affliction. This is his answer:—

“ ‘ Windsor, 20th June, 1796.

“ ‘ MADAME MA FILLE,

“ ‘ J’ai reçu hier votre lettre au sujet du bruit répandue dans le public de votre répugnance à vous prêter à une parfaite reconciliation avec mon fils le Prince de Galles. Je ne découvriens pas que cette opinion commence à prendre racine, et qu’il ni ait qu’une manière de la détruire ; c’est que mon fils ayant consenti à ce que la Comtesse de Jersey, suivant votre desir, quitte votre service, et ne soit plus admise à votre société privée, vous devez temoigner votre desir qu’il revient chez lui ; et que pour rendre la reconciliation complete, il faut des deux côtés s’abstenir de reproches, et ne pas faire des confidences à d’autres sur ce sujet. Une telle conduite certainement rétablira cette union entre mon fils et vous, qui est un des évènements que j’ai le plus à cœur.

“ ‘ Mons fils le Duc de York vous remettra cette lettre, et vous assurera de plus de l’amitié sincère avec laquelle je suis,

“ ‘ Madame, ma belle fille,

“ ‘ Votre très affectionné beau-père,

“ ‘ GEORGE R.’ *

“ ‘ The mind of George the Third,’ said Timon, ‘ was at this period weighed down by the bitterest pangs of sorrow, from causes arising within his own family. The Princess knew this, and was most anxious not to add to them ; and accordingly she pursued, as far as possible, the suggestions which this letter recommended. But she knew well,

* “ ‘ Windsor, 20th June, 1796.

“ ‘ I yesterday received your letter on the subject of the rumour spread abroad of your repugnance to lend yourself towards a perfect reconciliation with my son, the Prince of Wales. I believe that such an opinion begins to take root, and that there is but one mode of destroying it— which is, that my son having consented that the Countess of Jersey, in compliance with your desire, should quit your service, and be no longer admitted to your private society, you ought to testify your wish that he should return home ; and that, to render the reconciliation complete, both sides should abstain from reproaches, and make no confidants of other persons upon this subject. This course of conduct will not fail to re-establish that union between my son and yourself which is one of the events which I have nearest my heart.

“ ‘ My son, the Duke of York, will deliver you this letter, and will further assure you of the sincere regard with which

“ ‘ I am,

“ ‘ My dear daughter-in-law,

“ ‘ Your very affectionate father-in-law,

“ ‘ GEORGE R.”

that before anything approaching to a kindly union could be effected, the Prince's nature must alter—and of this change there was no hope. Slight dislikes may be removed, and strong prejudices may give way; but the malignant hatred of the Prince was mixed up with all his worst and most inveterate passions. No overtures towards conciliation on her part were met on his with more than a polite but formal acknowledgment. This is evidenced by his reply to a very kind letter which the Princess took occasion to write to him on his birth-day, and which was written within two months after receiving the letter from the King, which you have just read:—

“ ‘ MADAME,

“ ‘ Je saisis le premier moment pour vous remercier de la lettre que vous avez bien voulu m' écrire, et que j'ai reçue hier, à l'occasion de l'anniversaire de ma naissance. Acceptez aussi mes remerciements pour la manière dont vous exprimez tant pour ma fille que pour vous même; et soyez assurée que personne ne saurait y être plus sensible que moi. C'est avec ces sentiments de reconnaissance que j' ai l' honneur de me souscrire, madame,

“ ‘ Votre très humble serviteur,

“ ‘ GEORGE P.

“ ‘ Weymouth,

“ ‘ Ce 13 d' Août, 1796.” *

“ ‘ Had the Prince had any sympathy with the sorrows of his afflicted father, or but the slightest warmth of heart towards his ill-used and unhappy consort, the opportunity was before him of effecting such a reconciliation as might at least have put an end to that harassment which destroyed her peace, and made her life a life of suffering and sorrow. But his hatred was not to be appeased; and

* “ ‘ MADAM,

“ ‘ I seize the first moment to thank you for the letter you were so kind as to write me, and which I received yesterday, on the occasion of the anniversary of my birth-day.

“ ‘ Accept also my thanks for the manner in which you express yourself, as much for my daughter as for yourself; and be assured that no one can be more sensible of it than myself.

“ ‘ It is with sentiments of gratitude that I have the honour to subscribe myself,

“ ‘ Madam,

“ ‘ Your very humble servant,

“ ‘ GEORGE P.

“ ‘ Weymouth,

“ ‘ 13th August, 1796.’

while, in such letters as he was compelled by circumstances to address to her, and which he thought might be read either to her more immediate friend, or her official adviser, he artfully takes care to cast upon her the imputation of thwarting his wishes, and of putting it out of his power of contributing to her happiness, which he professes to be most ready and desirous to promote: yet, in the midst of these professions, and at the very time he is thus writing, instead of consulting her comfort, or complying with any request that would have promoted it, he met her most earnest wishes with the most determined resistance.'

" 'His conduct,' said Delamere, 'outraged all the feelings of manhood. There is no known instance in which he ever indulged her wish, whether as a princess, a wife, or a mother. There are some minds in which resentment is the worm that never dies, and it was thus with him.'

" 'A respectful attention to the sex is a feature in the character of every man who claims to rank as a *gentleman*. A lady may complain of a lover's neglect, and a dissipated husband may wish to throw off his chains; but to vex, annoy, insult, and persecute a female, is the mark sunk to the very lowest level. The weakness of woman makes her lean for protection on the befriending and kindness of man. In married life, if this is withheld, nothing which she can call happiness remains for her. The fate of the Princess was, in this respect, peculiar. She was surrounded by spies in every direction. She was not allowed a voice in the appointment of any one of the ladies of her household. The Prince claimed the sole and exclusive right of placing about her whom he pleased, and he exercised this assumed privilege with an utter disregard to her feelings or her wishes. However objectionable the individuals so appointed might be in manners, or conduct, or in character, the Prince's will was peremptory, and no entreaty on her part could change it.'

" 'In the hapless situation in which the Princess was placed,' said Delamere, 'all the comfort that she could enjoy must be derived from those who were the companions of her retired hours. To have the society of persons forced upon her private hours, with whom she could neither converse with confidence, nor consult but to be betrayed, must have been a situation of all others the most wretched. If she was not permitted to choose her personal associates, she ought at least to have had a *veto* upon the choice of the Prince.'

" 'No one could tell,' said Timon, 'but the poor Princess herself, how little she knew of happiness, or the cheerless and wearisome life

which she was made to lead. There was one female, Miss Hayman, whose kind disposition and amiable manners made her extremely desirous of her society, and for that purpose she applied to have her appointed to the office of her privy purse, which the Prince, at her first coming over, had annexed to her establishment. But, as you will see, it was announced to her Royal Highness, through Lord Cholmondely, that this request could not be complied with.'

[Here follows the letter from Lord Cholmondely.]

" 'Not only was the pride of the Princess wounded by this uncourteous reply, but her disappointment in a matter which she had so much at heart affected her deeply.'

" 'And well it might,' replied Delamere; 'such treatment stirs one's blood. It was a piece of domestic tyranny which no man, not dead to every human and generous feeling, could have exercised. Talk of courts, pavilions, palaces—there is more vice in them than in the common streets—more villany under a royal mantle than under a beggar's cloak.'

" 'The Prince married her to get his debts paid. That a female of such exalted rank should be sacrificed to the attainment of such a purpose, was bad enough; but to treat her as *he* treated her, was an ingratitude that has no parallel in the calendar of crime. Particular acts of harshness may be overlooked; ill-treatment at intervals, or for a certain length of time, may be borne with. Let her be met with returning kindness, and it is the enduring nature of woman to forgive; give back peace to her wounded spirit, and she will cancel the past in her joyful anticipation of the future. But at no time, from the first hour of his marriage, did he relax in his authoritative and magisterial tone, or display even the semblance of that kindness which might lead to conciliation.'

" 'A most gallant *rule*,' said Delamere, 'for a prince to lay down, that he will have the selection of the ladies of his wife's bedchamber, and that however displeasing their manners may be, or however light their character, she shall have them and no others. What would a modern lady of fashion say to her husband insisting upon the choice of her maid, and when she remonstrates, deigning to give no other answer than that of his *determination*, which cannot be departed from?'

" 'The fact is,' replied Timon, 'that the Prince, by laying this rule, secured the introduction of his own favourites. All the females

on the domestic establishment of the Princess being creatures of his own appointment, were of course ready to give effect to every false rumour, and every groundless suspicion which hired agents were employed to circulate, with a view to the contemplated divorce. The Princess was obliged to abandon all hope as regarded Miss Hayman. It was a disappointment that tasked her magnanimity; but she bore it with that calm and composed temper which she displayed under all the bitter persecution which she was made to undergo. How deeply her Royal Highness was mortified at the rejection of a request which she had made with so much earnestness, will appear by her reply to an official intimation of it forwarded to her by the Lord Chancellor.'

"Timon handed over the following letter for the perusal of Delamere.

" 'MY LORD,

" 'I must beg leave to trouble you with a few lines on the subject of your letter. I recollect very well that at the time I arrived in this country, the Prince told me it was necessary to have a person in my establishment as *privy purse*, and for that reason appointed Miss Vanneck, who at Brighton resided in the house, and dined every day with the Prince and me; but, by not living in Carlton House, she was unable to fulfil the duties of her station; and your lordship knows too well how requisite such an attendant is for me. On this account, I proposed to have Miss Hayman, who from her unexceptionable character could not, I thought, be deemed improper. With regard to the Prince's observation, that it never has been the custom for the ladies to be in the house in London, I must remark that the late Princess of Wales always had a bedchamber-woman with her; and the Queen also had the same, during the time she lived at St. James's. I believe there is no precedent of a Princess of Wales being without a lady. The Prince mentions, as an agreeable circumstance for me, that in the country I can have both the ladies in waiting in the house; certainly, with such society I should prefer the tranquillity of a country life, as more conducive to my health than living in town; but the Prince having expressed his disapprobation of my dear child's residing with me, *except* in Carlton House, obliges me to sacrifice all considerations of myself, for the satisfaction of being under the same roof with her: and I therefore suggested this plan, which, besides the obvious propriety of it, would materially contribute to my comfort. It appears to me, that after

the Prince's arrangement, I must look upon myself as quite separated from him ; and, therefore, I should suppose, I was under no further obligations and rules to sacrifice everything to the Prince of Wales. My lord, if you will show this to the Prince when you see him, I shall be obliged to you :

“ ‘ And I am, my lord,

“ ‘ With great regard,

“ ‘ CAROLINE.

“ ‘ *Carlton House, 10th November, 1797.*’

“ ‘ And did this appeal produce any effect ?’ asked Delamere.

“ ‘ None. Lord Eldon was too wary a courtier, and knew the vindictive temper of the Prince too well, to do more than put the letter quietly into his pocket. It received no answer.’

[We intended to have given some portions of the “ DIARY,” which is extremely interesting ; but our extracts have already extended so far beyond our designed limits, that we are compelled to postpone these till next month, when we intend to take some further notice of this very extraordinary production, meanwhile premising that the documents it contains are of the most unquestionable authenticity.]

ITALY.

BY AN EXILE.

SECOND PERIOD. ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

§ II.—Petrarch.

Preliminary remarks—Italian universities—The popes of Avignon—The Colonna—Petrarch's love—His coronation—Robert of Anjou—The Correggio—Cola di Rienzi—The Visconti—Venice and Genoa—The German Emperors—Petrarch and Boccaccio—Bands of foreign soldiery—Reinstalment of the papal seat—Last years of Petrarch—His character—His works.

THE poem of Dante was to Italy what the spark of the sun was to the personified clay of Prometheus. Dante gave his country a language, and language is the soul of nations. Under his powerful will his age saw with surprise a popular dialect alternately assume the loftiest tones of the sublime and pathetic, clothe the noblest and elevate the humblest conceptions, and throw light and evidence on the most abstruse and recondite truths. The everyday words and phrases of the people appeared in those verses as a new discovery, and low-born vernacular idioms were handed down to posterity as the poet's creation. The Italian language seemed to recognise the hand of its maker. Never did it, before or after, yield to any writer's impulse, never did it display more of nerve and energy, more of brevity, suppleness, and grace. As Italy was, perhaps, never since more great and more free, so never since was her language nobler or mightier.

And yet the pen of Dante was a strong chisel, by a few bold strokes marking profound, indelible features, giving life to the marble wherever it touched, but abandoning the block unfinished, half-carved, half-polished, rude in its sublimity, grand in its disorder.

The charge of purifying and refining, of taming and softening, the language of Dante, was left to the care of two kindred twin minds, which, although perhaps of a stamp by a great degree inferior, yet grown on the same soil and out of the same elements, born quite at the close of Dante's tempestuous course, were to take up the mantle at the moment it fell from the prophet's shoulders, and accomplish what remained unachieved of his mission—Petrarch and Boccaccio. This debt, under which the lovers of Laura and Fiammetta have, by their juvenile works, for ever laid their Italian posterity, must be considered as utterly distinct and independent of other and higher claims, which they have a right to extend over all civilised Europe, as the first restorers and promoters of true classic literature, as the most active instruments of modern progress, by the exhibition of the light and splendour of ancient civilisation.

The distinctions between the poet and the scholar were never in any instance more widely and definitively marked than in the case of these two illustrious contemporaries and friends; for whilst, by their Italian writings, they are justly ranked among the first fathers of the

national language, it must be confessed that, by their revival of Greek and Latin learning, by their enthusiastic contemplation of the treasures of antiquity which they revealed to the wondering world, they lost sight of their native literature, and gave origin to that deplorable scholastic mania which tended for two centuries to undo the work of Dante and their own ; and to give an ephemeral life to a dead language, to the detriment, and nearly to the total extinction, of the living. The age of Dante, and that of his two noble successors, are scarcely divided by any material interval of time, but the destinies of Italy were then hurried on with such unabating rapidity, that the whole aspect of the country was changed even in the lapse of a single generation.

The life of Petrarch offers the most striking contrast to the life of Dante. Gifted with an easier and more equanimous temper, he steered his bark with a rare prosperity, secure in the midst of the passions of a stormy age. Placed, from the prime of his youth, at the head of the republic of letters, he enjoyed the most unlimited sway that learning alone ever gave a man. Before and after Petrarch, poets had been seen flattering princes ; it was now the first and last case of a poet courted by princes. Invited to the same courts where Dante had languished in neglect and dejection, Petrarch acted the part of a mediator and arbiter, of a monitor and censor. Wherever he was, there was the best side of the cause ; his presence was solicited like that of the blind old *Œdipus*, produced by turns by his unnatural sons, as a pledge of the justice of their claims in the eyes of the Thebans.

Petrarch lived long enough to feel weary and sick of his glory. On his brows even the laurel pressed heavily. That fame which he had courted so long in his dazzling career, faded in his embrace, like the charms of a fairy enchantress when the spell of magic is broken.

He was among the few to whom, before death, it was given to see his name due to immortality, as if he had been registered in the book of fame ; and, in consequence of this conviction, his life was acted as if he had had all posterity for spectators.

His biography was written at full length in a large collection of Latin letters to his friends. In his most intimate expansions of familiar correspondence he wrote in the round periods of the language of Cicero, and seemed rather occupied with the public than with his friend. Nor were the living alone honoured with his correspondence ; for he directed long, elaborate epistles to his favourite heroes of antiquity, and the last, not least of all, "*Epistola ad Posteror*," he dictated for the edification of posterity, as a man who felt well assured that posterity would be busy about him. We could therefore be at no loss as to the materials on which the following biographical sketch should be grounded. His whole heart and soul were decomposed, as it were, in his writings ; and, whatever opinion we may form of his character, there he stands, judged and sentenced by his own words.

In that sudden political convulsion which expelled the Bianchi from Florence in 1302, and of which Dante was, as has been said, the first victim, was involved a man of noble descent, then occupying the high station of notary of the Florentine republic, called *Petracco dell' Ancisa*. Of him and of his noble lady, *Eletta Canigiani*, who shared

her husband's fate, Petrarch was born, in Arezzo, the 19th of July, 1304, on the very night when the Florentine exiles, with Dante and Petrarco among the number, made their last ineffectual attempt upon Florence.

Petrarch tells us of himself that he had an opportunity of seeing Dante at his paternal house, in Arezzo, in his seventh year, and the stern features of that solitary genius seem to have left upon his mind an indelible impression among the colourless dreams of his infancy.

Following the destinies of his father, the future poet was conveyed to the court of the pope in Avignon, and was successively sent for his studies to Carpentras, Montpellier, and Bologna, where the old notary intended to direct him through the legal studies, to tread in the career of his father.

The Italian universities followed, at this period, their learned pursuits with unabating fervour. Placed in the heart of populous and turbulent towns, they enjoyed, within the recess of their walls, a comparative calm and security. Learning was, like religion, a common property, a subject of universal veneration, which it was equally the interest of all parties to honour and favour. Unfortunately those literary establishments, from the very tenor of their original constitution, formed themselves into a party, and operated a division in the state. The spirit of caste and corporation, indivisible from social order, hardly emancipated from misrule and anarchy, kept them constantly wrangling and wrestling for their privileges against the encroachments of other equally jealous, equally ambitious, equally powerful bodies; so that it was not unfrequent to see the university halls broken in by the populace, who made a bonfire of chairs and benches, and drove professors and students from town to town.

The university of Bologna, the most ancient in Italy, if not in Europe, continued, notwithstanding the excommunications of Clement V. in 1306, the most frequented and famous. The memory of Irnerius and of Accursius, in the thirteenth century, gave that town an undisputed ascendancy over the studies of civil and canon law, the most important in that age, and most influential of all learned pursuits. One of the great luminaries of the law-school of Bologna, when Petrarch was sent there for his studies, was Cino da Pistoia, a profound scholar and an eminent poet, who, obliged to leave his native town in consequence of the civil feuds of Bianchi and Neri, increased the number of those Tuscan wandering *fuorusciti*, who were then to be found all over Europe. Another of Petrarch's kindest masters was Giovanni Andrea da Bologna, whose taste for Pandects and Decretals seemed to pass as an inheritance to his children, even of the gentler sex; if we are, at least, to believe the legend of his daughter, Novella, who, in the prime of her age, was so far proficient in such arid studies as to fill the professor's chair, during her father's absence, and deliver her lectures; taking, however, good care to screen her lovely face behind a curtain, "lest her beauty should turn those young heads she was appointed to edify and enlighten." It is, however, but justice to remark, that the story is equally applied to one of Accursius's daughters, and that the names of other ladies occur among the list of doctors at Bologna, where a

young beauty, clad in a professor's gown, is not, even in more recent ages, a spectacle utterly unexampled.

Meanwhile the irresistible turn for classical literature, for which Petrarch had already endured his parent's displeasure at Montpellier—where the scene between Ovid and his father was acted over again—was hardly to be expected to abate in Italy, and especially at Bologna, where Cino himself was looked upon as the sweetest of living poets, and continued to his last day to dote on women and sing for love. The example of his benevolent instructor, his familiarity with classic models, and his intercourse with many of the ardent Italian youth at the university, many of whom remained his friends or patrons for life, hastened the development of Petrarch's precocious genius, so that, when recalled to Avignon, in his twenty-second year, and, by the death of both parents, left master of himself, he gave full scope to his juvenile inclinations, and set out, with all the impetuosity of an ardent temper, on his way to immortality.

Avignon was, in that epoch, the seat of the papal government, which the turbulence of the Roman factions and the policy of Philip of Valois had removed from Rome since the year 1305. The world was yet to witness something more depraved than the court of Rome, and that was the court of Avignon. The grandeur of the papal seat seemed to be eclipsed, when it ceased to be environed by the majesty of Rome. The French popes rivalled, indeed even surpassed, the Italian pontiffs in deception and perfidy, in luxury, in avarice, in every shape and manner of vice; but the dignity and authority, the strength of mind, the headstrong independence, the daring ambition, which had humbled monarchs before the successors of St. Peter, were not virtues to be so easily inherited.

Placed under reach of French influence, under pretext of protection, the French popes acceded to the slightest wishes of royalty with cowardly connivance. Already Clement V. had blindly gratified the vengeance of Philip the Fair by the foul assassination of the Knights Templars in 1311. Innocent XXII., his successor, shared the tithes of the church with the rapacious Philip of Valois, while, by an open sale of indulgences, of all ecclesiastical honours and dignities, he defrayed the expenses of a court as extravagant and licentious as it was corrupted and venal.

It was thus from his earliest youth that Petrarch's upright and generous soul was brought into contact with what vice could exhibit most revolting and hideous; and notwithstanding his frequent invectives and execrations of that scandalous court, it would be painful for his admirers to see him so long and so often take his residence in Avignon, were it not well known how sadly, from his earliest youth, the poet laboured under tender and somewhat morbid sensibilities, which seldom allowed him to follow the soundest dictates of his reason.

The first object of attraction to the papal court was his friendship for a Roman youth of his own age, whom Petrarch had first seen at Bologna. This was Jacopo Colonna, one of that haughty family who, in the absence of the popes, exercised an absolute supremacy in Rome. This family, one of the few scattered scions referring their origin to the Roman patricians of old, had for several centuries been signalled

in all its branches by such traits of hardihood and magnanimity, as well could justify their claims to that noble descent. In all their pursuits, whether ecclesiastic or military, they carried along with them that martial spirit, that undaunted resolution, which their ancestors bore on their shield, together with their proud motto, "*Columna flecti nescio*," and which decided all differences in their favour. The memory was not yet quite extinct of that warlike Cardinal Colonna, who followed the crusaders to their conquest of Egypt, and who, after prodigies of valour, taken prisoner under the walls of Damietta, and condemned by the Saracens to be sawed through the body, put so serene a look on the preparations for that awful torture, as to disarm the native ferocity of his executioners, who rewarded his heroism by granting him life and liberty, and dismissed him with every demonstration of honour and regard. 1221. The Colonna had reached their height of prosperity under the pontificate of Nicolas IV., one of their name, in 1288; but in later times, dispersed and banished by the treacherous rancour of Boniface VIII., they had been forced to take shelter in France, when Sciarra Colonna, entering into the interests of Philip the Fair, accompanied by a few French barons, at the head of his partisans, had surprised and arrested the false pope in Anagni, menaced and struck him with his iron gauntlet; so that, though soon rescued by the fanaticism of the populace, Boniface died in a few days, in a paroxysm of powerless rage. 1303. At the head of the family was now Stephano, brother of Sciarra, a hoary warrior, after the antique Roman cast, father of ten sons, two of whom, Cardinal Giovanni and the above-mentioned Jacopo, resided at the pope's court in Avignon.

The last, a young prelate, scarcely issued from the university, showed himself worthy of his race by his spirited conduct at Rome in 1328, at the epoch of the descent of Louis IV., who, having, by intrigues and treasons, gained over a council of schismatic bishops to his cause, received from them the golden crown, in opposition to Pope John XXII.; when young Colonna, followed only by four attendants, read in St. John of Lateran the papal bull of excommunication with drawn sword, offering himself ready to support against the emperor and his adherents, the rights of the pope, and the justice of his cause.

Such was Petrarch's earliest friend, who, having introduced him to the cardinal, his brother, whose house was then the resort of all that the papal court had most conspicuous and select, soon called upon him the attention of the whole college of the cardinals, and the pope himself. Petrarch's natural advantages of personal comeliness and captivating manners, united to the early display of eminent talents, and to a constant though unobtrusive desire of pleasing, rendered him soon a desirable acquaintance among the best circles, while his gentle and loving disposition secured for him a popularity seldom attendant on rapid and dazzling success.

But another argument, more powerful than either friendship or juvenile love of fame and ambition, was soon to bind Petrarch more indissolubly to the dangerous sojourn of Avignon. He had seen Laura. This memorable event, which he took good care to register in his works in prose and verse, in Latin and Italian, with scrupulous

accuracy, took place in the church of Ste Claire, in Avignon, early in the morning of Good Friday, April 6, 1327, the poet being then in his twenty-third year.

It is not our intention to write over again, for the thousandth time the love-romance of Petrarch and Laura : we shall only venture so far as to express the utter scepticism into which we have been led, after consulting all authorities within our reach, concerning the object of Petrarch's flame ; for it cannot, according to our opinion, be quite satisfactorily demonstrated whether the poet was in love with a single woman, or with a *wise* and *dutiful* wife *sorely tyrannized* by her *jealous husband*, and mother of a *numerous* family, as, upon the authority of an awkward abbreviation in a paltry old parchment, it had been rather hastily asserted. Nor is it well determined for us whether Petrarch's own assurances are to be taken literally, and we are to believe his love to have been of that pure, unsubstantial, platonic cast he depicted, or rather of that mixture of gallantry and voluptuousness, of devotion and extravagance, which was called love among the knights and troubadours of his age.

We shall not, however, go so far in our doubts as to call the very existence of the fair lady in question, as some have done before us. We do, indeed, admit that, whoever she might be, there was a Laura ; that is—a woman so named, known as the reigning beauty of a court that could boast to have assembled all the proudest beauties of Europe—on whom, for a long time, indeed for his whole life, a few intervals of innocent diversion and solace always excepted, all Petrarch's thoughts and faculties were absorbed and centered.

This passion, during its first stage, seemed so completely to overwhelm him, that he found no remedy against it but absence. In 1330 he followed his friend Jacopo Colonna to his episcopal residence in Lombez, who had recently been raised to that seat by the gratitude of the pope, and in remuneration of his strenuous demeanour in Rome, to which we have before alluded.

He revisited Avignon in the following year, but soon left, bound on a short excursion to Paris, whence he crossed over to Flanders and a part of Germany. "He delighted," he said, "to visit new lands, and study manners and feelings in remote regions, to compare them with what he remembered of the land that gave him birth ; and although many magnificent countries he did visit, the longer and farther he travelled the fonder and prouder he grew of his Italian name, as every country, if compared with Italy, appeared to be plunged into darkness and barbarism."

After a sojourn of several years in Avignon, where his voice began to assume a considerable ascendancy over the events of his age, listening to his fondness for classical antiquity, to his patriotism, and to his friendship for the Colonna, he sailed from Marseilles for Rome, where the enthusiasm that the remnants of old Roman monuments, the temples, forums, and theatres of the City of Ruins raised in his heart, cannot be conceived or described by any one who does not, like Petrarch, live more in the past than the present.

Restored to Avignon, he purchased a cottage and garden in a secluded spot, which he had from his childhood been induced by his

father, and in after life, led by his choice to visit and revisit, and in which he had occasionally fixed his residence, previous to his journey to Rome. This was the too famous solitude of Vaucluse, which we will take good care not to describe, as there is hardly a human being who has not visited, or at least heard of, "the favourite haunts of the poet of love, where the music of his sonnets and songs is still hovering on the balmy air, and the rivulets have learned to imitate the murmur of his sighs."

His fondness for retirement, however, and his all-absorbing passion for Laura, did not make him unmindful of fame. He was then busy with his Latin poem, "*Africa*;" a few of the cantos were already in circulation, and the report of which was sufficient to call him to that distinction, to which he had scarcely dared to aspire in his youthful dreams of ambition—his coronation on the capitol. The custom of crowning poets, general among the ancients, had been recently re-established at the restoration of letters, and the same honour had been already conferred, early in the fourteenth century, on more than one poet and scholar, whose names as well as their crowns, in spite of the incorruptibility of their works, are now fading and mouldering beneath the dust of their tombs. But, at the crowning of Petrarch, it was the poet who honoured the laurel; and though we would not take upon ourselves to assert that Petrarch did not manage, through the medium of his friends, to obtain his intent, yet the very fact of two letters being contemporaneously sent to him for that purpose, the one from the Roman senate, the other from the chancellor of the university of Paris, (an Italian and one of his friends,) is sufficient to prove that he had only to express the slightest wish to be sure that the noblest of the learned corporations of Europe would strive to secure that honour for themselves.

His classical and patriotic predilections, and the insinuations of Cardinal Colonna, having decided him in favour of the Roman invitation, he landed at Naples early in 1341, where King Robert of Anjou was on the look out for his arrival. Robert was the third of the successors of Charles of Anjou, and was the wisest and most accomplished monarch of that dynasty. He had, in his youth, pursued the career of arms and politics, with more ardour and ambition than skill or success. He was now, in his decline, entirely engrossed by the more genial pursuits of the arts of peace. Surrounded with books and scholars at home and abroad, opening schools and libraries all over his states, encouraging and enlarging the university of Naples, which had languished since it was first founded under the auspices of the Emperor Frederic II. nearly a century before; he embellished his throne with all the lustre that letters and arts can confer upon a court. It could hardly be expected that so liberal a prince—the Solomon of his age, as Boccaccio styled him, should remain indifferent to the glory of Petrarch. He had, in fact, long since entered into correspondence with him, and consulted him on matters of the highest moment, through the kind mediation of Dionysius de Robertis, a celebrated orator, poet, philosopher, theologian, astrologer; a scholar, in fine, according to the ideas of the age, a native of Florence, but likewise, in accordance with the man-

ners of the age, wandering all his life in quest of knowledge, with whom Petrarch had been in terms of cordial intimacy during his stay in Paris. It was, without doubt, to King Robert and to this generous friend, that Petrarch owed the invitation of the Roman senate, and through a sentiment of—perhaps in some degree affected—modesty, he repaired to the court of Naples with a view to undergo a thorough examination by the king himself, from which it may result how far he was indeed entitled by his learning to the honour that awaited him. The experiment lasted three days, and was open to the public; it turned upon all the topics that constituted the *scibile* of the age.

Some of the cantos of the poem "Africa" were read by the bard to his patron, who was so delighted with it, that he requested to receive the dedication of the poem whenever it should be drawn to a close. Petrarch promised it, and kept his word, though neither did the good king live, nor did he himself persevere, to see the end of the work; for incomplete the work did certainly remain, and there is no doubt that its author never thought of giving it the last finish, and was even said to have left an order—probably in imitation of Virgil—that the poem should, after his death, be consigned to the flames—an order which he well knew never would, and, considering the many copies already in circulation, never could, be executed.

The honours that the Neapolitan monarch and his court bestowed upon the candidate during the period of trial, could be only eclipsed by the splendour and magnificence of his reception at Rome. Dressed in royal garb—King Robert having presented him with his own robe—surrounded with all the pomp and pageant of royalty, Petrarch reached the eternal city, which, decked with all the majesty of olden times, poured forth, in one mass, to meet him. Deafened by the shouts and plaudits of that always fierce and stormy multitude, he rode to the capitol, where the senator, his friend, Orso dell' Anguillara, was, with his own hand, to perform the solemn ceremony. Twelve young patricians in white garments followed, proclaiming the glory of the bard, and singing his verses. The Colonna, and the proudest Roman families, marched in his suite. The discords of those haughty barons seemed, for a moment, suspended—the chains that pressed upon the people relaxed—and the great metropolis assumed its ancient character of grandeur for a scene that was never before or after equalled in Italy. This far-famed solemnity took place on Easter day, April 8th, 1340. The poet was then in his thirty-seventh year, and his countenance, beaming with inspiration, preserved still so much of its soft and rather feminine beauty, as to conciliate the suffrages of that part of the spectators who had no better test than those external advantages by which to estimate his worth. For it cannot be denied that the Italians, even of the lowest classes, excel every other people in Europe in the instinctive awe which they seem to feel in the presence of genius, and that nowhere does eminent talent meet with more unanimous and enthusiastic homage than in Italy, where, without remounting to happier ages, it may well be remembered how, even in our time, the arrival of Byron and Scott in any of the large towns throughout the country, was an event cal-

culated to produce a sensation certainly not inferior to what we have seen excited by the visit of a Russian prince among the best circles of free-born Britons in London, or by the appearance of the Prince of Joinville at a public ball among the republicans of New York.

Immediately after the ceremony Petrarch started for Avignon, where he longed to lay his laurel wreath at the feet of that proud beauty, for whose sake alone that crown seemed to have any prize in his eyes. He travelled, however, by land, probably that he might enjoy a triumphant march through Italy; and having put up for a few days at the court of Azzo da Correggio, Lord of Parma, he, by his earnest instances, deviated from his former purpose, and was gradually induced to choose his residence on the sunny side of the Alps.

Azzo was the son of Giberto da Correggio, who had usurped, and with various vicissitudes held, the supreme authority in Parma from 1295 to 1313. His son, who had shared his father's fortunes and reverses, had been called to reassume, in 1321, the sovereignty of Parma, which he contrived to secure in his grasp by the same arts and policy that had secured his father's success; by adroitly shifting from the Guelph to the Ghibeline party, by rousing and fomenting civil discords and jealousies, and by all the resources of an easy conscience and accommodating faith. He had to struggle especially against two noble antagonists, Piero and Marsilio, brothers de Rossi, the first especially considered as the most valiant and accomplished knight, and the ablest general in Italy. There had been in 1335 a brief suspension of hostilities, and the contest had been brought before the supreme tribunal of Pope Benedict XII. in Avignon, when Petrarch, for the first time and the last, brushing up what he still remembered of his legal studies, donned a barrister's gown, and pleaded the cause of Azzo, his friend, with so much zeal and unction, as could easily prove that he might have claimed the best title to the name of the most eloquent orator, had he not preferred the glory of the greatest poet of his age.

It was this important service that Azzo da Correggio, a grateful, but in every other respect an unworthy friend of Petrarch, intended to remunerate, when, by pressing invitations and by some ecclesiastical dignities which he caused to be conferred upon him, he attached the laureate poet to his court. Petrarch built in Parma a house, which is still to be seen standing, and sought in the neighbourhood a silent, humble, hermitage in the solitude of *Selva Piana*, which he called his Cisalpine Parnassus, in opposition to his Transalpine Parnassus of Vacluse.

To Vacluse, however, and to his much-dreaded no less than much-cherished Avignon, the course of political events was soon to drive him once more. Benedict XII. was dead, and Clement VI. had been raised to the pontificate. (1342.) The Roman senate sent a deputation charged with the mission of complimenting the new pope, and soliciting his return to his Italian metropolis. Petrarch, now decorated with the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship, was invited to join the deputies, among whom he found his friend, the too famous

Cola da Rienzi, whom he had first seen in Rome at the epoch of his coronation. The deputation failed; but the liberal, though unprincipled pontiff, did not fail to honour and reward the two friends, who had by turns assumed the office of spokesman; and Petrarch, enriched by new ecclesiastical sinecures, cast his anchor once more in Avignon.

His excellent friend, King Robert, had, meanwhile, died at Naples, (1343,) and his sceptre had fallen into the tender and inexperienced hands of that more wretched than guilty, "more sinned against than sinning," Joan of Naples, the Mary Stuart of Italy. Petrarch, sent to the court of Joan by Pope Clement on a mission, in which he but poorly succeeded, returned disappointed and exhausted to his Cisalpine Parnassus in Parma.

There he was involved in all the horrors and tumults of a ruthless war, kindled by the intrigues and perfidies of Azzo da Correggio, who had bartered his sovereignty of Parma to the Visconti of Milan and the Este of Ferrara, defrauding both with every kind of perjury, and robbing his own brothers of their share in the bargain. Released from the trances of terror and suspense, into which the distracted state of Lombardy had plunged him, he crossed the Alps, and arrived safe in Avignon, (1343,) though not without infinite dangers and hairbreadth escapes.

But the habit of wandering had become in him a second nature, and he began now to shift his residence, without any plausible reason, as if obeying the impulse of an irresistible necessity. In the course of that same year he was in Parma once more, where, not having found his patron, Azzo da Correggio, who, now a dethroned and banished prince, had taken shelter in Verona, to Verona he directed his course. There reigned in Verona, in those days, Mastino, nephew of Cane della Scala, who had inherited the valour and ambition, but not the splendour and magnanimity, of his predecessor. The name of this Mastino is disgraced by the record of awful crimes, and the hand which he probably stretched to the roaming poet was stained with the blood of his nephew, an archbishop, whom he had, only a few years before, (1338,) slain on the threshold of the sanctuary. The crimes of stabbing and poisoning were ever since perpetuated in this reprobate family of the Scaligeri, who, as one of their biographers observes, "perished like a race of mad *dogs* and *mastiffs*, tearing each other to pieces, with the very rage of the animals from which they seemed so fond of borrowing their names."

The sojourn of Petrarch in Verona was, however, of the shortest duration. Early in 1346, he is found once more in his solitude of Vaucluse, from whence he hardly ever stirred, until he was roused, in the following year, by an unexpected event, that reawakened all his predilections for Italy. The brilliant though ephemeral episode of his friend Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, was then acting at Rome. How egregiously Petrarch, as well as the soberest spirits of the age, plunged into the tribune's dreams and illusions, we need not repeat. A new light and interest has been recently thrown on the subject, and all the details of that momentous revolution have been

with great force at least, if not always with impartiality and discernment, laid before the English readers, in one of those works of fiction that assume, in our days, the office of history.

Not satisfied with encouraging the tribune's efforts by his epistles and exhortations, or with warmly advocating his friend's cause at the court of Avignon, where Rienzi could not fail to have bitter opponents, Petrarch resolved to join him at Rome, and once more bade adieu to Avignon.

The pope offered him the office of apostolical secretary—his friends gathered around him in sorrow and tears—Cardinal Colonna reproached him with levity and ingratitude—Laura, as if aware that they parted for ever, cast a fond, lingering glance after him, and turned pale—he felt, in short, as if his heart were torn from him as he left,—but he left.

Had Petrarch's sound judgment and his unerring sense of equity been opportunely associated with the prestige for Rienzi's eloquence and enthusiasm, had the poet thrown his laurel in the balance of the destinies of Italy, no man can ascertain what might have proved the final result of that abortive attempt, for we can have no doubt that Rome and Italy were then not quite ripe for the yoke of servitude, and that, on the other hand, they were too sadly distracted by factions to enjoy the blessings of liberty, and abide under the empire of the laws.

How it might have happened had Petrarch arrived in time, certain it is that nothing awaited him in Italy but disappointment and woe. No sooner had he landed at Genoa, than he heard of the massacre of the Colonna and all the rest of the Roman nobility. The infatuated tribune assumed the tone and manners of an absolute dictator, and rushed on with the inconsiderate violence of a man drunk with prosperity. The multitude soon recovered from their blind fanaticism, and broke their idol with as much precipitation as they had raised him on their altars.

Laying aside his projected journey to Rome, the poet wandered all the rest of that year between Verona, Padua, and Parma. The following year, 1348, arose in darkness and gloom. Bereft, already, of some of his bosom friends, (nominally of Dionysius de Roberti and of Jacopo Colonna, the bishop of Lombez, 1344,) humbled by the downfall of long cherished hopes, alarmed by violent earthquakes and other public calamities, his inborn timidity awakened by a thousand ominous presentiments—for, like many a great man of antiquity, he believed himself privileged with the forewarnings of heaven:—he was witnessing the ravages that the too famous pestilence of 1348 was carrying on under his eyes, when tidings upon tidings reached him of his irreparable losses in Avignon. Cardinal Colonna and—Laura. —Laura died suddenly on the 6th of April, in the same month, day, and hour. Petrarch had seen her, for the first time, in the church of St. Claire, in Avignon, and twenty-one years before that remarkable event.

After her death, Petrarch, who was doomed to survive her twenty-six years, could hardly find rest anywhere. From Parma, where the mortal announcement found him, he started again for Verona, and

hence for Mantua. At Mantua he was hospitably received by Louis of Gonzaga, one of that family who, avenging the outrage offered to a lady of their name, by the murder of Passerino Bonacassi, Lord of Mantua, had, in 1328, snatched from him the sceptre of that city, which remained in their hands till the middle of the eighteenth century. From Mantua, Petrarch returned to Parma, whence, in 1350, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome on the recurrence of the jubilee. He was waited upon by Giovanni Boccaccio, his friend, on his passage through Florence; and was greeted with the warmest reception in Arezzo at his return, where he was shown the very house he was born in, preserved as a holy shrine by public veneration, and pointed out to strangers as the pride of the city.

THE BIRTH OF GENIUS.

BY WM. EWART, ESQ. M.P.

IN some far world where strange Enchantment dwells,
 O'er whose gold-blooming lawns and murmuring seas
 The far-off chorus gently swells
 Of woodland nymphs and Oceanides,
 And ever and anon the air
 Is wing'd by forms divinely fair,
 Which float upon th' ethereal ray,
 Till odorous breezes sweep them far away :
 In that fair world was hapless genius born :
 Brightly glow'd the golden morn ;
 All around and overhead
 Its mighty shade the giant forest spread ;
 And yet, athwart the twilight dun,
 His arrowy beams downshot the golden sun ;
 Kindling into liquid light
 The violet bed begemm'd with dew-drops bright,*
 Which flash'd with many a purple-tinged ray
 Around the couch where Genius lay.

* ἰὼν ξανθῶσι καὶ παμπορφύροις,
 ἁκτίσι βεβρεγμένος ἄβρον
 σῶμα.

Pind. Ol. vi.

A moment woke the heav'n-born child ;
He gaz'd on that enchanting scene,
And listened to the music wild,
Caught the bright forms which rose between
The murmurs of each dying strain,
Till, lull'd by sounds so sweet as these,
He sank in dewy sleep again.

How long in silent trance he lay,
Guil'd by winged dreams away,
In that fairy-haunted clime,
Memory never told to Time.

But scar'd—as when the thunderstroke
Rends the summer sky—he woke :
Dismay'd he gaz'd around ;
Where was gone the magic land,
Where the balmy breeze,
Where the music's silver sound ?
Instead of these a barren strand,
And gloomy heaven he sees :
Faltering he listen'd to the wave, whose roar
Beat heavily along that hollow-sounding shore.
'Twas in this world of tears and pain
He woke—but not to smile again.
Athwart his pensive soul were cast
Such dazzling visions of the past,
That fancy wrought with feverish glow,
And feeling was refin'd to woe.
Still lov'd his memory all too well,
The magic land he once had seen,
Gold-gleaming banks of asphodel,
And gardens of immortal green.
But Heav'n, to soothe his wayward mind,
And calm his soul's impetuous fire,
In pity to his hands assign'd,
Inwreath'd with Heaven's own beams, the lyre :
Blest with the boon he wanders on,
And traces on life's tempest-beaten shore
The forms of visionary beauty gone,
The bright poetic world he dimly saw before.

THE GRAND TOURNAY.

Holden at his Castle by the Earl of Eglintoun.

BY HIS OCCASIONAL TROUBADOUR, EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF
" RATTLIN THE REEFER," " JACK ASHORE," &c.

Spite the First.

THE Tournament ! the Tournament !
Of which all have spoken, to which many went ;
Where bravery, beauty, and *bon-ton* were blent ;
And lances were shivered and morions rent !
Where feathers were scattered and fortunes spent !
Will nobody sing of the Tournament ?
Where is Campbell, and where is Moore ?
And what have become of the two or three score—
All epic men, who don't write in prose,
Whom nobody reads, and whom nobody knows ?

O, 'tis a thing to be wofully sorry at,
That a rising like this could not lift up the Laureat ;
That Wordsworth has not a word's worth to throw
Away upon this very sensible show,
Which should make verses flow
Like the stream of PACTO-
Lus, which floweth with gold, as we very well know.

The bard of Hope leaves us all in despair ;
He sits alone in his elbow chair—
Alone in his glory—the devil may care
Who now writes for fame,
'Tis to him all the same—
He very well knows he's enough and to spare.

'Tis a very great curse, and one we must deem a
Curse almost as bad as the curse of Kehama,
That the lake-bard should now be loyally striving,
In longitudinal verse,
With hexameters terse,
(May *his* ever be scarce !)
Duly to honour the Saxe-Gothic wiving.
I don't say the ode will itself be the curse,
With pains-taking, 'tis likely that some may do worse.
But the tournament—that
Was the thing for him—pat !
'Twas made for the poet—the poet for that.

Lordly circles, in and out,
Anacreon the Second he flutters about ;
At lordly boards he butters his bread,
And he always takes care to get it well spread.
The soul of his tuneful melodies
Oft swims in the tears of ladies' eyes.

A courtly poet, and a courtly gent,—
Why don't *he* sing of the *Tournament*?

'Tis a very great shame, a pain, a grief, or
Something much worse, that a tarry-breek'd reefer
Alone should be found
On the listed ground,
To pipe out a lay of this grand *Tournay*.
To think, when all England's chivalry up,
And the price of tin-foil; and the banquet-cup
Is bless'd by the lips of Beauty's Queen—
(A more queenly beauty, go where thou wilt
No modern eyne shall spy, I ween,)
I say, 'tis a most enormous guilt,
When lances are couch'd and courses are run,
And such feats of arms, and such deeds are done,
And so much of *eau de Cologne* is spilt,
That, to sing of all this, there should be found none
But this tarry-breek'd reefer, this son of a gun!

The princely Earl of Eglintoun,
He walked him up, and he walked him down,
And he walked him across his ample lawn,
And yawn'd as a princely earl might yawn.
His ancestry all, a gallant band,
True of heart and strong of hand,
Came flashing on his mental view;
He was horribly bored for something to do—
Something martial, something daring,
Something with their deeds comparing.
To break a hell, or down Pall Mall
To break the lamps, I need not tell,
Was not to be done by his father's son;
A prouder ambition on him fell,
All notions low, to the low he sent,
So resolved to hold a *Tournament*.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine,
The strangest of years in the St. Swithin line—
On August the twenty and eighth (let's pray
To the sloppy old saint that fine be the day)
Was fixed to be held this grand *Tournay*.
A hundred thousand pairs of eyes
There be come to glad them with surprise;
There were drest, in its best from the east and the west,
With wide-gaping mouth, from the north and the south,
A vast multitude of polite and of rude,
To see some *rather young* gentlemen fix
Themselves in wrought iron, and poke with long sticks
At each other passing—each poke to be *nix*
That was poked below girdle—the best out of six;
They, in the vernacular, "went it like bricks."
But mind ye—each course,
They rode a cock-horse,
As fairly they gave and received all their licks.
But we'll write more astutely,
And describe more minutely,
Down to the fool's tricks,
And the prances and kicks
Of the caparison'd steeds when they felt the spurs' pricks.

A procession was order'd, but did not come off,
 For the rain would come on, and all the approaches
 Of the beautiful dames were made in close coaches,
 Whilst the knights in their armour (let nobody scoff)
 Held out their umbrellas
 All cloak'd like old fellows,
 For the iron and brass
 They did not, alas!
 Fit so well, but the crevices let the wet pass,
 Rather apt to beget a phthisicy cough,—
 This spoilt the array,
 But yet, I must say,
 They did as they should on a very wet day;
 For there is no evident reason, I'm sure I see,
 Why the knight of the dragon should die of a pleurisy,
 And to chivalry's self, I may safely assume it is
 Not to be sneez'd at—a touch of the "rheumatiz,"
 For nobody look's very smart when he's sick;
 And 'tis certainly true
 That the tic douloureux
 Is just one of the few
 Very few things that we don't like upon tick.

Place aux dames! There's the proud Queen of Beauty! behold her!
 Cowards she'd make brave, and the boldest make bolder!
 Ev'n age she'd inspire! must we marvel much then
 If she make rather silly, some sensible men?
 Fair Jane Georgiana, most sweet Lady Seymour!
 For fairer or sweeter, gay banner or streamer,
 Ne'er gleam'd o'er the field, or knight in his helmet
 Was unhors'd and chok'd, and such choking deem'd well met.
 O! how was she drest! In what tunic and vest?
 After all, that's the best affair for our quest.
 O! set it at rest. Pray how was she drest?

Besides her grace immaculate,
 This was her dress, her dress of state;
 A Saya, of violet velvet—on't
 Armorial bearings work'd in front;
 On an azure velvet ground,
 Work'd in silver, were they found.
 A jacquet of miniver rare,
 Spotted with ermine, here and there.
 A partlet rich, of sky blue satin,
 Work'd with sprigs of silver, pat in
 Just like a blue stocking dotted with Latin.
 Then of the richest crimson hue
 A velvet mantle was over the blue.
 But this rich mantle would not have been there,
 Had it not been furred over with miniver;
 Besides giving the lady the right regal air,
 There's another grave reason the records declare.
 Scorning the glove,
 This Queen of Love
 Gauntlets embroidered richly wore,
 Fretted with golden threads all o'er,
 Of a fancy so dear,
 That a box on the ear
 Was a thing to covet, and not to fear.

"Twas not the silver crown she bore,
Nor its flashing jewels—nor stately throne,
Nor bending nobles, nor trumpet's roar,
Nor lowering banners and pennons, I ween,
That mark'd her as Beauty's rightful Queen ;—

"Twas her own loveliness—her own!

'Twas thus that this heart-ruler went
To honour and grace the *Tournament*!

She would have gone on foot, I say,

Had it not been a very wet day,

And very Scottishly muddy the way;

As the rain came down,

She went in a "shay"

To the grand *Tournay*,

To the *Tournay* grand of Eglintoun.

Whether my readers may think so or not,

I think this is writing like Walter Scott.

And hauberks, and tabards, and partisans,

With stalwart knights and gath'ring of clans,

Shall figure away

In pageant gay,

In ~~fyfte~~ the second, which fight will show,

For, ah me! just now, I may not write mo'!

The reason, my friends, is plainly seen,—

I may not have a large retinue,

My *pages* of honour must be very few,

Or the Editor grim would look very blue—

'Tis in vain I beseech, in vain I deplore,

He stints me to pages three or four

In his glorious Magazine.

THE OLD CHATEAU OF COLONSTERE.

BY CONOLLY MEARES, ESQ.

THE "Pilgrim of the Rhine," on his way to that lake-like river, or the tourist of six weeks on his route from Antwerp to Paris, will find a convenient halting-place at La Pavillon Anglois, or L'Aigle Noir, in the good city of Liège; and if, as often happens at a foreign hostelry, "the time hangs heavy in the hall," let him hasten at early dawn to the Nouveau Pont de la Boverie, and take his place in the "Barque," which at that hour daily glides up the river Ourthe to the pretty village of Tilf. Parties of gay Liegeois, painters in search of the picturesque, and often a *nouvelle mariée*, with her loving spouse, will be his *compagnons de voyage*, and the valley of the Ourthe, winding through wooded hills, will please him by its beautiful variety. Here a little summer-house peeps out from the thick copse-wood; there the "Sorcerer's Meadow," with its rich embroidery of flowers, still boasts the power to charm; while beyond, on the brow of a little promontory, the old Chateau of Colonstère appears, now on the left, now on the right, so capricious is the course of the stream.

Nor is the voyage always made without some little adventure; for at certain intervals strong dikes run slanting across the Ourthe, leaving a channel only three or four yards wide for boats to pass through. Down this narrow defile the water rushes with a fall of five or six feet, in a sort of miniature rapid, at the foot of which the bowman secures his vessel to a wooden post, while the tow-rope is passed through a pulley some fifty yards ahead, and then hooked on again to the horse; the rider wheels him round, and trots briskly towards the boat, which is cast off from the post, and glides steadily up the water-slope until it gains the higher level above. Sometimes an old rope breaks short off, and down goes the "Barque" for a hundred yards or more with a splash quite enough to make a pretty Liegoise fall into her lover's arms—from pure fright of course; and as the same remarkable effect is often produced while exploring the limestone cavern at Tilf, with its glittering stalactites, and gulfs of pitchy darkness, a day on the Ourthe is quite a favourite amusement with the youths and maidens of Liège.

Nature, it is certain, has but little notion of theatrical propriety. She will not shift her scenery to suit the passion of life's drama; and thus it happens that the mimic woe of the stage is often more impressive than natural sorrow, because the one is heightened by every visible sign of decorous grief, while the other is frequently debased by mean associations, or lessened in effect by the sparkling gaieties around. If it were not so, how could a mournful tale have arisen in the happy valley of the Ourthe, or who that only feigned a woful story would ever lay its scene beside the river of waterfalls, or in the sparry fretwork of its crystal grotto?

Years, ages ago—it matters not how long—the Baron of Liebenstein lay dying in his Old Chateau of Colonstère. For weeks he had

languished under a cruel disease which gradually wore him away, until, at length, a sudden change in the course of a few hours announced that his end was near. Messengers were instantly despatched in search of his nephew and heir, for whose coming the sick man expressed such restless anxiety, that his daughter, the Lady Adela, left her mother in the chamber, while she herself went to the southern turret to watch and wish for Frederick's return. An hour passed away without any tidings, and she had descended again to the ante-room, when her cousin hastily entered, in great alarm.

"O Frederick!" she exclaimed; "we have waited for you so anxiously! My father——"

"Is it true, then, Adela? is he dying?"

"A sudden change came over him at noon, and Ulrica says it is a sure sign he will not live many hours. My poor, dear mother!"

"May the saints sustain her! It will be a heavy blow to you and her, dear Adela, and for myself—I shall feel my uncle's death as deeply as a son could do. Has he asked for me while I was absent?"

"O, he has indeed—he has done little else but ask for you. 'Is Frederick come? Where—where is Frederick?' We sent messenger on messenger to the Fairies' Wood, the Lover's Cliff, and every haunt you used to linger in, and as each sent up their tidings by the seneschal, he would start from his feverish doze to ask if you were come. I could not bear his eager look, and the sharp querulous voice with which he called so perpetually for you, and so I went up to the southern tower to watch for your return."

"I'll go to him this moment."

"Stay, let me just tell my mother you are here."

She went softly into the chamber, and soon returned, followed by the baroness.

"My dear Frederick," said the latter in a soft sweet voice, which sorrow and fatigue had rendered more touchingly gentle; "your absence was indeed unfortunate. Thank Heaven his life is spared to see you once more. But such a change! A few hours more!"

The thought overpowered her, and she wept in uncontrolled but quiet emotion. Frederick and Adela each pressed her hand in silence.

"My children," she resumed, "he has sent for you to say farewell. There will be much to agitate your feelings, but for his sake do not give way; there will be time for tears when he is gone. And, Frederick, if you hear a tale to surprise and shock you, remember he has always been a father to you, and do not,—oh! pray do not, embitter his last hours. Now, go. God bless you both!—God bless you!—Go!"

They entered the chamber together, and the baroness, clasping her hands as they disappeared, exclaimed, "My children! ah! *he* little thinks he is indeed my child! How often have I entreated poor Albert to reveal that fatal secret! Alas! he has never enjoyed through life the affection of his son, and it is only now, when death is so near, that Frederick will know his father. O how well I know the miserable aching pain that wrings a mother's heart, when obliged to treat her own child as a stranger!"

She sat down in a deep recess between two windows, and, throwing her handkerchief over her face, tried to keep bitter thoughts away by the mechanical repetition of aves and missal prayers.

Meantime the summer sun shone brightly on the laughing valley of the Ourthe, with its rich woodland and sparkling river. The hail of passing boatmen, the echo of the quarryman's hammer, the wild bird's song, and the hum of innumerable insects, were eloquent to the coldest heart of life, and life's enjoyment; while the finer ear of some melancholy Jacques might listen in dreamy wonderment to the strange mysterious murmuring so often heard in the glow of noon-day—a sort of aerial rustling from invisible wings in mid air—a hushing low sound—

“ A noise as of a rippling brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the list'ning woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

Tempted, no doubt, by the lovely summer's day, a buxom damsel, fair, plump, and ruddy, with gold ear-rings, and a gay handkerchief twisted round her head, was wandering in pleasant idleness beneath the shade of some beautiful linden trees, picking their light-green leaves, or humming a chansonnette, and dancing a step or two at each refrain. She seemed as light of heart as youth and sunshine could make her, and so she was, perhaps, just then; but other thoughts arose when her ear caught a whistle from the neighbouring thicket. She reddened, looked hastily back at the chateau, and all round, to see that no one was watching her, and then managed, with apparent unconcern, to approach the spot from which the signal came.

“Why, Maud, my charmer,” said the rough voice of Karl Schaffhorn, one of the burschen of Heidelberg, “you're in bloom to-day—ripe and rosy as the purple grapes of Johannisberg. I've news for you.”

“What, news from Eberbach?”

“Yes—about your faithless lover, Caspar Hauffman. Last week I had him drawn a conscript, and marched for Italy.”

“I'm glad of it,” said Maud, colouring up; “I'm very glad of it. But, tell me, is he married to that girl, that Katherinchen?”

“No, nor like to be now. He's fixed for many a year, besides the chance of bullets and bayonets. He went with a heavy heart, and his sweetheart cried most bitterly at parting.”

“O let her cry her eyes out—a false thing! Caspar was true to me till she must come with her smooth face to make mischief between us. I only hope he'll never come back to her again.”

“Ay, let him go. What he could see in her I can't imagine. She's a poor pale, dough-faced thing, and Caspar must be a fool to slight, for such a wench as that, my Maud, the prettiest girl in Germany. But come,” he said, putting his arm round her waist; “now that I have revenged you upon him, have you done your part—have you kept a watch upon your mistress?”

“That I have, I'll warrant. My lady can't stir a step without my

knowing it. It was but yesterday I peeped into the book-room, and there was she, together with her cousin, my lord that is to be. If they're not lovers, my name's not Maud. Such looks, such whisperings, and crying, and presently I saw him take her hand, and speak so quick and earnestly. O that is not all because they're cousins, I know."

"Whew!" exclaimed the student, opening his eyes, and throwing back his long coarse hair. "Here's a discovery! So!" he muttered, gnawing his thumb with a savage air. "So, Frederick's my rival. Well, we shall see—we shall see. But, my pretty Maud," he said in his former tone, "I hardly think you can be right in this; at all events, as they are first cousins, and cannot marry without a dispensation, there is time enough, and you must watch them close, and tell me what you see. And, Maud, I say, what if I come to-morrow evening to our old haunt, the wood-house in the forest, could you not steal away to me,—aye? Come, kiss me, child, and say you'll meet me."

"Hush, some one is coming this way. 'Tis the seneschal."

"Off with you then," cried Karl, kissing her; "and meet me to-morrow."

He struck into the wood, and made his way down the steep hill-side to the river, while Maud, after arranging her head-dress, walked with a hurried step and conscious glance from the trysting-place, back to the gloomy walls of the old chateau.

In a spacious chamber, wainscoted with dark oak, and furnished with heavy carved chairs, a couch of walnut-wood, and some ancient-looking cabinets of black materials inlaid with silver, lay Albert Baron Liebenstein. A thick piece of tapestry hung across the windows, filtering away all that was gorgeous in the light of day, and the heavy draperies that loaded the quaint old bed toned down even that "dull imprisoned ray" to the dark twilight which best suits the feeble senses of a dying man. Exhausted by his long interview with Frederick and Adela, the baron had sunk back on his pillow, and after swallowing a cordial from the hand of the baroness, he lay for half an hour mute and motionless, with nothing but his heavy breathing to tell that still he lived. At length he turned his head, and said faintly, "Bertha." She was at his side in a moment; his wishes were comprehended without a word; she passed her arm round his neck, raised and arranged the pillows so as to support him in a half-sitting posture, hung a cloth over a mirror, which met the sick man's eye, and made all the little arrangements of an invalid's chamber with a woman's delicate thought and affectionate gentleness. There was another pause, while the baron kept moving his head from side to side with a vacant unconscious look, at the same time opening and shutting his parched lips with a clucking noise, as though they felt stiff and dry from the fever that consumed him. Presently he stopped, raised his head, and spoke in a voice surprisingly strong and clear.

"Bertha, my hours must now be very few, and I would free my mind from all earthly cares."

"Is there a wish that I can aid in, Albert?"

"Let me be buried in the little chapel of the Carmelites. I give a golden chalice to the altar ; a cope and stole, and fifty florins yearly, to the good fathers for prayers and masses ; and, Bertha, you will not fail to send, by a sure hand, to Italy, the golden crucifix I vowed last year to our Ladye of Loretto."

"All shall be done as you desire."

"There is but one thing more. I never loved the levelling spirit of the times. My rank and high descent entitle me to some distinction, and therefore I would have my funeral such as becomes the race of Liebenstein."

"All—all shall be attended to."

"Alas ! that race is failing fast. I leave no son to succeed me as my rightful heir. Poor Frederick ! he does not know the stain upon his birth ; he thinks himself my brother's child, nor suspects that in the halls of Colonstère he is but an usurper."

"But you have told him, Albert ? Surely you have told him all. The secret has been kept too long, for your sake and for his own. How did he bear it ?—Oh, I long to hear my Frederick call me—'Mother !'"

"Hear me, Bertha : I have *not* told him, and I never will. What ! do you know so little of our boy as to believe he would assume a rank to which he has no claim, and where he must feel himself a base impostor ? Not for a moment—he would spurn the thought. Conrad of Neuerburg, the real heir, would succeed to the inheritance, and then the name of Liebenstein were gone for ever."

"But will you,—can you, Albert ?"

"Yes ; I will—I can. The honour of our house—the wrong which we have done to Frederick himself—our own good name—demand this sacrifice. And you, Bertha,—you too must promise——"

"O no, no ; I cannot—I cannot promise, Albert. It is horrible to think of your dying without a word. Send for our child, and tell him all ; he will forgive his father. His hand will support you—his voice will soothe your parting hour. What is rank, or fame, or station, at a time like this ? Oh, remember it is no common parting. Send for our boy, and once, at least, let us meet on earth as child and parents. You cannot bid farewell to your own son as if he were a stranger."

"Bertha," said the baron, solemnly, "come nearer. There"—(he pointed to a footstool beside the bed, and the baroness knelt silently down.) "You do not consider what you are saying. Would you destroy our poor boy's hopes and blast his chance of happiness for ever ? What ! could you bear to see his eyes fall and his cheek redden at the tale of his mother's shame ? The world would call him bastard, scoff at him, and break his heart with insult. Though the crime was ours, yet his would be the punishment. *His* life would be rendered miserable, name and fame would pass from you, and though my days are numbered, yet I would not have my grave dishonoured by my son's reproaches or my vassals' scorn. Promise me then——"

"Oh, do not ask me, Albert. I have done much for you, and suffered much without murmuring : I was but a girl when he was born—a young, young mother. You cannot tell—no one can—the bursting, passionate love that filled my heart for him—the delight with

which I watched his every look, and how I feared to breathe, and tried to check my throbbing heart, while, with dimpled cheeks and parted lips, he slept upon my bosom. You took him from me, and a strange woman had him to nurse; yet I tried not to distress you by my tears. Then we were married, and my boy was restored to me, but, alas! not as my own. He was said to be another's child, and I was obliged to seem indifferent, and leave him partly to a menial's care, and keep watch over my voice and look when any one was by—I scarcely dared to kiss my beautiful boy—he never called me ‘Mother!’—yet for twenty long years I have kept your cruel secret. I have done all for you that a woman can—I will do so still; but oh! I *am* his mother—his own, own mother, and I cannot die without being known to my child!”

She covered her face with both hands, and the tears ran in streams through her slender fingers. The baron breathed heavily, he almost groaned, and his voice quivered, as he replied—“Do you then think that *I* have not suffered also? Have I repressed a father's love through my whole life without a pang, or have I parted for ever from my own son, my noble, generous boy, without some grief at the parting? My poor Fritz! I shall never see thee more!”

“Forgive me, Albert, forgive me; I spoke too hastily; and indeed, indeed I meant no reproach. But let me entreat you, by all you hold most dear, and by our mutual love for so many years—pray, pray send for Frederick.”

“It cannot be; I *dare* not do it, Bertha. There is not a sin but has its own peculiar penalty, and we must endure ours. True, we have long mourned the error of our youth, and our pillow has often been wetted with repentant tears; but grief would soon wear away, and penitence grow dull, without some memorial of the sinful deed. Such Providence has given us; it is a just judgment, that they who rear a child of guilt, shall live and die without ever being known to the offspring of their crime.”

“It is a heavy doom,” murmured the baroness, with a convulsive shudder.

“I have endured it, and atoned so far as human suffering can for human error. Bertha, will you, nay, dare you, break through the penance which Heaven has so manifestly enjoined?”

“No, no.”

“Then promise me, by all your hopes of bliss, by all that is sacred here and hereafter, never to reveal the secret of his birth.”

“Oh! Albert—Albert!” was all the baroness could articulate amid the sobs which choked her utterance.

“I am dying, Bertha; I shall never see to-morrow. You—you have ever been to me through life my kindest, dearest comforter—the friend of my bosom, the partner of all my sorrows; and I—I have tried to repay you by the truest love, the most heartfelt affection. Will you then, now that the cup of life is so nearly drained, O will you dreg the last few drops with bitterness?”

“I promise—promise,” she gasped, in a suffocating tone, burying her face in the bed-clothes.

“Louder,” said the baron, faintly, “louder—let me hear you.”

She raised her head, pressed her throat tight with both hands, and then said, in a low, firm tone, "I promise, Albert."

The sick man feebly uttered an ejaculation of pleasure, and signified his wish to lie down. The pillows were adjusted once more, and another coverlet placed over him, as he lay shivering like a man in the ague. "I would sleep," he whispered; "kiss me, love; God bless you!" He fell into a deep, trance-like sleep, and the baroness, exhausted by the harrowing scene she had gone through, sat down on the footstool, and, laying her head on the pillow beside him, gave way to irrepressible slumber.

In this situation she must have remained for several hours, since the evening had closed in when she awoke, and the chamber was quite dark. She sat up and listened for the sick man's breathing, but its regular rise and fall were no longer heard; she bent over him for a while, then started back in sudden fear;—hastily she touched his face, and the next instant a long, loud cry rang through the old chateau. Frederick, Adela, the seneschal, hurried into the room; there were broken sobs and exclamations of horror; a glancing of lights, trampling of feet, and a confusion of many sounds, above which rose the wild hysteric shrieks of the baroness, scaring the menials and terrifying Frederick himself as he bore her away. And then once more the chamber was still, and a single lamp threw its sepulchral gleam on the face of the dead, on the weeping girl who knelt beside the couch, and on the white-haired old man who stood at its foot, praying, with clasped hands, for the soul of Albert of Liebenstein.*

* To be continued.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN HOPE.

III.

* * * * *

I HAD not met her since we had parted at Bayonne: I was determined that I should once more see her; but the means? It would have been difficult for me to have obtained an introduction to her mother's house; besides which, if I could have done so, my natural shyness would have stood in my way, and hindered me from improving the advantages which opportunity might have offered: I resolved that I would see her in disguise; that I would be near her when she should not know that I was present; that I would feast my eyes upon the sight of her loveliness, without the fear of her rebuke or of the observation of the world. I knew she was going to a ball, and I determined that I too would go there; not in my proper character, but as a fiddler; and that thus hidden in my dark corner, I might behold her charms. I went to a celebrated musician, who I guessed was engaged for the night of the festival. I represented the thing to him as a frolic; I half bribed, half flattered him into compliance. The matter was arranged: I was to meet him at the door of the house, and he was to introduce me as one of his musicians. I could play a little on the violin, but even had I been totally ignorant of the art, it would not much have mattered; for we were seven, and therefore the incapacity of one would not very easily have been found out. The night came; I equipped myself in my oldest coat and brushed my hair down over my forehead; a patch upon my cheek and a pair of false whiskers completed my disguise. We were ushered in. The company had not yet arrived. A place was pointed out to us for our instruments, and we were shown to a kind of estrade, at the extremity of a long naked room, brilliantly lighted up, and skirted with a row of tenantless seats. Here we sat down, and began to tune. My companions were common men, who seemed to look upon me with a degree of vacant curiosity, but without interest. Our leader was a coxcomb, who flourished a white handkerchief, and smiled incessantly. I felt rather uneasy; but there was no receding. Time went on, and rap succeeded rap at the door. It was the witching hour of night, and the crew of giddy revellers were now fast floating in. There were feathers, and turbans, and hats, and pyramids of hair of all colours, black, white, brown, and dyed; and there were pearls, and diamonds, and flowers, real and artificial. And there was a buzz of voices greeting, and a shuffling of many feet. And then the lady of the house signed to us to begin; and presently we struck up with a crash of harmony which made the walls vibrate and resound. We began with a quadrille. Preposterous invention! in which eight, or sixteen, or be it thirty-two individuals, stand opposite each other, and move in measured cadence for five minutes, and then bow, and sit down.

She whom I sought had not yet arrived; so that I watched with

little interest the evolutions of the motley crowd, till, just as we were playing the air for the last figure, I heard her name announced, and leaning on her brother's arm she walked up the room. She was dressed in white; one flower in her dark braided hair; and she wore upon her lips that smile which to see was to love. The dance was over, and, after a pause, a waltz was called for. It was then that I first felt the devilish nature of the occupation in which I had engaged to play, in order that she might place her hand in that of another—that she might abandon herself to the guidance of a stranger—that she might whirl, breathless and panting, round and round, to a sound of lascivious music—that she—she, for the slightest touch of whose hand, for the slightest glance of whose eye, I would have died, might be the first in the throng of pleasure-hunters. The words of Petrarch came across my soul—

“Chorea circulus cujus centum diabolus.”

My fingers refused the task; and as the waltz went on I leant above my music-book, and gazed upon him who was dancing with her. I groaned for envy and for hate. Just then our leader pushed me with his fiddlestick. “The lady of the house is looking at you; play up, or you will be discovered,” said he.

I seized my bow, and recommenced playing. We went faster and faster; presently our fingers flew upon the trembling chords, and the feet of the dancers beat time to our efforts. It must have been a fair scene, but I saw nothing of it. I saw nothing but her; my eye followed her in her gyrations, and never lost her for an instant. I gazed as the hawk upon the dove, and hated him who held her within his grasp. Once she paused, and leant breathless upon his arm. He bent towards her, and spoke, and she answered him with a smile. Once more they led the giddy dance—once more did I watch her, as she floated round and round the room. But all things have an end: our leader ceased playing, and the waltz stood still. I could bear it no longer: but quitting my position, and whispering to my friend something about the heat of the room, I prepared to depart. As I passed through the door-way, I ran against her. She was coming in as I was going out. The lace of her gown got entangled with a button of my coat. I stooped to disengage it, and her eye rested for an instant upon mine. But she knew me not. I went forth unnoticed and unrecognised. I got into the street: the air blew chilly, and the sleet was falling. I welcomed it as a boon; I bared my head to it, and wandered up and down till the ball was breaking up. Then, amid the crash of the carriages and the shouts of the link-boys, I crept close up to the door, and watched for her coming out. She was late; but at length I heard her mother's name called by the servants, and presently she appeared. I had thrown aside my disguise, and as she put her foot upon the carriage-step, she looked at me. I know not if she blushed; I think that a slight tinge came across her cheek, but it might have been reflected from a torch. She hurried into the carriage, and in one instant it was gone. And there I stood drenched and cold, and benighted, upon the pavement of the street.

IV.

After this my fortunes seemed to improve. The summer went quickly by. I had found an opportunity of being introduced to her mother's house. Her brother had become my friend. He was a Cambridge man, of the same year as myself. I had seen him often, but had not been made acquainted with him during our university career; but now that we met every day, it was wonderful how many topics we had in common—how many reminiscences of days which had fled with a fearful rapidity, as the days of youth will fly. We had had many mutual friends: some were married—some dead—some reaping fame in the various paths which they had selected—one working in chains at a penal settlement in Botany Bay. Then we had read the same books and hunted with the same hounds—materials enough wherewith to build a friendship, where the heart is willing and opportunity at hand. So we became inseparable; and, as a necessary consequence, Eleanor and I were thrown much together. We rode in the park every day, by the side of the treacherous, smiling Serpentine. We met at parties, as long as there was any one in town to give parties; and when the middle of July came, and the flag-stones began to wax red-hot, and Mrs. Dalzell, with her son and daughter, went to Dover for a few months, to breathe the fresh air of the sea, and get quit of the din and racket of London, no one seemed to think it extraordinary that, a few days after their departure, I followed them, and took up my abode at Dover too.

And there it was, by the side of the glassy sea, on an autumn evening, as the sun was sinking to its rest beside those green hills of France, the thought of which had once been so dear to me, that I told my love, and that Eleanor smiled upon my suit.

Then time seemed to have wings. The autumn died away. Winter came; but every day was happier than the last—every day brought me nearer to the hour when she was to become mine by the dearest and closest of all human ties. I was now a daily visiter at the house, and the more I saw of Eleanor the more was I enthralled by her. There was a witchery in her every word, in her every look, such as I have not seen since in any mortal woman. She was all kindness, all affection, all playfulness, all grace; there was not a spark of coquetry about her; she was above the petty pleasure of voluntarily wounding a heart which she knew was wholly hers. She did not think that because she was beloved, it therefore behoved her to play the tyrant, and to try how much, and how long, her lover could endure. She was indeed a very angel, and as such I loved her with an intensity of feeling which I shall never know again.

We returned to London. February was fixed upon for the period of our marriage. There were few people yet in town when we arrived there, but that mattered little to us; we sought not the external world, and cared little for the emptiness of the streets. The weather had become very cold; the frost was on the ground, and above, and everywhere. It was on the eve of the new year that we were seated round the fire (a happy group) at Mrs. Dalzell's house, and that Henry and I proposed joining the skaters in the Park the

next day. Eleanor laughed at our boasted skill, and promised to come to the water-side in the morning, and see us show off. It was late, and I got up to come away. We parted merrily; the bells were ringing for the death of the old year and the birth of the new, as I shook her hand and left the house. The old steeples seemed to rock in the night breeze as I walked along the street; such a clattering and jingling was there of the chimes within. Truly, said I to myself, have I not reason to hope that the wish, "a happy new year," may be to me something more than a mere courteous phrase?

V.

Eleanor had a cold the next morning when I called; she and her mother refused to accompany us to the ice, but young Dalzell, his cousin Brathwaite, and I, set off. It was "January grey," and the sun was high in the heavens when we set out. The sky was blue and unflocked by clouds; there was a sharp wind, which drifted along the frozen snow, and whirled it now and then like needle points in your face. The cold was intense, yet there was a cheerful appearance about everything: the foot passengers ran along the streets with a merry face, and the rough-shod horses clattered by with a ringing sound. We agreed that we would go to the park. When we got there we found the ice covered with people, actors and spectators in the lively scene. There were many ladies there, wrapped in their furs and silks. Fair creatures, endeavouring to protect their delicate skins from the nipping influence of the winter wind; and there were children sliding and falling one over the other with shouts of shrill laughter; and in a corner, itinerant venders of "*Pies hot*," and baked potatoes, which smoked joyfully and pleasantly before the eye. The trees were spangled all over as with diamonds or spangles of polished steel, and the poor little birds fluttered weakly and half frozen through the clear cold air. The ice was in fine order, the snow had been swept away, and was accumulated in heaps along the bank; not a ridge appeared upon the glassy surface, save where the skate-irons had scored it with fantastic figures, or bold sweeping curves. We sate ourselves down at the foot of a tree, and having buckled on our skates, struck off amid the gliding throng.

Dalzell was a powerful and graceful skater, and many eyes were attracted to his performance. I and Brathwaite followed more humbly in his wake, and as we skimmed along the waveless surface, I felt in every vein the exhilaration produced by the smooth and rapid motion, the most poetical, perhaps, of all modes of progression; seeming, as it does, less like an earthly journey than like an arrowy flight through empty space. For nearly two hours did we evolve and involute upon the ice; when seeing that the sun was rapidly declining, and that it was nearly four o'clock, I proposed that we should return home for the day. Brathwaite willingly complied, but Dalzell was not ready, and laughing at us for so soon giving up our amusement, he darted away with the rapidity of a shot, and was soon lost amid the admiring crowd. We waited for him some time, thinking he would presently come back, but at last we lost patience

and resolved to go ; when suddenly a rush of people towards a certain part of the ice, and a cry for help, roused us to alarm. The ice had given way—some had fallen through—how many it was impossible to say. We ran to the spot—it was the most foolish thing we could have done—for we had no ropes or means of extricating the sufferers, and our presence would only add to the dangerously increasing crowd ; but who could have done otherwise ? could we coldly walk away, leaving the strugglers to an unregarded death ? Besides, we began to be uneasy about Dalzell : not that we really fancied anything had befallen him, but the possibility of his being among the jeopardized rose upon our sense. When we got to the spot, we saw a fearful sight ; there was a yawning chasm in the surface of the ice, which was starred in all directions around ; and the cold black water beneath was undulating sluggishly, as though it had irrevocably closed over those who had fallen in. We looked hastily around for Dalzell ; he was not to be seen. Then a cold thrill came across my heart, and I felt in an instant the conviction that I should never see him again in life. Two men had already been brought to the surface, both dreadfully exhausted, but both alive, and they had been carried rapidly away to the nearest house, that all remedies proper for their recovery might be applied. It was not known whether any more were yet in the water, but I felt certain that Henry was there, and upon the chance the search was continued until it fell quite dark. Then the seekers agreed that he could not have fallen in, or he must ere this have been found, and advised us to return home, telling us that we should doubtless find that our friend had arrived before us—thus mocking, while they endeavoured to soothe our fears. Clinging, as we did, to hope, we turned to go, and with sickened hearts, and heavy though rapid steps, took the way to Charles Street. Not a word was uttered by either of us by the way. When we got to the house we rang—O ! the horrible, deadly suspense of the moment that elapsed before the servant came to the door ! At last he did come, and I asked, in what I strove to render an indifferent tone of voice, whether Mr. Dalzell had come home ? The man said, No. Indeed that Mrs. and Miss Eleanor had waited dinner for him some time, and appeared to be getting uneasy at his absence. Then it was all too true, and I felt the iron enter into my very soul.

“ You will never see your master again,” said I, to the footman. The man turned ghastly pale.

“ What’s the matter—what has happened ?” said he.

I told him, in few words, the awful accident that had taken place, and bidding him say nothing of it to his mistress, I turned homewards, having lost my friend, and sate down to write a note, which should break the news of the dreadful tale to Mrs. Dalzell.

This was a harrowing task, but done it was, and having sent the note, I sate down and wept like a very child.

VI.

The next day we went forth to search for the body ; it was gray dawn when we departed. The frost was breaking ; there had been

some snow in the night, and now it had turned to a small drizzling rain; as we went along, the drops fell from the eaves of the houses, and plashed heavily on the pavement of the moistened streets. The hitherto frost-bound sparrows had come forth in their dingy livery, and were hopping here and there, seeking but not finding a resting-place or food. There was a dull, yellow thickness in the air; some of the gas-lights had gone out, and others (a few) were yet glimmering doubtfully, but the haziness of the atmosphere precluded the sight of more of them than two at the same time. Scarcely a human being was stirring abroad. It was too early for the apprentices and housemaids; only now and then the distant bugle-call of a mail, as it rattled in, reeking and smoking from the dampness of the air, or the rumble of a butcher's cart on its way to Newgate market, gave token of the bustling scene which the lapse of a few hours would usher in. We drew near the park. The sentinel, in his long great-coat, walked drowsily up and down, listening wistfully for the striking of the hour which should release him from his dreary duty. The wet hung in beads upon the fur of his grenadier cap, and trickled off within the collar of his outer coat. We had at first some difficulty in getting into the enclosure, but one of the guardians, hearing what was our errand, came to our assistance; the gate was unclosed, and we found ourselves once again on the spot, where, little more than twelve hours before, we had accompanied our ill-fated friend. We walked quickly down to the water's side; the half-melted snow yielded, as though reluctantly, beneath our feet, and the tall leafless trees swayed their soot-black branches with a wailing noise above our heads; the glittering whiteness which the day before had made the scene so gay, had vanished; a mud-brown tint had succeeded in its place. There were ducks upon the half solid surface of the river; they were waddling solemnly along, seemingly but little discomposed by the slippery surface of their promenade; and every now and then, when they came to some spot where the ice was quite broken, they tumbled over the precipice and fell in, but, after paddling for a while, they sought the bank, and stood fluttering their heavy wings, and shivering with discomfort and cold.

The guardians had given orders to the men to come with drags. They soon arrived; there were eight of them; ill-clad, melancholy looking men; they followed each other in monotonous silence down to the boat, and got in. It was a wide, black, flat-bottomed boat, which seemed only fit to cruise upon some deep and sluggish stream. They prepared their rakes, and hooks, and drags, and put off as far as they could go; but the ice had only partially thawed, so that they were obliged to keep to a narrow channel, through which the boat and its crew glided like some ill-omened and ghastly thing; two men sculled, while the others leant over the side, and exerted themselves for the recovery of the dead man; and we stood like statues upon the bank, and looked on. For a time there was not a word spoken by any one: nothing save the rippling of the liberated stream broke upon our ears; when suddenly the boat stopped, and one of the men gave a stifled shout; the grapnel had taken hold. We did not speak, but we glanced at each other, and then looked stedfastly upon the

scene which was acting in the boat. They pulled in their dreadful instruments, and I felt the sweat of horror upon my brow as a mass rose to the surface. But why should I have felt this ghastly thrill? Why should the sight of him dead, whom I had so loved while living, thus harrow the most inward faculties of my soul? I know not, but so it is, we love not to look upon the dead. This time, however, I was not to see his face, it was but a bundle of weeds which was hauled into the boat. The expectation, the half hope, if I may so call it, when hope was nothing but despair, had sickened me to the heart. I turned away from the glassy water, and looked upon the slowly gathering crowd, which, with suppressed voices and whispering words, was beginning to collect. There were looks of vacant sympathy among them. A man drowned! Some of them had been skating the day before, and perhaps they felt that it might have been their fate; but there were also many who were simply curious, to whom the thing was a novelty, a kind of quiet pantomime, which they enjoyed the more for there being nothing to pay.

After a while the boat again stopped, and this time it was not for nought. The drags had got entangled in the clothing of the corpse; they hauled them in, and the body rose with them, and was deposited in the bottom of the boat; then, in silence, the men pulled to shore, and delivered him dead into our hands.*

* * * * *

THE STRANGER'S ADIEU TO MORAY-LAND.

FAREWELL, a long and fond farewell to thee, sweet Moray-land !
 To thy wild rivers deep and clear—thy ocean-belted strand ;
 Green Darnaway,* whose forest-leaves now wear their wintry hue,
 With heavy heart, the stranger bids thy varied charms adieu :

With heavy heart ? Ah, no ! By many a token priz'd and dear,
 The thoughts of thee shall lighten care through every coming year.
 For, link'd with thy familiar name, when love with beauty vies,
 From their rich treasure caves will still a thousand memories rise !

The Findhorn's sweeping waters rolling on in kingly might,
 Now slumbering calm, now flashing by in many a line of light ;
 The giant rocks that tower above, which the cragsman dare not scale
 Where the Alpine fir and gnarled oak sigh hoarsely in the gale.

The woodland glens where bound the graceful roe-deer in their pride,
 The wild romantic banks which fringe the winding Divie's side ;
 The castles where the Highland chief rules now in peaceful power,
 All, all will ever present seem in fancy's musing hour !

Too soon in Randolph's ancient hall, the echoes mute will be,
 Which late were waken'd by the sound of festive mirth and glee,
 On Darnaway's high battlement the banner cease to wave,
 Which, free as flow'd its silken folds, a generous welcome gave !

The stranger who, with lingering steps, must from these scenes depart,
 Takes the lovely picture home in light and shadow to the heart,
 And, with many a wishful look behind, as slow she waves her hand,
 Sighs forth—"A long farewell to thee, thou bonny Moray-land !"

L. B. S.

* Darnaway Castle is one of the seats of the Earl of Moray, in the county of Moray, in the north of Scotland. A description of this baronial pile was given in a former number of the "Metropolitan Magazine." The oak-forest is one of the largest in Scotland, and the neighbouring scenery on the banks of the river Findhorn and its tributary the Divie presents landscapes of the most varied and magnificent description. "Randolph's ancient Hall" was built by the first Earl of Moray, the nephew and brave companion of Robert Bruce: it is capable of containing a thousand men at arms. At the close of last year, the Earl of Moray, with different members of his family, visited Darnaway, after a long absence, and resided for some months in the castle of their ancestors. On this occasion the noble earl gave a splendid banquet to his tenantry and friends in Randolph's Hall, which had not exhibited such a scene of enthusiasm and princely splendour since it had been occupied as the court of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in her progress to her northern dominions in 1562.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

IN what a pleasant state of mixture are the nations of Europe now, compared to the time of our old fathers! What a new era does it exhibit to the contemplation of philanthropists! In those days we had war and we had peace, we had our relations, our rivalries, and our rubs; but as each kept to itself, each looked distinct—there the matter ended, and we cared no more for each other. Whether this kept up a better balance on the whole, as to the right and wrong of things, and that by a kind of centripetal law we could all fall together, I know not, knowing nothing of either Grotius, Puffendorf, or Vattel; neither do I think it at all necessary to enter into the merits of that trial now going on in the world of “Philanthropy versus Patriotism,” though occasionally touching on it. We all know that there are certain anomalies in the laws of attraction between large masses of matter, which only make the attraction sometimes stronger; so it may be with nations—so it may be between us and our neighbours; and that therefore, having both of us reversed the centripetal and got to the centrifugal, or, in other words, lost our patriotism altogether, we may all become more united and friendly than ever. In fact, countries now seem so situated, that discord within produces concord without, and *vice versâ*. We have only to be tearing ourselves gently to pieces at home, in order to produce union abroad; and, instead of those strait, stern, harsh ties that once pretended to bind us—instead of that “*noli me tangere*” system, stuck up so barefaced on frontiers, we have only to get a little entangled in the nice silk net-work of diplomacy, and thus become acquainted with each other on new and intimate terms.

This is certainly a pleasant, soft state of things—we find it so every day—some grumblers may call the whole mixture a mystification, and may tell us it’s worth nothing, because we can neither find distinct praise nor blame to lay hold of in it; but if these grumblers would only read the new chapter of intercourse which we have opened with France—if they would only see what is going on at the other side of the water, without even going farther than the coast—I think they would very soon relax in their opinions.

Admitting, however, that these things are all matters of taste, not truth—for truth itself often becomes a matter of taste—at least, one of opinion—let us not disturb so pleasant a subject by any political shade; but let us just cross the “Straits” ourselves, and take a peep at these neighbours of ours, and see how this new machinery of our mixture works; taking with us, of course, as much good feeling and “*bonhommie*” as we can—launching out into that liberality which marks our age, though just premising a little beforehand as to the grounds on which it is claimed.

It is generally said, that when the public spirit of a country falls, its party spirit rises; but then it is also said, that when patriotism declines, philanthropy succeeds it: not that there is anything like an

exact inverse ratio between these sentiments, for, in fact, their difference only lies in their dimensions, and they are circles that we all carry about us more or less. But what is meant to be inferred from the proposition, at least the latter one, is, of course, that the more lowly we think of ourselves and our country, the more highly we must think of all others; and that, therefore, the better humour we are in at home, the worse we must feel abroad, and *vice versâ*. Now this, or rather the reverse of the proposition, seems our condition, as we have already alluded to; but what does all this prove? It merely proves the point from which we started—it merely shows that society seems progressing in such masses, and at such a rapid rate, that national distinctions are tumbling down, and that we seem anxious to remove the old rubbish, and build up so vast and complete an edifice, that we can all meet and mix there, and yet, at the same time, keep moving.

The great beauty, therefore, of social agitation now-a-days is, that it's all on a fine large scale. Revolutions are no longer paltry rebellions, confined to their own districts, or fretting and foaming away like storms in tea-cups; but we find a good steady stream, with new wind and tide, impelling us on everywhere, and that no country can be left in the background that wishes to get forward. If each of us, therefore, be dissatisfied and still struggling, we have only to look around and see that our neighbours are the same. If England is quarrelling with herself, she finds that France is just the same—if France is dissatisfied, she has only to come and visit us; and thus, by dividing our discontent into fair, equal shares, we see that all are on a similar footing, and all must tend to a similar end. And is not this end a noble one? Does it not mark true social progress? What keeps up general peace now-a-days in the world? It is not poverty—it is not the lack of armies, fleets, powder, or population—no such thing. It is mutual union—mutual conviction—mutual convenience:—it is our meeting together and understanding each other.

Why then complain, as many people do, of the state of the times and the country, when we can so easily get out of it, at least out of the latter? Who will pretend to deny that our old system of wars and hostility with our neighbours drove us both backward, and that the new system is every way to be preferred? See what it has done—see what it is doing: see how completely it tells us that the great feature of modern times is the great force of moral power, and that the great fact of moral power is the great movement of political union. Who can stop all this? What power can stop the “march of intellect” from continuing to sweep away the entire rubbish of our old notions? and therefore, why not continue building up the new system, when the ground is so clear and improved? Admitting that at present it may sometimes look more like the open Tower of Babel than the closed Temple of Janus—admitting that we are so confused and divided in opinions—admitting that a new deity, a new demon, a new democracy, or whatever we choose to call it, may here be worshipped,—still we have only to wait—we have only to look forward—and we shall soon see how the good and evil are balanced together.

But let us cross over—I hate politics—let us get out of the scrape *pro tempore*, and just look at our neighbours. There's no use in regret-

ting our strifes and competitions; let us just see what this peace is doing for us, how affectionate France has become, and what lively proofs of welcome we all find in embracing her. What doubt can there be of this? Now, can we suppose that a nation with which we have been so steadily pulling together for so many years, can be otherwise than friendly in meeting us? No; it's impossible. We must continue to meet—we must testify our mutual approbation—we must think as well of her as ourselves, and sometimes even better. It was all very well during the war to be making virtues of necessities—all very well to be sticking up patriotism and old rags of prejudice around us, and making them shine out in the calendar or catalogue of those old virtues—all very well to be saying that England was the only noble, the only happy spot in the world; but as all this is gone by—as we now begin to find that love of country is becoming a vulgar habit, fit only for boors, and that the love of mankind is the only fashionable mantle people can wear about them, why not throw it over us, at least in crossing the Channel,—why not, even suppose we disapprove of these new fashions, try and show to our neighbours that at least we can meet them half-way. Now, if it be objected that this outside wrapper is rather too thin and light, that, in fact, it only produces egotism, and that we must wrap ourselves up so tightly in our own feelings that the coat of *self* is even seen through the button-holes of the waistcoat,—what does all this prove? It merely proves to our neighbours, even on landing, that we have been all at strife with each other, and therefore, of course, makes us more welcome, as tending to the good cause, and by showing them we are inclined to new experiments in it. Of what consequence are all their little strifes and competitions, when compared to the benefits of society in general? These will pass away. We have got a promissory note that national union will set all things to rights; and though, perhaps, it's rather hard, after gaining the race amidst these nations, to be now turning the race amidst ourselves, yet we can always turn our backs to it when we turn our backs upon home.

Let us embark then—the steam is up. But here I can scarcely look at these dense, black columns without delaying a little longer. Just see what our new discoveries are doing for us towards the great end; just see how mind and matter have formed a new partnership altogether, and signed the promissory note above alluded to. In fact, as to steam, there's no saying what it will be, or what it will do—it is so young, so vigorous, so affluent in circumstances, has thrown such immense funds into the concern, and seems so determined to push us on in the world, whether we will or not, that, had it not formed a regular treaty with the other partner, and required its judgment and experience, we often should be afraid of a quarrel, or at least a separation. This, however, let us not apprehend; we have got new means, new machinery; every way we have opened out a new account altogether in our affairs, turning our relations of time and space so completely topsy-turvy, and yet in such straight lines, that in making the most of the one we make the least of the other. See what all this does for social progress. How could we ever think of such a concern during the wars? No; 'twas impossible. It was only when new impulses

hurried us on—it was only when new ideas began to shoot—it was only, in fact, when locomotion became the order of the day, and when people became so overcharged with intellect, electricity, or something like, that, unless their brains or bodies were relieved by some new process, there was every danger of apoplexy or explosion. But all this did come at length. Peace showed us new ways and new means—it showed us the new route where nations could meet—it showed us how we could all bring our faculties to mix, and in one solid mass not to be mistaken.

Well, we are all united at last!—we are all friendly—we are all doing business on a large scale—what a prospect! I must pause a little longer. I cannot land in France without taking a full draught of the subject, notwithstanding the steam and smoke; nor can I, without tears, look around me, although they may even be of brine. Only conceive, my dear Mr. Editor, a philosopher of the new school going abroad under such circumstances—only conceive his stepping ashore under such a shower of kind feelings, and so laden himself with the same articles that he can scarcely make his way through the crowd. Now just compare this with the old times—see how two nations, made on purpose for each other's friendship, were so long kept asunder, and how impossible it was for them to tell each other so, or even anything like it. Still it's useless blaming these old times—our forefathers knew no better, in those days, poor men! National contiguity, instead of being anything like national connexion, was just the reverse, for the closer we joined, the more we clashed. But look at the change. Who is such a fool, now-a-days, to quarrel with the French, merely because they are French? No; the thing is laughed at—we leave it all to the old school—we look forward to the congeniality of our neighbours on the strength of our new connexion. And though, as some author tells us, if congeniality is the brightest vision of the optimist it's also the briefest, yet still it may last quite long enough to produce the desired result. See how everything contributes now-a-days to such. What is to prevent it? What is to stop our meeting and mingling with all the nations? What is to stop our "*Cacoethes currendi*" everywhere, and being all on good terms? Look at the whole map of the world—where seas, rivers, or straits once divided us—out rushes steam to say "No!" Where the old fortresses and ramparts bristled up with vengeance, there comes the embryo of railroads—where ignorance, priestcraft, and despotism frowned still more, there comes the levelling machinery of a new civilisation.

Pardon me, my dear Mr. Editor, I do not wish to be extravagant. We are now nearing the French coast; I know I have delayed too long in coming to the point; but I have been so overpowered with feelings and reflections—I have been so delighted with the prospects which all this new state of things offers around us—the millennium which this new civilisation promises—and the contrast which it affords to the old times, that I hope allowance will be made. It is true, we ought not to be too sanguine; civilisation is an odd sort of mixture—they tell us it has been regularly travelling from east to west, like the sun, for ages, and that now, having got it all among ourselves, we shall be

all fighting for it by-and-bye ; but perhaps what's more vexatious is, that every philosopher, from Solomon even to Kant, says that those things are all uncertain, and that there's nothing new under the sun ; but no matter, let us leave further speculations aside—let us just land, and see how things are going on with our neighbours—let us just see how England and France are now joined in the new concern, and how the whole is contributing to the benefit of mankind.

To do this, there's no better spot than Boulogne—no choicer sample to select. That the subject has often been pronounced stale I admit, and that we know all about her morals, manners, and men, and things in general. Yes—all this is incontestable ; but still Boulogne is a fresh topic—she moves with the age—she ties the two nations so pleasantly together ; her new tides of wealth and population are come in so fluently with her other tides, and she is altogether such a nice little epitome of the age itself, that in mentioning her name we seem to be giving text, chapter, and commentary.

But yet there is a drawback in landing, even at Boulogne, with reference to what we have above mentioned, and even a difficulty not easily to be got over, particularly if we happen to be very sensitive in our feelings ; or, in other words, if we do not happen to be able to carry about us a certain amount of ease and indifference with regard to the way that things are managed in general in France, and make full allowance for national tastes, admitting that national contiguity is now become something like national connexion, we might conclude perhaps that national character was completely changing, or at least was in the straight road of becoming so ; but, unfortunately, national character is as strange a compound as civilisation, and has nothing straight in its composition, and as each country seems still determined to keep up its own stock, we of course are tumbled into the thick of the new mixture the moment we land ; this is the great puzzle of going abroad, even to Boulogne, and requires management to get through. The great question of social progress (which we all along like to keep in view) demands, of course, certain sacrifices, and, without being prepared to submit to such, we had better not go abroad at all. But still we always carry about us such a stock of nice little exclusive theories, feelings, habits, and virtues of our own, not one of which have any right perhaps to interfere, and these little feelings are so apt to be rising up the moment we get on shore, or trying to do so, that unless we smuggle them closely about us, or throw the whole overboard, we must submit to the chance of their being seized, and becoming subject to examination, and of thus finding, perhaps, that what we most prized is most prohibited. Now I do not mean to say that virtues in one country are vices in another, or any such *vice versa* system, but merely that each country having its own modes of estimating them, we are more puzzled into an exact standard. Yes ; this is the great drawback in landing even at Boulogne. Old stagers like us are not so easily to be put out of the way when it comes to close quarters, nor is John Bull to be so easily cheated of his comforts, notwithstanding that he has got into a better climate. We may give and take in other ways—we may shake hands, touch hats, agree in a waltz, or join in a revolution ; but still, as old habits change those revo-

lutions as much as revolutions do these old habits, we may be quite sure as to national identity; and notwithstanding all our mixture and meetings, that as long as the sea roars between us, and our fibre and stuff are so sturdy, that the man of Kent and the Picard will no more resemble each other than an English round of beef and a French "entrecôte."

But it is for all these reasons that a French watering-place is so piquant, and that Boulogne has tried to make herself so agreeable—it is for all this, that unless we shut our eyes, ears, mouths, and other avenues to what is going on, we are sure to benefit by the lesson: here we tumble at once into new tastes, new habits, new fashions—we can scarcely account for them, at least we scarcely take time to do so: we see that new elements, new compounds, are at work in forming a new compost, a new state of things altogether; and though we flatter ourselves that it is far inferior, yet we find that the whole is both smooth and firm, and perhaps even smoother than our own; this puzzles us—we ask ourselves how two countries so near can so differ—we ask ourselves, is there no process by which the whole could be assimilated between us? To these questions, at least the latter one, pride says No! It tells us that civilisation has its classes, that those classes have their claims, and that those classes and claims are all conflicting with each other. What do we find there on landing? Pride against pride—prejudice against prejudice—not softened down by shyness and ignorance as they used to be, but bolting up against each other in conscious rectitude, and trying to tear each other's sting out by the closeness of the application. Yes—all this is true, and all this interrupts for the moment the great end to which we have all along alluded; but still, if we look at the thing in the proper light—if we only look at the great field of social progress now laid open to us all, and if our travellers, instead of sticking to holes and corners of this field, or allowing themselves to be too rapidly disgusted, would at once glance at the whole, they would soon find the interruption but momentary. This, at least, is my opinion; but I must here confine myself to Boulogne—she tries to make up for all these "désagréments." I do not mean to consider her as a mere stepping-stone to a new state of things, or a mere crossing over to a new state of civilisation, but to show how ready and willing one is to compromise between us—to show that confidence should no longer be contraband—to tell us that every impediment should be removed in the cause of social progress, and that a true and *bonâ fide* representative she is of the age we live in.

Perhaps the best way to do all this would be to give her rise, history, and progress, since the peace, and state positively her actual condition; but as comparatives are often so much clearer than positives, I think it better to compare her with herself at differed times, and with the other French watering-places at the same time. That these latter have contributed to the good cause, I admit—that we are all on the best terms, and that they are all trying to accommodate us, no man can pretend to doubt; but as our neighbours in general are not so far advanced in the way of steam as we are, as they are much fonder of land than sea, and cannot bear to be cutting and hacking at the bowels of old mother earth, whilst they can easily live by merely

scratching her surface, we cannot, of course, expect from so sensible a people, and one who finds it so easy to get on in the world in their own way, that they will be so eager to contribute to the new process going on in society, unless the *quid pro quo* is clearly laid down, and that they can clearly find their account in it. Let us just, then, run over the list, and see how they behave—let us just see how the land lies between us as to contiguity, producing connexion, and see how clear the coast is for further experiments.

As to Calais, she had her day, her fame, and her glory long since, and she well deserved them; for if claims depend upon such contiguity, hers were the first. Night and day, summer and winter, wet or dry, she ever worked for us, and would willingly work on if allowed—but Calais has fallen; her great rival has triumphed, and the car of the proud victor rolls o'er the prostrate victim. As to Ostend and Dunkirk, they are rather far north, and cold in their temperaments; nor are the old Flemings easily moved, even in pure matters of interest. Ostend certainly smiles at us in fine weather; she has felt, tasted, heard, read, and understood all about our money, but yet she doubts if the thing will last, and knows it is hard to get at it. Let us come down then to Dieppe—see the old Norman bundling up her old rubbish to receive us, decking out her baths, boarding-houses, and hotels, and calling herself one of the lights of the age. This, however, is a mere summer affair; the swallows themselves are not more uncertain; old fishermen are not to be disturbed even by the “march of intellect;” nor do the Dieppoises at any other season consider but that the old times were just as good as the new. Let's off then to Havre—here we see at once what social progress is—here a new life appears altogether, and we all know what it is. Whether commerce was the old mother of nations, and not agriculture, it is hard to say, but at all events the principle of commerce is the principle of communication; but see how all these things are changed—see how differently we go to work now-a-days; in the old East everything went at leisure—ships, caravans, and camels answered all purposes—life was easy, and people were just as easy about it themselves; but having now got all this to ourselves in the West, and yet all fighting for it, we must be puffing and blowing, and crowding with them till nearly blind. Havre is quite of this opinion; she courts us every way, thinks there is nothing like imports and exports, but still has nothing of that generous abandonment in meeting us by which devotion to the good cause is distinguished; or, in other words, seems to work much more from interest than principle. From Havre then let's off to Honfleur—it's only crossing the Seine, and the last on our list. Honfleur professes to like us—she does what she can to show that she is a British colony, and that we are not only welcome to spend our money with her, but to assure us that there's nothing like England and France being united. Yes, this is all true, but still Honfleur is a mere theorist; her forests and mud shores, not only totally prevent her reducing these speculations to anything like practice, but throw her on the background every way; and were it not for a few ultra-economists of our coun-

try, there quietly vegetating, we should think the whole just as bad a speculation ourselves.

To Boulogne then we must return if we want a pure and hearty welcome, and a pure and active illustration of what is now going on in society in general. These, 'tis true, we fear are the only purities she possesses; but this cannot be helped—she tries to make up for it—she builds houses, opens out streets, turns herself inside out, and says she must have us, whether we will or not. This is no new affair—she has been at it for years; the old machinery of mixture between us, that used to be creaking and grunting, is now complete, and we have nothing to do but land, and see what even steam alone is doing for us.

Now it would be very easy, my dear Mr. Editor, to give you a very ridiculous article on all this, or, in other words, to sketch the very ridiculous exhibitions here offered, and to those, as already hinted at, how different kinds of national civilisation come plump together, face to face, and yet trying to be friendly; it would, of course, be much easier to give a statistic table of this town, and her progress since the peace—to show how her population has increased threefold—her trade fourfold—her apothecaries fivefold—and her hotels tenfold; all this is interesting, they are beautiful illustrations of our subject, and they show what can be done by mutual accommodation; but, as in the former case, it is not my business to throw anything like contempt or levity on so important a matter in general; and, as in the latter, it seems to be known to all parties what improvements have taken place, let us just get away from the smoke and steam and “touters:” not one of these parties, whether afloat or ashore, seems to care a straw for the benefit of mankind, and therefore we had better walk to the pier, and look at the whole thing in a clear quiet light.

How fortunate it is that two rival nations, in laying down their old arms and games, should take up other rivalries; but how much more so, that in both they should be so nearly alike! Ridicule only suits polished combatants, being so polished itself. Reason may knock down, and raillery may have its rods, but the foil of the other passes through at once. Now these, you know, were our old weapons and games with our neighbours, and, of course, we used them according to the best of our abilities. France claimed the first, knowing that in her light thin stuff, every thing hopped off, or ran through like sand, whilst we stick to the latter, knowing our cold stiff clay. When nations begin to lose a little of their own high opinion of themselves, they generally begin to examine into the claims of those who have taken it out of them, and therefore the same respect they paid to each other in one way, they now begin to pay in another. The game, therefore, of course alters, the parties change sides, and though the tables are not exactly turned, still the game seems more a round one. These are all things of degree, or rather things of relation; conceit, like contempt, is a short cut to many things, and a short cut on the cards as long as we hold trumps; but when vanity is the victor on both sides, its reciprocity is ridiculous in the same proportion. Now, to

pretend that we have changed either sides or cards altogether with our neighbours, and that pride, vanity, contempt, reason, and ridicule, are all so tossed and shuffled about between us that we scarcely know our own, all this would of course be pretending too much; but still how delightful to think, that when other cards are played, we shall be on so much better terms! I am now taking the reasonable side of the question. I am quite aware that our friendship is at present on that large scale, that fault may be found as to its looseness; but still when we look at the mixture going on between us, and the prospects of closer cohesion which it every day presents—when we see both countries so fully persuaded of the folly of their old glories and games, and that they must now play new ones, it requires no great stretch of the sanguine temperament to predict the happiest results.

Boulogne is quite of this opinion—she is more sanguine than all her neighbours put together—can stretch out every way—never talks of her old flotilla and Napoleon, but can scarcely make too much of us. Such is steam, such is peace, such is the “march of Intellect.” See, my dear Mr. Editor, what they have done—see what an immense railroad this peace has been—what new ways and means it offers. Yes, these are glorious results. Peace itself was a glorious result when it came: no wonder people should have looked forward to it; no wonder that they could scarcely wait till the ink was dry, with which the preliminaries were signed, but longed to hurry abroad even on our soldiers’ backs. It opened, you know, a new field altogether; a field so fresh, so fair, and so full of fruits and flowers, that people were anxious even to pick up weeds. I remember those times—I remember how every one was excited. How could it be otherwise? we had acquired new tastes and feelings—our neighbours were quite unknown to us. Strange events had occurred to their land: we wished to know all about them—we wished to tell others about them. We thought that those who could do so had a right to become authors; and we thought that all authors had a right to be well received. Why not start forward, then? why not try to fill up that horrid chasm of ignorance so long yawning between the countries? Yes, all this was done, and done nobly; not a single branch of the whole Fudge family but became locomotive; not a single article in the whole list or stock but was called into requisition. Talents long sleeping in shade soon brushed up—trunks, long buried in dust, as soon uncovered—travellers of all sorts crowding away on the road, and the crack of the postilion echoing down to the coast.

Yes, I remember these times. I remember Boulogne. I look back to her then, and I look at her now. Whilst the war raged, she was certainly pure, and had every pretension to purity, because of her poverty. Her sky was steamless—her morals fresh like her mackerel. Chivalry, charity, and the church, all flourished together in her; and no other stain or corruption could be found. If a beggar accosted you, his claim was less than a sous. If a priest passed by, he looked like faith personified. If the streets were at all dirty, the winds were high and dry. All has now changed, except the last. Here revolutions have little effect, for climate being generally at

bottom, or rather, perhaps, the top of national character, must of course be the last to go, whether in town or country; but look at her in other respects, see what the march of society has effected.

As to absenteeism, why need we deplore, or even mention it? it's at best but a motley subject, and one on which the less we say, perhaps, the better; at all events, one whose colours, like the cameleon's, depend on the light in which we view it. If we see it promoting the good cause—if we see such a beautiful community of interests as is here established between nations—if we only glance at that “*couleur de rose*” in which Boulogne invests every prospect relating to such—why trouble ourselves with those minor inconveniences which must always be met with on these great occasions? Whether we get quit of our country to get quit of our debts, smoke, or party spirit; whether it's becoming too small for our expanding faculties, both in machinery and population; and whether railroads are going to turn us all into one great manufacturing city;—these are all matters of fancy, and, indeed, many an ingenious apprehension may be formed as to them; but when we see such solid matters of fact here in Boulogne, when we see such monuments of social progress and improvement as every street here affords us, surely this is enough to compensate for all. Surely we must feel pride and pleasure in thinking how we have contributed to such, and how national quarrels and distinctions are now broken down; in fact, the Boulononians are as much delighted as ourselves, and even more so—they see what we have done for them—they see what extraordinary philanthropists we are—they see our generosity and liberality every way, and therefore are absolutely fighting with each other to see who will give us their best welcome on landing. Now this exactly confirms my first position. I there mentioned what a beautiful play of centripetal and centrifugal attraction was now going on amongst the nations, and how discord within and concord without were so nicely co-operating. But what idea had we of all this formerly? What did we know of our neighbours? They could not bear us—they thought us heretics—they heard of our crimes and pontoons—they thought us locusts coming to devour. And therefore Boulogne, knowing that life was easy, and her fishermen industrious, thought that it was quite enough for her to keep to her old trade of faith, hope, and charity.

But just see what peace has done. See what powers of conversion and conviction it has wrought—see how completely the old partnership has been broken up, and how nobly she launches out into her new career. In fact, the opening of peace was like the bursting open of the cave of Eolus, as well as that of Cræsus, at least on our part—what virtue could withstand such a rush? What kind of saint, philosopher, or “*Aubirgute*,” could stand steady under such a storm of bank-notes? No, the thing was impossible; they saw our liberality—they met us half way—they laughed even at our “*brusquerie*,” and put it all down in the bill; and still, though not exactly acquainted with the ratio between supply and demand, yet we constantly gave them lessons that they could not but profit by. This continued regularly—every day showed some improvement. Curtains were put up, carpets were put down; comforts talked of everywhere,

and even "commodities" built on purpose; till at length the whole town was made new, and the old inhabitants could scarcely know it.

Now, to be entering into the right or wrong of all this, either on our own part individually, or on that of our neighbours, would be only entangling ourselves away from our main subject, which is purely a collective one; and as to regretting emigration, or anything like it, Boulogne is too lively to make us regret anything. But it is curious to remark how Boulogne has got the benefit of all our favours to herself, how little disposed she seems to share them with her colleague watering-places, and, in fact, how ill-natured she is to those close to her, viz. Calais. This, perhaps, may be accounted for from what we have alluded to; but still this is not enough; if contiguity to our shores had alone been sufficient, Calais ought to have been the favoured spot—and Calais would have been so, had she been less stubborn—but here we were never able to make the same impression; perhaps she recollected our old siege; perhaps she could never stretch out so conveniently beyond her old ramparts; but at all events she was sturdy, and did not like to be much out of the way. Now this latter was just what we wanted. We required full room, we required fresh outlets and colonies; our firesides were no longer fixtures, and fixtures were no longer fashionable; and therefore it was necessary to seek some spot where we could spread ourselves out *ad libitum*, where nothing like gates or barriers, whether of prejudice or stone walls, could interfere, and where, in short, we could give full vent to all those new feelings of liberality, &c., which we had just entered into. Boulogne soon settled the point. She told us, after some introduction, that we might take liberties with her; that the progress of national union demanded sacrifices on both sides, and, in short, that we might go farther and fare worse. This had the desired effect. Fresh hordes, British and brimful, came pouring in, the old town tried to keep up her old virtues as long as she could, but at length her vestal purity fell, and she became as smart and as smirking as a chambermaid. Such are the vicissitudes of human events—such the results of peace—and at all such the Picards look on with true national composure. At first they merely pocketed the affront, which so sudden an irruption necessarily produced on a well-ordered community; then they called her "un enfant gâté." Then it was who should pounce upon and haul us off to their inns with the best welcome, till at last the "birds of prey" nearly equalled the birds of passage, and now all seem preying on each other.

Now only look at this; see, my dear Mr. Editor, how differently the laws of union look now-a-days, inside and outside nations; and, therefore, how the great affair of social progress is affected. See how Boulogne, of course, benefits by all this. Her imports and exports flourishing, everything lively in her—fish, fun, flirtation, bankrupts, baronets, steam, all vying with each other in supporting her, and scarcely knowing which of them is most anxious to step forward in her behalf. These are sad lessons, to be sure, for the old school. They put it altogether in the background, and were it not for the

old committee of attractions on her ramparts, where these old folks may look down with contempt at what is going on below, and where the air is as pure, and the trees are as green, as ever, I know not how they could stand such innovations. But what of all this? There are other attractions besides: the old moral miasma that once infected her, and left such a name with us, is now completely removed, and if the Englishman has any doubts on this head, he has only to inquire at the "*Hôtel d'Angleterre*,"* and learn particulars as to the process.

Why, therefore, this clean, spruce, little town should be exclusively called a "*refugium peccatorum*;" why she should be selected as the sole target for our travellers to fire at, can only be guessed at from the circumstance of her offering higher attractions and pleasures, and so suiting the convenience of absentees. But what of this? Is it not human nature? Does it not contribute to the great end we alluded to? As to absenteeism, none but the parties on either side can settle the question, for pride is at the bottom of both, whether it's that of the patriot or the philanthropist. Let us, however, before quitting her, make a few remarks, which neither, perhaps, will regularly deny, and which both, perhaps, will regularly admit.

It is of course to be regretted, that when debtors or sinners go abroad, or even plain simple economists, they cannot be satisfied with simples, but must be seeking sensuality at a discount. In reality I believe they have no right to be interrupting the operation of that wholesome repentance which conscience demands, or seeking pleasures subversive of such discipline. This, at least, was our old doctrine in the olden times. The doctors ordered low living or cathartics, and every ramble was equal to a rumination or a hair shirt. But these things are altered; not only are French wines found regularly aperient, and therefore cathartics unnecessary, but it is also found that, in the dance of life now-a-days, pleasure and pain trip more lightly, and folly and wisdom, in crossing hands, show us that folly and vice often take different routes: such is our new school, all is light and loose—we owe it all to our neighbours. Until the Continent was open, we had no idea that poverty and pride could meet so pleasantly, instead of being on such horrid terms as they used to be; when we landed, we found sensuality everywhere like sociality—we found it belonging even to the climate—how people could live out of doors—how there was no window-tax, and how the sun put all so much on a level. This at once opened our eyes: we saw that poor people could not only exist, but live; we saw that, instead of merely vegetating, they could animalize; or instead of being mere polypi or zoophytes dangling between one class and another, that, in fact, society was not much more than one great class in itself.

Boulogne showed us all this to perfection. She met us more than half way. She lay, it is true, like a rock in the road of our repentance, and certainly interrupted purer feelings for a time, but then

* The prison of Boulogne is nicknamed "*Hôtel d'Angleterre*."

she brought us so pleasantly together, and worked up such a nice mixture between the countries, that we have been wondering ever since why all this was not done sooner. Before, therefore, we call her "*refugium peccatorum*," instead of a "*refugium economorum*," or in fact a "*con amore*" affair altogether—before we admit that her moral atmosphere is still so impure, we must first hang up our moral eidometers in our own watering-places, and compare one with the other.

So much, then, for social progress in general—so much for that beautiful union now amongst nations, which, instead of keeping us all at loggerheads abroad, only keeps us a little at loggerheads at home. I do not wish to be extravagant. Large quotations and authorities might be referred to from the first professors, to show the value of such. But I must stop. I know that there is a great variety of opinions on the subject, and that many prefer the old system; but I can only recommend such to cross over to Boulogne, and to assure them that whatever annoyances they may feel on this side of the water will all be forgotten on the other.

T. C. S.

THOUGHTS.

I saw a little pleasure-boat
Upon a summer sea,
Its waving pennons all afloat,
And sailing fearlessly ;
And I thought of youth in its
Season of brightness,
With a brow all joy, and a heart
All lightness.

I saw a green and flowery plain
On a laughing April day,
But there came a passing shower of rain,
And swept the flowers away ;
And I thought of love with its
Hopes and fears,
Its joys and sorrows, its smiles
And tears.

I saw a fragrant spicy land
Changed to a land of death ;
A land of resolution fanned
By the hot Sirocco's breath ;
And I thought of adversity's
Chilling power,
How it withers and kills in
One short hour.

I saw an ancient mansion lone,
Wrapt in sepulchral gloom,
Its beauty and its freshness gone,
A mansion of the tomb ;
And I thought of age all scathed
And blighted,
And left alone sad and benighted.

I saw two lovely flowrets grow
Upon a stem so fair,
But there came a shadowy
Viewless hand,
And left its impress there ;
And I thought of the severed
Spirit's breath,
Of the chill, the icy hand
Of death.

I saw a bright unearthly thing
Its snowy pinions trying,
And O ! I heard it sweetly sing
Of heaven as it was flying,
And I thought of a spirit
Winging its way
To the gates of immortality.

A. M. B.

LORD KILLIKELLY.¹

BY ABBOTT LEE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD Killikelly's next visit was to the dwelling of that young clergyman with whom Susan had made him acquainted by report.

We have said that this young clergyman, whom we now beg to introduce to our reader as the Rev. Paul Burnet, had the great felicity of possessing wealth to the amount of a hundred a year ; but his vicar being a gentleman, and having married a lady who was the sister of a lord, found his opinion concur with that of his wife in this one instance, namely, that it was impossible for them to live in such an unaristocratic neighbourhood ; and having had the good fortune of being invested with the care of souls in another parish, which very happily lay in the vicinity of a most delightful watering-place, he was content to take up his abode there, and to be responsible to God, by proxy, for the souls of the vulgar people in this vulgar neighbourhood ; and his two livings producing only the shabby receipts of nineteen hundred per annum, he could not, of course, afford to give more to either his town or his country curate than a hundred a year, though the town one, being Mr. Paul Burnet, had the additional advantage of living ostensibly in the parsonage-house.

To this parsonage Lord Killikelly wended. He found it in an obscure and humble neighbourhood. The house itself was dark, large, roomy, looking deserted and dull, but being substantially respectable and good.

Lord Killikelly knocked and was admitted. He entered a good-sized hall, lighted by a heavy window, and panelled with sombre wainscoting, and cumbrous carved mouldings. Here he found some twenty or thirty of the poorest looking and the worst clad of his fellow-creatures that he ever remembered to have seen. Old age, ignorant of its hereditary right to wisdom and to virtue, debased into imbecility, and clothed in rags ; women emaciated with disease, children ravenous with hunger, and the necessities of nature so strong among them all, as evidently to swallow up all knowledge that they possessed a birthright in the skies, independently of this corporeal existence.

Lord Killikelly sent in his own real, genuine, titled card. He trusted that it would gain him instant admission, for the vicinity of so much wretchedness made him wretched too, despite his philosophy.

Lord Killikelly's dignity was rather wounded by the reply to his titled card and message. Mr. Burnet was sorry not to see him im-

¹ Continued from p. 292.

mediately, but felt obliged first to dismiss his humble visitors. Would his lordship do him the honour to wait, or would he permit Mr. Burnet to attend him at his own house, and at his own leisure?

Lord Killikelly's first impulse was to cut Mr. Burnet's acquaintance before it was made, but a moment's reflection reconciled him to the young clergyman. The poor and the wretched had the right of priority; it was only just that rank and wealth should sometimes "go down lower." He therefore signified his willingness to wait.

So he waited in a side-room with the door open—waited whilst one after another every one of those miserable poor had been introduced to the young priest, and waited till the last of them departed.

And, during that time, of what thought the peer? He was conning over all the profound reasons for and against the poor laws. He talked to himself about the moral dignity of the human mind. He said to himself, "Yes, man ought to be roused out of a degrading lethargy. He should be stimulated into honest industry. The bread of idleness ought to be made bitter to him; but that old man—he has been struck with paralysis—can any reasoning or suffering cure him of that? And that old woman—she has an asthma—can suffering cure the asthma? And that widow, with those ravenous looking children—will starving cure them of their hunger? How debased in intellect! how only alive to corporeal wants do these poor wretches seem! And is their nature mine? Is this body of mine liable to the same loathsomeness as theirs?"

Lord Killikelly was roused from his reverie by an invitation into the young clergyman's study.

Lord Killikelly entered. He glanced around: not an article of luxury was there. An old, faded, worn-out carpet, an antiquated fire-place, large enough for a baronial hall, a few uncomfortable chairs, and a table covered over with writing apparatus, manuscripts, and books, made up the inventory of the room.

The young clergyman advanced to meet the peer.

"I must beg your lordship to excuse me if I have presumed to prefer the claims of sickness and poverty before your own, but I always feel that there is something so sacred in the rights of penury and indigence, that I cannot bring myself to disallow them."

"The preference is so rare," replied the peer, "that its very novelty might be its warrant, without considering its disinterestedness."

"I have now the honour to be wholly at your disposal."

Lord Killikelly felt a moment's embarrassment, but he shook off the feeling by a somewhat painful effort. "I came," he said, "to acknowledge an obligation which you have conferred upon me through the medium of indigence almost as distressing as that which I have just witnessed, and, though my pride may revolt at the avowal, shown to the persons of some of my own near relations."

The young clergyman looked bewildered. "I am at a loss," he said, "to understand your lordship's meaning."

"I scarcely know," resumed the peer, "whether, amongst the

multitude of the miserable who seem to come under your notice, you may be able to remember individuals; though I can hardly believe it possible for any one, having once seen, ever to forget my young relations. I speak of two pale, sickly, unhappy girls."

"Ah! you mean—their name is Warwick!" exclaimed the young clergyman, startled, for a moment, out of the quietness of his sedate manner.

"It is," replied Lord Killikelly.

"You bring me comfort!" replied the reverend gentleman. "I have been suffering some very deep anxiety on their account—of course only because they were part of my flock; but they seemed lost so suddenly and so strangely, and I always thought them so desolate, so alone in the world, that I could not but fear that something dreadful had befallen them. You relieve me greatly."

"They are, at present, safe under the protection of their nearest relation; I mean under my own. I know that I must suffer greatly in your opinion for having so long neglected them, but I need not tell you how families divide from their parent stream, and wander into different channels—too often so far diverging as never to meet again."

"I presume not to judge," replied the young clergyman.

"In not excusing, you condemn," said the peer. "Well! be it so. I condemn myself."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Burnet. "I seem to have them now before my eyes—their beauty, their delicacy, their unfitness to buffet with the world, their tender and touching mutual affection, everything that made them, if I may dare to say so, unfit to suffer, and yet upheaped, almost overwhelmed, with suffering. I assure you, I have sometimes left them under the most sinful temptations to arraign the mercy, if not the justice, of that holy Master whom I serve; but, doubtless, it was for wise ends. It was for purification—it was for perfecting."

"I deserve to be wounded," said the peer.

"You must forgive me. I could not but feel for them. I must have had a heart harder than the nether millstone not to have felt for them. Perhaps no portion of our duties is so painful as that of seeing sorrow that we cannot alleviate; nothing more tries the faith. Yet are the means of men in my station so much straitened that we can do little or nothing; and there was besides such an acute delicacy, such a morbid sensibility, such a startling apprehension of even the most distant allusion to assistance, as always to convince me that assistance would increase rather than lighten their sufferings, if I may be allowed such a paradox."

Lord Killikelly winced under every word.

"I came," he said, "to express the gratitude of my young wards for the kindness and sympathy which you showed them in a season of adversity. They feared that you would accuse them of ingratitude in withdrawing from your knowledge, but necessity made the measure hasty."

"I paid my customary visit at my customary hour, and was indeed both alarmed and shocked to find nothing but an empty apartment.

Of course, my interest was solely because they were a part of my flock; but I was very anxious and unhappy, and made every effort to discover them, simply because they were under my pastoral care."

"They thought of you, and spoke of you to me, exactly at that hour," said Lord Killikelly.

A slight flush passed over the young priest's face.

"And I bring you from them," said Lord Killikelly, "a small mark of their gratitude, to be added to your charitable fund;" and Lord Killikelly presented the young clergyman with a hundred pound bank note.

"Your lordship is too generous."

"Nay, it is their gift." (Lord Killikelly, that was something like a fib.)

"I thank them in the name of the destitute."

"And furthermore to ask you to give them the pleasure and the comfort of a visit from you."

The face of the young priest flushed over with pleasurable surprise.

"It will be a great pleasure!" and then, as if to excuse the pleasure—"they were a part of my flock."

Lord Killikelly smiled. It would be curious to go over the chain of ideas that led to his next speech; our readers may do it if they like. Looking round the room he said, "You are living here bachelor like, I presume?"

"I am," replied the young clergyman, with a smile. "You infer it from my disconsolate looking room. Yet am I happy enough to have both a mother and a sister near enough not to forget me."

"Ah, indeed!" and my wards—do they know them?"

"They do not. I once ventured to beg permission to take my mother to visit them, but they took instant alarm, and I was obliged to withdraw my request."

"Ah, that is delightful!" exclaimed the peer.

Mr. Burnet looked astonished, but Lord Killikelly did not stay to tell him what it was that he found so delightful, but, taking his leave, went off explaining it all to himself. "He has a mother and a sister—nothing could be more opportune: he is a very estimable young man; no doubt they are deserving too. I cannot keep these girls shut up in lodgings by themselves. I will place them under the care of his mother—they will be all prodigiously happy. Yes—that will do."

CHAPTER XIX.

Lord Killikelly, having a little morsel of conscience, or honour, or call it what you will, at the bottom corner of his heart, which was always goading, and fretting, and spurring him on to do something or another which was most particularly annoying and disagreeable to himself, found himself impelled by this motive power to cast himself into the lion's den, alias into the power of Mr. Mark Phillicody, and to consign himself over to his tender mercies, this being the price of

that gentleman's kind, and philanthropic, and disinterested, and obliging introduction of him to Mrs. Cavanagh.

The rather abrupt manner in which Lord Killikelly had last retired from Mr. Mark's agreeable society, in which he had so well practised the better part of valour, namely discretion, by fairly or unfairly running away, had prevented any arrangement with Mark for their subsequent meeting, and therefore it was nothing but honour that impelled the peer, like some most chivalrous knight of old, to travel to the soapboiler's at Bermondsey, and deliver himself up to bondage.

Lord Killikelly found himself in the midst of a family party. Signs and sounds of eating and drinking were going vigorously forward. A large standing pork pie, cold boiled beef, half a cheshire cheese, and a mountainous loaf, seemed to give promise of not dishonouring the demands of even a run of appetites.

Lord Killikelly went the round of shaking hands, and all the troublesome honours of favouritism. There was the little soapboiler in his apron, the soapboiler's fat wife, Phœbe with her retroussé nose and her yard-and-a-half ringlets, and Harry Hooke, ratherish a-la-mode fop.

The soapboiler was as patient as usual, the soapboiler's fat wife as humble as usual, Phœbe as pert and flirtish, and as great a beauty as usual, Harry Hooke as gay and débonnaire as usual.

"I am so sorry that Mark is out," said Mrs. Phillicody; "he would have been so glad to have seen you, Mr. Kelly. But then everybody is so fond of Mark—and that makes him so much out—he is so clever."

"He uses his sense to very little purpose, then," grumbled the soapboiler.

"Mark ought to have a situation under government," said Mrs. Phillicody. "If he would only take my advice, and put himself in the way of preferment, he would very soon get it. Don't you think so, Mr. Kelly?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

"Let him stick to business, and not be running about here and there, and all over!" said the soapboiler.

"If he would only call upon his relation, Lord Killikelly, no doubt Lord Killikelly would be quite delighted with him," said Mrs. P.

"Don't you think so, Mr. Kelly?"

"Without doubt."

"There's nothing like sticking to business." The soapboiler stuck to that.

"And Mark might get into the House of Commons through his lordship's interest. Don't you think so, Mr. Kelly?"

"As easily as anywhere else."

"Psha! what do you know about the House of Commons! Mark's a fool for his pains."

"A fool! marry indeed! There are many greater fools than Mark in the House of Commons. Are there not, Mr. Kelly?"

"Most certainly, ma'am."

"*There*, Mr. Phillicody!" said the lady triumphantly.

"Pish! you talk like a mere woman!"

"A mere woman indeed! And pray how do women talk?"

"Like fools!"

"Thank you, Mr. Phillicody," said the lady, with an air of great dignity.

"Law, pa!" said Phæbe, bridling up; "how can you say so to ma?"

"I can say so to you, too, miss."

"No, you sha'n't say so to me!" said Phæbe.

"Hold your tongue, minx."

"I won't hold my tongue."

"You are a fool!" said the most patient man alive.

"She's no more a fool than I'm a fool!" said fat Mrs. Phillicody.

"Just about the same," said the soapboiler.

"No, I'm not the same," said Phæbe.

"If I were not the most patient man alive," said the soapboiler, growing prodigiously red in the face—"if I were not the most patient man alive—but I am! Very fortunately I am, or I could not bear with you both. You are enough to drive anybody mad!"

"Am I enough to drive anybody mad?" said Phæbe, appealingly, to her admirer.

"You! O, nobody means it."

"And look at the education she has had!" said the mother.

"And what it has cost me!" said the father; "and she knows nothing but to strum tunes that nobody can find out, and speak French that nobody can understand."

"You play most delightfully," said Harry Hooke, "and you speak French like a native."

"A *na-tive*!" said the soapboiler, contemptuously; "you are a *na-tive*, I think."

"Never mind him," said the dutiful daughter, endeavouring to console her admirer.

Mind "him! If he'd any sense, he would not mind you. Good luck to the man that gets you!"

Phæbe's face grew almost as dreadfully red as the soapboiler's own.

"I don't know that he will be so very much to be pitied."

"He will be the most enviable fellow in the world," whispered Harry Hooke.

"Don't flatter her over in that way," said the soapboiler; "I am sure she says ill-natured things enough about you in your absence."

Phæbe's face would have done for regimentals. Her opposing passions were going through a very pugilistic encounter. She longed to sound the trumpet note of war, but dreaded to make Harry Hooke think her an Amazon, and not the most patient and gentle of Eve's fair daughters.

"She says you are the ugliest fellow in the world," said the soapboiler.

"If she says so, I must be so," said Harry Hooke, with a smile.

"The vainest."

"I should be—of her good opinion."

"The silliest."

"Yes—if I were blind to her attractions."

"The most disagreeable."

"Content—in all other eyes."

"The most absurd."

"That is quite matter of taste."

"Well, *if* ever—I don't know which has the most sense."

"The lady always, undoubtedly."

"And you?"

"I am anything she pleases, or you please."

"And you submit—a fellow like you with some spirit—you submit to be schooled and hectored over, and tied to a woman's apron-string."

"I follow great exemplars," said Harry Hooke, laughing. "Essex submitted to a blow from a queen, and women are all so far sovereigns that they can do no wrong."

"Trash! rubbish! stuff! When does a woman do right? Tell me that, I say!—tell me that."

"Rather tell me," said Harry, "when she does wrong."

"Wrong! why always. I never knew a woman that had common sense."

"I'd soon set pa to rights if I were ma," said Phæbe, endeavouring to speak like an angel in temper.

"Filling a girl's head with nothing but nonsense," grumbled the soapboiler. "If I were not the most patient man alive, I should be in the greatest passion."

"But a head that is already full of sense," said Harry Hooke, "cannot find much room for the admission of nonsense."

"A parcel of fools!" said the soapboiler, in a perfect fermentation of passion; "I have not common patience." And, probably, in search of that very necessary article of daily commerce in the world, the soapboiler effervesced out of the room.

As soon as the soapboiler had departed, Lord Killikelly and Harry Hooke began the philanthropic labour of administering justice, in large doses, to the injured ladies. Harry Hooke assured Phæbe that she was the most meek, most amiable, most gentle, most placid, most calm, most even-tempered of all angelic creatures; whilst Lord Killikelly comforted Mrs. Phillicody, by persuading her that she was the most ill-used, the most ill-treated, the most suffering, and yet the most patient and forgiving of all the much-abused wives in the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of all its colonies and dependencies.

Women are particularly fond of being told that they are ill treated, and Mrs. Phillicody's taste that way being now fully satisfied, she very quickly recovered her average of good temper; and Phæbe and Harry Hooke being so much engaged with each other, notwithstanding the lady's declared and avowed aversion to the gentleman, as to be particularly indifferent company to anybody else. Lord Killikelly was on the point of departing, being happily disappointed in his hopes of seeing Mark, when a sudden arrival and a great *fuss* (emphatic word!) induced him to remain a little longer.

The new comer proved to be one of Lord Killikelly's old acquaintance. It was none other than Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes.

Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes flounced into the room so hastily, as rather to run the hazard of breaking her porcelain-like dignity. Her dress, too, seemed to have been rather hurriedly put on. A critical eye might have discovered sundry little wrynesses not quite consistent with good toilet-making. For instance, the braid on the side of the fair lady's left cheek curved a full inch lower than that on the right, whilst that on the right formed the half of a gothic arch, towards the centre, instead of a circular, like its compatriot. Yet, notwithstanding these discrepancies, the lady bore a full complement of feathers, and flowers, and finery. A wreath of roses flowered round her fair face; a long feather, tipped with scarlet, floated far behind her, and she wore a little mantelet, cut after the last French fashion, with a scarlet hood and three or four tassels dangling from one shoulder, instead of from the exact centre of the back, having been put on rather askew in the lady's haste; while some dozen or two of subordinate accompaniments completed the lady's equipments.

"O my dear Mrs. Phillicody!" gasped the lady, as she threw herself into the post of honour instantly assigned her by her hostess; "O my dear Mrs. Phillicody, I am so exhausted!"

"Dear, what can I get for you? A little spiced wine? A little wee drop of brandy and water?"

O!" said the lady, greatly shocked, "I *never* take anything—never!"

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Mrs. Phillicody proceeded to order in the ingredients; and if Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes never took anything before, she certainly began that morning; whilst Phœbe and Harry Hooke very kindly took themselves as far out of the way as possible; and Lord Killikelly, being a little curious as to what Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes might have in or on her mind, proceeded to study the advertisements of a newspaper, every line of which promised greater advantages than were in the world, for less than nothing at all.

"I am so exhausted!" said Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes, as she just sipped the least possible drop of the cheering beverage. "I am so exhausted; or else I never take anything."

"I don't wonder at it, with so many children as you have to look after," said Mrs. Phillicody, sympathisingly.

"O no, they are all so sweet, so attached to me, that we are like one family, with one heart, one mind. The children all love me so much, especially yours, my dear madam."

"Ah! you see, mine always were such clever children."

"Yours is, indeed, such a *talented* family—so amazingly clever—such aptitude."

"Yes, you see my girls that are with you—"

"Their understandings are of the highest order. They require nothing but developing—careful developing."

"And Mark—"

"O! Mr. Mark is quite a prodigy; but it is not the care of the children, my dear Mrs. Phillicody—it is not that which overpowers me. It is something—*here*." And Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes put down the glass of brandy and water, and tried to find out the place of her own heart.

"O, there's a corner cupboard in every house," said fat Mrs. Phillicody.

"But my spirits keep me up," said the fair lady, sipping again at the hot beverage; "my spirits keep me up."

"What a blessing it is to have good spirits!" said the soapboiler's wife, sentimentally. "I get so low-spirited sometimes, that I don't know what to do with myself."

"If I had not such good spirits, I should sink under it," said the fair schoolmistress; "I am *so* delicate."

"And I am very far from being so strong as I look," said the fat lady; "but nobody believes that I am delicate."

"But my spirits keep me up," reiterated the delicate lady. "I have my trials, Mrs. Phillicody. Yes, I have my trials; but my spirits keep me up." The lady looked half like Boadicea, and half like Griselda.

"Yes, I have my trials," resumed the lady. "I did not mean to have disclosed them, but you are so kindly sympathizing that I can keep nothing from you. (I hope that gentleman does not hear. No, he is very intent on the paper.) Do you know, Mrs. Phillicody, that I am greatly distressed about my present teacher."

"Indeed! is she ill?"

"O no; she is a fat, vulgar blowsy, with a face as red as—as—as pickled cabbage."

"You have not had her long, then?" Mrs. Phillicody did not mean to be satirical.

"No; I have been very unfortunate with my teachers lately. They are the greatest plagues in the world. There is nobody you can depend upon—nobody that you can trust. What a thing it is, that you can trust nobody in this world, Mrs. Phillicody!"

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Phillicody.

"You know that I have had three teachers since that poor thing, your distant relation, went, and one not the least bit better than the other."

"Just like my servants," said the soapboiler's wife.

"And would you believe it, Mrs. Phillicody, I could not support it, if my spirits did not keep me up? But would you believe it, that yesterday at dinner——"

"Good gracious! what?"

"Mr. Reginald Courtney Gibbes handed the mustard-pot to my teacher!"

"Did he indeed!"

"Yes, he so far forgot himself. It was enough to turn the girl's head—attentions of that sort—to those sort of people—and before my very face. But my spirits keep me up."

"I am sure I don't know what to say to it," said fat Mrs. Phillicody, not very well understanding the case.

"But that is not all," resumed the lady, with an air of fortitude—"that is not all. I found Mr. Reginald Courtney Gibbes listening on the stairs to the creature's singing this morning."

"Indeed!"

"It is unquestionably true. He was even beating time. *That* put the matter beyond doubt."

"Well—but—" began Mrs. Phillicody, having some faint idea that listening to a song did not quite amount to high treason—"well, but, perhaps—"

"You are very kind to endeavour to excuse him," resumed the lady; "but I have some strength of mind, and I acted at once."

"What did you do?"

"I dismissed the young woman immediately, and I don't think I shall answer any reference for her," replied Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes, with an air of great moral dignity.

"You will be obliged to have another," said Mrs. Phillicody, thinking, on the moment, of the possible neglect accruing to her own delectable offspring.

"Most certainly; and, to own the truth, it was that which brought me here. I was thinking, my dear madam, that I never had any of those unpleasant things arising whilst I had your Grace Warwick with me."

"I should think not with any relative of *mine*," said Mrs. Phillicody, her dignity rather ignited.

"And I was considering whether I might not be inclined to take her back again—that is, perhaps—on further deliberation——"

Mrs. Phillicody looked rather bewildered.

"So I thought that you might just hint to her that I had a vacancy. I dare say that by this time she is sufficiently sorry to have lost the comforts of my establishment—and that I might, perhaps, make her a present at Christmas of ten pounds, instead of five, by way of encouragement. I like to be liberal."

Mrs. Phillicody was just thinking to herself that the boa which hung so gracefully over the shoulders of Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes, had cost somewhere about double the sum which she was now proposing as the yearly stipend of her teacher. Could anybody doubt the lady's liberality?

"And then I was proposing to give her a week's holidays once a year. I would not mind taking the trouble of the children that remain at my establishment during the vacation; though a week is a long time, and I am so delicate. But then I like to be kind to my teachers—especially to a relation of yours, Mrs. Phillicody."

"You are very kind."

"And I was thinking that she should not be helped last at table—in fact she *ought* not—it is right to keep up the dignity of a teacher. You know, in our absence, she is looked upon as our representative."

Mrs. Phillicody began to wonder whether or not, being teacher in Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes' establishment were not like holding office under government.

"I always keep a most excellent table," resumed the lady—"a

most liberal table. Still there are little comforts in a house that we cannot extend to everybody; but as I wish to make my teacher as happy as possible, I should have no objection to allow coffee on a Sunday morning—of course after Mr. Reginald Courtney Gibbes and myself have taken ours."

"We use a quarter of a pound of Mocha coffee every morning for breakfast," said Mrs. Phillicody, beginning to think of her own affairs.

"And then at night—"

"And four eggs to clear it with. None of your fish-skins for my money."

"I leave all that to my cook," resumed the lady, with the air of a lady. "But I was going to observe, that formerly I had reason to believe that Miss Warwick was not quite satisfied with the allowance of candle at night to go to bed with. You see, my dear madam, these young girls have always some finery to look after, or some silly book to read, and it is necessary to have a rule for everything. My rule is, for everybody to have an inch of candle when they retire to rest; but if I take Miss Warwick back again, I shall have no objection to allow her two—*two* inches of candle."

"I burn composition now," said Mrs. Phillicody.

"Will you oblige me so much," said Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes, with a very sweet smile, "as just to hint to your young relation, that you think I might be prevailed upon to take her back again, and to allow her all these indulgences. Mind, I am not offering her my situation—not soliciting *her* to return—no—*she* must solicit *me*. But I am sure that if you are kind enough to represent the matter to her in its own very advantageous and favourable light, it is so truly eligible that she could not be so blind to her own interest as to think of not endeavouring for it. Will you be good enough, my dear madam, as to make her fully understand that my intentions are thus liberal?"

"I have not seen any of the Warwicks for a long time," said Mrs. Phillicody, "but I will send and ask Grace to tea, and tell her all about it."

"Pray do not compromise me," said the governess; "let it come all as if from yourself."

"Certainly."

"And do not, on any account, forget the present of ten pounds at the end of the year, instead of five."

"O no."

"And the week's holiday once a year."

"Very well."

"And, perhaps, an afternoon to go out to tea once a quarter."

"Yes."

"And not to be helped last at table."

"I will remember."

"And coffee on a Sunday morning."

"Yes, coffee."

"And *two* inches of candle at night."

"Yes, two inches of candle."

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"I am sure," said Mrs. Reginald Courtney Gibbes, taking a last sip at the brandy and water, and rising, and wrapping her mantelet around her, "I am sure she would be mad not to return to me."

"I am sure she would be mad if she did," thought Lord Killikelly.

CHAPTER XX.

We hope that our readers have not forgotten the pretty tobacconist, and her most disinterested admirer Mr. Fortescue.

The lady had very handsome lodgings at Ramsgate, and, living in good style, was quite a little Cleopatra in her way—with a temporary lady's maid, her old deaf duenna, and her black-boy page. To keep pace with the lady's style, Mr. Fortescue established himself at one of the best hotels in the place, and spent his time agreeably enough, in making the amiable to the pretty Rosalie Smythe, in partaking of her piquant little luncheons, and her racy morceaux of dinners, in lounging over novels and newspapers, and in caressing her dog.

Miss Rosalie Smythe kept herself very much to herself. She did that, of course, on account of her delicate health; but then the compliment of admitting Mr. Fortescue was so much the greater. She had determined to receive no visitors—she must recruit her exhausted strength—she must repose her shattered nerves—and, though looking all the while as blooming as a Welsh milkmaid, and about as strong, yet all the world knows that ladies, especially if they be handsome, and much more especially if they be rich, are licensed to be as superlatively delicate as they please, at all times and at all seasons.

And the fact of Miss Rosalie Smythe being a real, genuine, rich heiress, seemed so well established in Mr. Fortescue's mind, on what appeared to be the concurring testimony of a peer of the realm, and that very sensible, sedate, well-judging, clear-headed young man, Mr. Mark Phillicody, that Mr. Fortescue considered the matter almost beyond controversy, and more especially as the lady's expenditure was quite in accordance with her reported wealth.

So Mr. Fortescue considered it quite a matter of prudence to spend his own money with an appearance of similar disregard, considering that he was making a very capital investment.

And then Mr. Fortescue had likewise numberless admirable opportunities of perfecting himself in more than all the cardinal virtues. The lady had a thousand caprices, oddities, whims, tempers, extravagancies, vanities, fancies, fooleries,—but what of all these? Could her exactions exceed his compliances?

"I must make haste, and finish this affair," said Mr. Fortescue to himself, as he paid one of the hotel bills, which was just large enough to frighten him, and which came exactly at the proper intervals to keep his resolution screwed up to the proper point of necessity. "If I fritter much more time away, I shall, with it, fritter away half my property."

"Why don't you make haste and settle him?" said the deaf duenna to the pretty tobacconist. "Fiddle faddling in this way is nothing better than waste of money and waste of time. Do have done with

it. And, besides, you worry him to death with your whims. You give yourself too many airs. He'll be sick and tired."

"If I don't give myself airs, he'll think me nobody," said the pretty Rosalie.

"I hate dilly-dallying, and shilly-shallying," said the deaf old lady.

The pretty tobacconist was sitting wrapped up in a sprigged muslin dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and tied with pink ribbons, an India shawl, a blonde cap, ear-rings, chains, bracelets, rings, (she always wore trinkets in the morning,) and a pair of the gayest possible every-coloured slippers; all sorts of trifles were scattered round—letter-cases, china ornaments, dressing cases, work-boxes, Berlin trinkets, India fans, ivory-carved card-cases, embroidered mits, worked collars, ribbons, and gauzes, &c. &c. &c.

The tall, gentlemanly Mr. Fortescue came. He insinuated himself on to the end of the sofa, by the side of the pretty tobacconist, and inquired into her health with more than all the zeal of a physician.

"The wind is easterly," replied the pretty tobacconist; "I am very well, but poor Duchess is so ill! I have been watching the weather-cock there, for the last hour, in hopes that it would change."

"Poor Duchess," said the gentleman, "how sorry I am that the wind happens to be in that unlucky quarter! Ah! poor Duchess! poor Duchess! Little pet! Little pet!" Mr. Fortescue did poor Duchess the honour to stroke her silky locks, saying to himself, "Little wretch, when I'm master, I'll soon give you the benefit of a cane."

"There, don't disturb her," said the lady, "she was going to sleep. There, now, you've woke her quite up."

Duchess lifted up her head, and exerted herself so far as to snarl.

"Little darling!" said the pretty tobacconist.

"Little wretch!" said the gentleman, to himself.

"She won't be better while the wind is easterly," said the lady.

"How I wish I could change the wind," said the gentleman.

"You gentlemen can make very fine promises," said the lady.

"And keep them too."

"Ah! that remains to be proved."

"What promises have I ever made, that I shall not religiously keep?"

"Ah! you think that we women have no understanding."

"How can you lay such a thing to my charge? I have the highest respect for their understanding. For instance, I would not attempt to impose upon you, even if I had the wish, for I know you would detect me at a glance."

"Do you think so?" said the pretty tobacconist.

"Think so? I am sure so. I would not even endeavour."

"But I know you don't think that we have any sense."

"O, far more than men."

"You think that we are blind."

"You see infinitely further into things than we do."

"And that we are stupid."

"Stupid! what a word! and you so acute!"

"You think that we know nothing."

"I could not know you if I thought that."

"O, but I know that you consider women fools."

"I must, then, be one myself."

"You never give us credit for anything."

"Your whole sex is infinitely above ours. What an endowment is your beauty!"

"Pho!" said the pretty tobacconist, contemptuously; "you make us very fine compliments on our persons, because you suppose us to be fools, and that you have all the sense yourselves; you think that it pleases us to be told that we are handsome."

"And does it not?" thought Mr. Fortescue; but his audible answer was: "O no, the highest gifts go hand in hand; beauty and sense strengthen each other, being united in you."

"You may say what you please," said the pretty tobacconist; "and you think that we are so silly that we cannot find you out. Now, you think that I am rather pretty-looking, and——"

"Pretty-looking?—handsome!—beautiful!—enchancing!"

"Ah, don't tell me! that is all because you think us fools; but I was saying that your attentions to me are all because you fancy me good-looking."

"What can I say? How shall I induce you to believe that your beauty is your least attraction in my eyes?"

"O, men care nothing about us, excepting we are handsome, or have money."

"Now you touch me in the tenderest point. You cannot imagine how you wound my feelings. As if *my* attentions to *you* were founded on mean, base, contemptible, pecuniary motives!"

"I did not——"

"As if," vehemently continued the gentleman, "as if wealth or poverty could ever make any difference in my feelings to you."

"Now pray——"

"As if money could win our affections! as if our feelings could fasten on such dross!"

"Well, but now——"

"Do me the justice to say if ever *I* referred to money in the conversations that have passed between us?"

"I did not say that you did."

"Was I not struck the moment I beheld you? Did I take time to inquire whether you were rich or poor? Have I not followed you like your shadow ever since?"

"Well! well!"

"And now you insult the disinterestedness of my regard by implying that it is nothing but the treasure of a miser which I seek, instead of the treasure of yourself."

"Ah, but——"

"I could stamp all such pitiful, sordid considerations beneath my feet. I must love you as much if you were penniless, as if you were worth the Indies."

"Well now, that is very generous, and, after all, how could you know whether I had any fortune or not?"

"How indeed!" said Mr. Fortescue, something calmed at this consideration. "Now, perhaps, you will believe in my disinterestedness. I wish that you had not a farthing in the world, that I might prove to you how pure, and how free from all sordid motives, my heart really is."

"Well, now, that is very kind of you; and would it be really a pleasure to you to know that I was not rich?"

"The greatest pleasure in the world! I could then prove my disinterestedness beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Well, now, I am *so* glad! I almost love you for that! Then it would please you to hear that I am not so very rich?"

"It would delight me!"

"Well, now, I really am not."

"O, you jest! I wish you were in earnest."

"That is so kind; but you don't know how little I could be content with."

"Yet you are used to luxuries."

"O no; I live very simply."

"If she calls this simplicity," said Mr. Fortescue to himself, "I don't know what the word extravagant means."

"I could live in a cottage," said the pretty tobacconist, tenderly.

"A cottage *ornée*?" said Mr. Fortescue, smilingly.

"A cottage *what*?" asked the pretty Rosalie.

"Very odd that she does not understand the term," thought the gentleman. "A cottage like a palace," he replied.

"Like Buckingham Palace, I suppose you mean? No; I could do with it even half the size."

"Could you, indeed!"

"Yes, with Duchess and——"

"Me, I hope."

"O you naughty!"

"*Nay*," said the gentleman, tenderly.

"But I have some friends about the court," said the fair Rosalie, with dignity, "and something has been hinted to me about an appointment near the queen."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes; I was asked if I would like to be one of the maids of honour."

"She must have excellent connexions!" thought Mr. Fortescue; "but then that very sound young man, Mark Phillicody, told me how rich and well connected she was."

"Yes; I have connexions," said Miss Rosalie Smythe. "There is that very kind, dear Lord Killikelly has promised to get me a situation or two for any friend of mine of a thousand or so a year."

"That must be for me," thought Mr. Fortescue. "What a lucky fellow I am to fall in with so golden an opportunity! and she is very pretty too, though she is such a fool!"

"O yes; I could live in a cottage exceedingly well," said the pretty Rosalie, reverting to the character of a nymph once more; "I know I could live in a cottage."

"Now," thought Mr. Fortescue, "that leads well to her residence in town. Now I must try to get something out of her."

"It is not necessary that you should live in a cottage. Have you not your own house in town?"

"O yes."

"And would you like to leave it for a cottage?"

"O yes."

"You would miss its luxury, its gaiety, its refinement."

"O no."

"I dare say it is exquisitely arranged, after your own taste?"

"Yes, it is rather handsome, though I say it. My saloon is crimson and gold, and looking-glasses, and ottomans, and Persian carpets."

"Indeed! and I dare say you receive a deal of company?"

"Yes; I think I am never without, from the first thing in the morning till I shut up."

"Shut up?"

"I mean, till I go to bed."

"And yet you talk of preferring a cottage."

"Yes; I don't like to be so gay."

"May I ask——"

"Ah, Duchess! you dear Duchess!"

The pretty tobacconist always began to talk to her dog when Mr. Fortescue began to ask questions: never was dog more useful.

"May I ask where your town-house is situated?"

"Ah, you dear Duchess!—little darling!"

"I suppose at the west end?"

"O yes; at St. James's. Isn't it at St. James's, little Duchess?"

"I wish little Duchess were hanged!" piously ejaculated Mr. Fortescue.

"Are you in St. James's Square?" asked Mr. Fortescue.

"Ah, Duchess! naughty Duchess! you sha'n't bite me, Duchess!" said the lady, playing with the tassel of her bag.

"She is so frivolous, and so ridiculously besotted with that wretch of a dog, that there is no getting a word of sense out of her," thought Mr. Fortescue, almost in a passion. "I do believe that I have been so engrossed with your charming self this morning, that I have neglected to inquire after the health of your estimable friend, Mrs. Carter. I hope that she is quite well."

This was a question which the pretty Rosalie thought that she might answer; so, instead of speaking to the dog, she did answer it. "She is quite well, I believe, thank you. At least I suppose so, as I have not heard her complain."

"A very amiable lady, that Mrs. Carter seems."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth have I said to be laughed at?" thought the gentleman. "I suppose she means that she does not like her; and I am sure neither do I—I wonder who does. And yet she is a little acrimonious sometimes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"She is not, I presume, any relation?"

"Little Duchess! you little mopsey popsey!"

"I beg your pardon—did you say that she was not a relation?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No, I did not say so—did I, little Duchess?"

"Then I presume that she is——"

"O, to be sure! Isn't she, Duchess?—what do you say, Duchess dear?"

"I'll kill that dog," promised Mr. Fortescue to himself, as soon as ever I may. Then I am to understand that that very respectable, amiable, elderly lady, has the honour of being a relation of yours?"

"Ha, ha, ha! what an excellent jest! Come, Duchess; you and I will go and tell her that a gentleman says that she is a respectable old woman!—come, Duchess, come!"

"And so saying, the pretty tobacconist laughed and ran, and the dog barked and ran, and thus they made their exit together.

"Don't leave me—pray don't leave me!" expostulated Mr. Fortescue; "you have such delightful spirits—such a charming vivacity! What an ill-bred hoyden!" said Mr. Fortescue; "I must do as Mark Phillicody advises, I must keep her shut up in some out-of-the-way country place. What will my solemn, serious uncles say to such manners as these? But then, her money! Ah, gold gilds every pill! And with her money I shall be independent even of my uncles."

At his next visit, Mr. Fortescue found the very amiable, respectable, elderly lady established at her work-table, and looking so like a fixture that he felt the hopelessness of his wishes for her departure.

"I hope I have the pleasure of finding you quite well," said Mr. Fortescue, in accents like flowing honey.

"Yes, it's a very fine morning," said the deaf old lady, in sounds that savoured of the best double-distilled vinegar.

"I presume that you have not yet been on the sands?"

"Yes, I am very well," said the deaf old lady.

"It is of no earthly use asking *her* any questions," said Mr. Fortescue, to himself. "Well, and how is *our* little favourite this morning?" asked Mr. Fortescue, turning to it and his fair mistress.

"I thought you had forgotten Duchess," said the lady, pettishly.

"Forgot her!" ejaculated the gentleman, "forget anything in which *you* are interested!—anything that belongs to *you*!"

"O, you men are all alike."

Mr. Fortescue did not like to be classed with "*you men*." He internally resolved to teach the pretty Miss Smythe better manners when she should become Mrs. Fortescue.

"I was in hopes her grace was better."

"Better! Then you never thought of looking which way the wind blew?"

"The wind?"

"There, now; I knew you neither thought nor cared!"

"I see which way the wind is now, with a vengeance," thought the gentleman.

"You know that I told you that Duchess is never well when the wind is eastward,—don't you remember that?"

"I do," said the gentleman. "Prettily schooled and fooled I am!" thought the gentleman.

"There, there!" said the lady, pettishly.

"Poor Duchess—*poor* Duchess!" said Mr. Fortescue, and he added a caress to the dog, though he would willingly have killed it.

"Love me, love my dog," said the pretty tobacconist, affecting to read the inscription on the collar of the petted Duchess.

"To love you is to love everything that belongs to you."

"Is it?" said the lady, incredulously.

"Certainly."

"What, Duchess?"

"Assuredly."

"And——?" the pretty tobacconist nodded towards the cross, deaf, old lady.

"O yes."

"But you never saw that the wind was eastward; and you know that I am so fond of Duchess!"

"And I am so much interested in her."

"Duchess could not eat any breakfast."

"Indeed?—something must be done."

"I wish she had some Rheims biscuits. She could always eat Rheims biscuits."

"I wish she were choked with Rheims biscuits," thought Mr. Fortescue.

"Yes; she could always eat Rheims biscuits, even when the wind *was* easterly," said the pretty Rosalie.

"Could she?" said Mr. Fortescue, being determined not to take that hint.

"Yes, could she!" said Miss Smythe, pettishly.

Mr. Fortescue was silent. He did not like to understand, and did not know what to say.

"Never mind, little Duchess. We can get Rheims biscuits ourselves, without being obliged to anybody," said the lady to her dog.

"My dear Miss Smythe!"

"Or we can send to some of our friends, who will have a pleasure in obeying us."

"Cruel!"

"There is that dear Lord Killikelly."

"You torture me."

"Would go to the world's end to please us, little Duchess—wouldn't he, little Duchess?"

"But *I* have the first right," said Mr. Fortescue.

"O, pray don't trouble yourself, sir."

"*Trouble!*"

"We shall return to town, and the wind won't be easterly there."

"If she ever return to town, saving and excepting as Mrs. Fortescue, my chance will be gone. Some fortune-hunter or another will snatch her up. My only wonder is, that she has not been appropriated before. And yet, how horridly tiresome she is! Nobody but a woman of the very largest fortune could or would give themselves so many airs; but only let me once get her, and she'll soon see!"

"Adieu!" said Mr. Fortescue.

"Where are you going?" said the pretty tobacconist, in some alarm.

"Going to the world's end, to get Rheims biscuits," said the gentleman, with a tragedy air.

"No, no; you sha'n't go."

"It is necessary to my peace," said the gentleman. "Have you not threatened me with the transfer of my right to serve you to another?"

"I did not mean it: I only said so."

"Did you not menace me with the name of that odious Lord Killikelly?"

"Odious! and he such a dear, delightful, little man!"

"Dear! delightful! Madam, *you* are safe from my indignation, but *he* shall answer it!"

"Why, what *do* you mean?"

"I shall challenge him!" said Mr. Fortescue.

"Challenge him!" screamed the pretty tobacconist.

"Yes; I will have his life!"

"His life!" the lady screamed louder.

"Or he shall have mine!—and then you will be satisfied."

"*Yours!*" said the fair Rosalie, "*yours!*"—and she took out a laced cambric handkerchief, and hid her face in its snowy folds.

"And when I am dead——" said Mr. Fortescue.

"No, you sha'n't die!" sobbed the pretty tobacconist.

"When I am dead——"

"I shall go into mourning for you."

Mr. Fortescue was startled out of all his assumed warmth into a genuine spark of natural feeling. He actually gave a stamp with his foot on the floor, as the meaning of her kind assurance met his ear. "Heartless as well as senseless!" he internally articulated; "and have I wasted all this parade of indignant sensibility to no better purpose than this?—ay, madam, will I not make you pay for this by-and-bye?"

The pretty tobacconist answered to Mr. Fortescue's start. She did not of course hear his thoughts. "Shall I," said the pretty tobacconist, half tenderly, half coquettishly, "shall I give up that dear Lord Killikelly?"

This was exceedingly generous of the lady, considering how much she had to relinquish.

"One of us, madam—one of us!—choose, choose!"

"Then I give up Lord Killikelly, to oblige you."

"Do you, madam!"

This was very far from Mr. Fortescue's wish, as he trusted to Lord Killikelly for a thousand or two a year.

"Shall I promise you not to continue his acquaintance?"

"You would not."

"You don't believe me. What shall I say? What shall I do?"

"Do one thing."

"Well, what?"

"Give me this."

Mr. Fortescue took the fair Rosalie's little white hand.

"Well, now!—I declare!—you unreasonable——"

"One or the other—you must give one of us up."

"Well, well."

"Which?"

"O, not you, I think."

"Well, then—when?—when?"

"O, I don't know—some day, I suppose."

"To-morrow?"

"O, there is not time."

"Time? For what?"

Mr. Fortescue had a great dread of hearing of settlements, jointures, pin-money, &c. &c.

"Time?—O, for you to get Duchess the Rheims biscuits first."

"And what else?"

"And for the wind to change."

"I had better take care that the wind does not change," thought Mr. Fortescue.*

* To be continued.

A DARK MOMENT.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

O HAD I but the Book of Fate,
I'd tear the page that holds my name:
Nor leave the record, or the date,
That doomed me to a life of blame!
The chronicles that, written there,
Foretell the deeds I am to do,
How gladly from the tome I'd tear,
And on the scattering whirlwind strew!

Or had I, in my early prime,
That annal of misfortune read,
Ere yet my hand had gathered crime,
Or shame had circled round my head;
Warned by the words that boded ill,
I would have snapt the thread of life;
Nor lived, thus slowly to fulfil
A long and sinful doom of strife.

And which were greater guilt? By one
Unpardonable act to flee
The thousand evils I have done,—
Or, living thus, unchangeably,
A life of lengthened error, wait
Till age, and pain, and vain remorse,
Have proved the madness of my state,
The perilousness of such course?

'Tis vain to ask—'tis sin to doubt
That God is merciful and good;
'Tis desperate guilt that would shut out
Submission, Hope, and Gratitude!
God dooms not man to sin or pain,
For man's own will works his own fall,—
God but *foreknows* that sins shall stain,
And proffers pardoning grace to all!

RECORDS OF THE FRENCH PRISONERS.

BY GEORGE NASH, AUTHOR OF "THE OUTCAST," &c.

CHAPTER I.

MANY of those who perilled their lives in the cause of their country, laying aside the sword for the pen, have given us true and affecting accounts of the scenes they beheld, and the dangers they braved. But it is not only on the battle-field and deck that his victims writhe beneath the cruelty of war ; and well would it have been for some whose histories I am about to relate, if they had perished by the sudden and sweeping destruction of the volley and bayonet, instead of having lived through years of imprisonment, to sink at last forgotten and broken-hearted. They were not our countrymen ; but one brave man can honour the courage and feel for the sufferings of another, let his nation be what it may ; and though in the hour of conflict he may have triumphed in inflicting a wound, yet when the battle is over, and his mood is changed, he feels it no degradation, no disgrace to his courage, to regret the injury ; nay, his disposition is then to relieve it ; so our readers need not impute it to want of patriotism, though those whose woes they may lament were their enemies.

About two miles below Chatham, on the banks of the Medway, is the village of Gillingham. We will suppose ourselves there. There is a high bank behind us, and, on the opposite side of the road, a low wooden fence, so old and dilapidated that all but a poet would forgive the owner for exchanging it for a new one. For a few hundred yards immediately before us stretches a verdant field, beyond which, iridescent with the sun's beams, spreads the broad and silvery sheet of the Medway, in the centre of which lie moored some of her Majesty's ships, and where once lay the prison ships, of which I shall speak presently. It is now high water, and far away to the right, travelling over a vast expanse of glittering water, the eye can indistinctly behold the masts of the numerous vessels at Sheerness. The distant hills immediately opposite us are clothed with rich verdure ; on the hill to the right, stretching down from the distance, are the batteries of St. Mary ; further in the distance, in the same direction, is the Castle of Upnor, and looking over the old martello tower, the eye falls on a large, uncultivated, marshy island—this is called Prisoner's Marsh, and here hundreds of those who name it bears were interred.

No stones mark the desolate spot where they sleep,
 No sorrowing friendship is seen there to weep,
 Cold, drear are their graves, as on earth was their lot,
 Now, e'en by the nation they died for, forgot.

How many thousands have paused to enjoy the scenery I have described ! and how few of them have dreamed that their eyes were resting on the graves of hundreds of brave men ! There they lie, as thick as if they had fallen by ranks in battle, their graves as unhonoured as those of felons, the very fact of their being there—almost unknown. That fisherman, in yon little boat, has swept by

within a few yards of them daily, for a dozen years ; the splash of the waves as he has passed has sounded in their hollow coffins, but yet he knows not that they are there ! His eye has rested with delight on all other parts of the beautiful landscape around him, but what should have induced him to look there ? There is nothing attractive—nothing pleasing in that drear marsh. The very birds seem to alight on it with reluctance, the waves are daily asserting their dominion over it, adding more and more of it to their realm, and plucking even their last resting-place from those who have found repose in it. Yet this is the bed where valour sleeps ; there are ashes there that were once kindled with disinterested and enthusiastic patriotism ; and such is the reward which glory bestows on unnumbered votaries.

Having seen where some of the prisoners were buried, let us proceed to the village churchyard, and there we shall find traces of others. Let us pause a moment ere we enter it. How thickly the dead are gathered round that venerable and massive fabric ! It is as if, having sought its altar to worship at while living, they now claimed its protection ; and we may imagine it affording it to them, as it stands in the midst, and, towering on high, seems to plead their cause with heaven. Look around at the monumental tablets ! Some bear the names of servants of their country, who fell far distant from her shores—some speak of veterans who escaped the dangers of war, and died in the village of their birth—some tell his simple tale who passed his monotonous life amid the scenes around us, and, perhaps, often trod on the very spot where his remains rest—and there are some that are inscribed with the characters of a foreign language. These were purchased by the contribution of mites, saved from pittances earned by ingenious and unwearying industry, and raised by prisoners to the memory of those who had been their fellows in captivity. They could not bear that the men who had possessed the virtues for which they had loved them, and who had suffered as they had seen them suffer, should be wholly forgotten. They hoped that some fellow-countryman might look on their graves—some stranger, beholding them, inquire, “ Who are these ? ”—and then they also might be remembered, their own fate be unfurled.

As the materials of these records have been gathered from men who were often spectators, and sometimes actors in the events they will contain, they will mostly be given as they were told by their original narrators ; as the author believes they will in that way find the most direct road to the feelings of his readers.

“ I well remember,” said an old gentleman, to whom I had applied for information, “ the day when I first visited a prison-ship. I was accompanied by the surgeon, and with him I visited the decks appropriated to the captives. I might have imagined, at the first glance, that I was entering a manufactory, instead of a prison. Most of the prisoners were busily employed, some were laughing and bandying jests over their work, some were singing, and the whole scene was one far different from what I had expected. I remember, in particular, a little fellow, to whom I spoke of the prospect of a speedy termination of the war. ‘ Vive l’Empereur ! ’ said he, ‘ vive l’Empereur ! je n’en sais rien. Monsieur, ayez le bonté d’acheter ? ’ presenting a small dice-box, made of neatly carved bone, which I purchased.”

"Were they all so?"

"Yes, as far as I could judge from so brief a survey, they all appeared cheerful, but a better acquaintance with them told me that it was a forced cheerfulness with many—a mirth that, like light from corruption, will sometimes flash from despondency itself. Their countenances were pale and thoughtful, and there were sighs that broke from them, as they raised themselves at intervals from their work, that told me their captivity was deeply felt. And when we remember that the feelings of each man there formed one mesh of the vast network of human affections, of which our very heart-strings are the cords, and one of which, broken or disarranged, must disorder all connected with it; when we remember that in silence, in his own bosom, the greater part of each man's sorrow must be borne—when we think of the anguish of weary hope that has been cherished until, like sensations of pleasure wrought too high, it is painful, rather than pleasing—then we have an idea of the true bitterness of their bondage.

"On that day I accompanied the surgeon to the sick ward, and thence he led me to the door of a small cabin. We entered it. On a low bed lay the captive whom we came to visit. He was a man who, apparently, had scarcely passed the meridian of life, according to the number of days allotted us by the Jewish sage. His form had been large and muscular, his eyes were closed, but the height and contour of his forehead proclaimed a mind powerful and expansive, and traces of deep feeling and of intellectuality were yet visible in the lines of his countenance, though obscured by an expression of savage determination, and, as he bit his lip convulsedly, of aberration. There was a large scar on his left cheek, and a smaller one on his forehead, though the latter was partly hidden by the thin and scattered hairs that fell over it. His large but wasted hand rested languidly on the bedclothes. He had been a prisoner for many years. Many an execrated day had he seen flow by him, without variation and without hope, and every hour had been as a fresh arrow placed in his heart, and had added a fresh weight to those that oppressed him, until his mind had sunk beneath the pain loaded upon it. He threw a momentary look at us, as we approached him. 'How are you, Reynaul?' said the surgeon: but, without replying, he relapsed into his former state of abstractedness. There was an indifference in his manner, as if he had long felt that there was nothing left for him to hope for; the struggles of a hope that would not die had worn out his strength; the very nutriment on which his mind had long subsisted had become poison to him!

"We were turning from him, when I saw this once powerful man stretch forth his hand to reach a cup of water that stood by him; the effort was too great for him—he failed, and the hand dropped languidly by his side—he gave it up in despair. I stepped forward to assist him, but the desire seemed to have departed from him; he turned loathingly from the cup which I offered him, and my heart sickened as I beheld.

"Throughout the whole of his imprisonment, this man had displayed the utmost intractability and resolution of character. His desperate and

repeated attempts to escape; his utter and unbroken defiance of control, and recklessness as to the consequences of his conduct, had shown that his mind had long been wrought by his situation to the very verge of distraction. His spirit was too great to bear captivity tranquilly; but it was believed, from words that had occasionally fallen from him, and from the general bent of his ravings, during the time of his insanity, that the thought of some beloved object, constantly preying upon him, had urged him to his acts of desperation. There had been but one fellow captive who had known his history, and he was already dead."

"I dined on board. The night was dark and tempestuous, and we sat long, listening to the thunder as it pealed above us. If there is one of the phenomena of nature more calculated than any other to fill the mind with awe, it is this voice of the heavens. During a pause in the storm, I proceeded towards the deck to see if my return was practicable, and had just reached the top of the companion ladder, when a man rushed wildly by me, and made towards the gangway. A sentinel seized him—it was the man of whom I have spoken. For a few moments he was silent, then he broke forth with the most fearful imprecations, struggled with a madman's violence with those who held him, and was with great difficulty carried below. I saw him as he lay there. Four men could with difficulty hold him—a moment he laughed defiance at them—then, as he found the impotence of his struggles, he foamed at the mouth, and set his teeth in silence, his features being convulsed by a passion of despair and rage; and then, again, the madness of his exclamations went to the heart, and his efforts to free himself were redoubled. By degrees his struggles ceased—he was quiet for a few moments—then a wild scream, accompanied by a ghastly look of terror, broke from him—he sank back on his bed, and his features slowly settled into those of a corpse. I heard the thunder rolling above for a moment after, but it, too, soon ceased, and all was silent in the little cabin around him. It was a silence that seemed significant of his fate—the storm of his life was over.

His injured and incensed spirit flew forth to bear its accusations to the throne of its Father; but, as it neared him, the beams of his countenance diffused their love and happiness around it, soothed its troubled anguish and dispelled its anger, and it alighted at his feet in humility and peace.

"On the next day he was buried on the marsh of which I have spoken—to whoever loved him he was lost; but affection and sorrow, hatred and gladness, were alike to him. Such was the first victim of captivity I ever beheld—the first victim of war. Accident afterwards furnished me with his previous history, but I must defer the narration of it to a future opportunity."

A PILGRIMAGE FROM FONTAINBLEAU TO SCOTLAND.¹

BY MISS HARRIOTT PIGOTT.

THE next morning came with a menacing aspect. The clouds gathered on the horizon, and the boatmen foretold a continuation of Scotch mists; but, impatient to perform our little voyage to the end of the lake, we prepared to sally forth, having waited a while for our Esculapius, who finally made his appearance; but his brow was overcast, like the sky, and wrinkled with anxiety, for the mysterious greatcoat was not yet arrived, and he became as restive as a horse which backs down hill, and that neither coaxing, nor remonstrance, nor chastisement, can induce to advance. Tears gathered in the eyes of his girls; but the republican code of domestic discipline precluded murmurs or petitions to a father's behest. So the doctor collected his *live* effects with their *sacs-de-nuit*, and hurried back to Callander. My exclusive respired more freely, and expressed a hope that I had had enough of American society—of people no one knew anything about.

At the close of the following week, my naval, fox-hunting cavalier rushed into my presence, holding out the ample leaves of the last "Morning Post," exclaiming in reproachful, doleful accents, "Here is a solution of the mysterious greatcoat." "And a pretty society you led us into," cried out his exclusive brother, (whom I then descried peeping over his shoulder,) "why, the fellow had stuffed the pockets of it with human skulls,—what a horror!" "A horror indeed!" I responded, as I stood aghast and trembling at the intelligence; and on Scottish land, where ghosts, and seers, and spaewives, and their witcheries, were wont to abound, why half the rebels of our late American colonies might have reappeared without their bodies, to claim instant their heads from the doctor, while he was occupied in the dissection of our unhealthy leg of mutton in Lady Willoughby d'Eresby's hotel. Verily it would have been a fearful harlequin reunion of friends and enemies. Washington and Wolf, Penn and Franklin, Cobbett bringing the remains of Tom Paine—to seek their heads in the pockets of the doctor. But looking round, I found neither ghost nor cavaliers to listen to my effusions, for the brothers had both retired in discontented mood. After praising the gods for our escape from a carnival of ghosts, I immediately seated myself, and began reading in that fashionable journal, with the most humane feelings of satisfaction, that the scientific American had appeared in good health, and undoubtedly attired in the mysterious habit at the banquet of his intellectual brethren at Liverpool. It stated that "Doctor W— had brought in his ample pockets from America (perhaps fearing Custom-house seizures,) several American human skulls; a few of them the doctor affirmed to have "found in

¹ Continued from p. 96.

large mounds of earth on the banks of the Ohio;" which, in an eloquent harangue, he essayed to prove to the learned assemblage present; possess bumps that are of a more intellectual indication than those of the North American Indians, and so perfectly similar to the form of the Peruvian head, as to determine that the banks of the Ohio were originally peopled from Peru.

But we will leave this unlovely subject to return to sweet Loch Katrine, o'er which we glided the preceding day in its sunny splendour; but it was now in perverse Scotch mood, its mountains cloud-capped, its lowland beauties veiled in mists. We disembarked at a comfortless rustic dwelling, in a cheerless scene, where we mounted Highland ponies, with the usual accompaniments of men and collies. We rode forward by Inversnaid Fort and mill, five miles through moorland solitudes, enclosed on each side by heather-clad rugged hills, displaying the fantastic effects of misty vapours adown their heights. In these moorlands our ponies trod over a rich tapestry of heather flowers, where the little cistus reared craitively its bright golden blossoms, amid the poet's delicately defined cistus, "the blue bells of Scotia," protected from the rude blasts by the towering, finely pinuted leaves of the fern. No human habitation in view save one, the miserable exterior of which indicated the necessitous state of those who dwelt therein. We dismounted, and relinquished our ponies at the comfortless rustic inn on the banks of Loch Lomond, where we awaited only a few minutes the call of the steam-vessel to convey us along its tideless serene waters; the Scotch mists gathering thicker, and cruelly concealing from our sight the magnificent and celebrated scenery. Therefore we effected, nothing loath, our landing in the sweet bay of Tarbet, especially as at that moment the sun pierced athwart the murky clouds that seemed to give a freshened effect to all nature, and displaying the commodious little hotel, with its peopled plain and background of assembled mountains, each having its marked outlines and peculiar traditionary fame. There were Loch Lomond, Benvorlich, and Benvenue, like the emperors of olden date, enthroned in stately grandeur amidst their tributary vassal princes. Such was the enlivening cultured contrast to the scenery of our forenoon ride, it was like passing from a savage to a civilised world; but there was a magical charm in each.

The month of September, more than any other of the seasons, has a soft influence over the memory; and in thinly peopled wild districts, partially abandoned by man and kine, remands to the sphere of thought and serious retrospection of the past years of our existence,—to their melancholy realities,—to each blighted hope of our youth and of our meridian,—to joys of short duration—to feuds, jealousies, and injustices of endless term,—to family links and friendships rudely broken,—to friends justly dear to our affections passed before us to eternity,—to all the sadness of the past and present,—gleams of hope intervening of a promised blessed hereafter; with holy, inspiring veneration for Christianity. But returning to the world of life and action, to pasturage and fields—to lands, smiling in husbandry—to landscapes in all the majesty of nature and of heaven; the mind again

overflows with gladness, and the social world revives, bringing a keener relish for its deceptive pleasantries.

At dinner, (notwithstanding its gastronomic excellence,) the equanimity of my usually peaceable naval cavalier was cruelly disturbed by the radical bearing of the Scotch waiter, whom he threatened to punish by a striking movement of his right foot, which endangered the equilibrium of the table.

We took possession of an open carriage, and continued our route, on a favourable autumn afternoon, through a fine grove bordering the lake. The plains were studded with pleasant villas and cottages. A turn in the road opened to our view Lochlong with Ben Arthur, characterised for its ignoble feature of a cobbler at his work. Taking a north-west direction, we again quitted nature in her enlivening dress, to re-encounter its frowning severities, for we entered Glencroe, a Highland pass vested in sombre solitude, sixteen miles in length, where human industry and skill have set at nought rude nature, the inequalities of ground, morasses, and torrent devastations. Travellers now can bowl along, up and down the acclivities, on a road admirably designed, of adequate breadth and sound formation; to the honour of Argyleshire, without the exaction of barrier duties. We reposed for a moment on the summit, there to repeat with grateful heart the appropriate inscription on an ancient rude stone,

“ Here rest, and be thankful.”

From this place, so mercifully intended to give a short respite to the fatigues of man and beast; we descended amidst the roaring of cataracts, rushing in angry impetuosity over the projecting rocks that menace to impede their course, and we entered the Vale of Glenkinglass. Its first aspect is in desert gloom, but proceeding onwards, the voyager's spirits are renovated with a view of Lochfine, and still more, on arriving at Carondow Inn, from whence the road passes through stately avenues and up a gentle ascent, where the wonders of the habitable world break upon the view. The town and bay of Inverary, situated on the most noble expanse of Lochfine, its waters covered with shipping, the light herring-boats floating in busy activity; the wooded high hill of Duniquaich rising seven hundred feet above the waters. The castle of the Duke of Argyll standing on the grassy plain at its base,—referring to a multiplicity of events, (in the present and in remote times,) incidental to his noble race; to their valour in the battle-field, their political intrigues and conspiracies, their manly courage on the scaffold, and their successful gallantry in the elegant, luxurious boudoirs of modern fashionable life.

Crossing the little river Array, we entered the neat town, and in vain demanded admittance at the Grand Hotel, where all was bustle and confusion. Travellers were strewn promiscuously within its chambers and salons, on sofas, fauteuils, and hearth-rugs. We declined augmenting the motley groups and adding to the grotesque night scenes such collision creates; and were better pleased to be sheltered by the civil host in a neat lodging in the vicinity of his hotel, where we were cheerfully served by a braw bonny Highland

lassie, who, to our demands for tea-equipage and its accessories, kept repeating—"Ay, an' gude Kabbun cheese, an' tae!"

The following morning the pitiless rain fell in torrents; but too intensely interested in Highland clanships and their localities to regard the untoward displeasure of the elements, I abandoned my two cavaliers to Morpheus, and, enveloped in a Tartan cloak, I sallied forth to invade the verdant territory of his Grace of Argyll, traversing, with all speed, his grassy lawns under the sheltering foliage of forest trees in their venerable age. The present castellated mansion of M'Callummore is an attempt of Adam, the architect, to assimilate the turrets and traceries of the Gothic style with the symmetry of classic architecture. The elevation is too low for architectural grandeur. Nevertheless, the blue-tinted granite employed in its structure compensates in some degree for this defect by giving a tone of ancient severity to its aspect, which accords with the scenic nobleness of the grounds, and likewise compensates for architectural solecisms. But on entering the interior of the castle the most fastidious critic must be satisfied, for the unrivalled judicious disposal of the interior into spacious apartments, and the furniture, are a combination of comfort and luxurious elegance, fitted alike for a private life or fashion's splendid train. I passed through a small vestibule into a hall which serves as a *salle de billard*, lit by a lofty glazed dome that crowns the summit of the edifice; round the hall circulates a gallery, into which open the doors of the upper range of chambers. On the walls, over the two fire-places, are arranged in circles the guns and bayonets that were sent from the Tower of London by government, for the defence of the olden castle and town; in the last contest between the exiled Stuarts and the triumphant, new reigning dynasty of Hanover, in the rebellion, as it was styled, in the year 1745.

To a suite of ten rooms I repaired through a noble saloon forty-five paces in length, the windows opening to the ground, inviting you forth among the laurels and other evergreens that seem to riot over the grassy surface, living remembrances of the superintending taste of that fair being who abandoned for ever a green isle of the ancient principality, to become the liege lady, and grace awhile these colder northern regions. At the upper end of this saloon first attracted my eye-sight a full length portrait of the late Douglas, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, at the early age of nineteen, when at Rome; who was as much celebrated for the beauty of his person as for the *éclat* of his station and abilities, and as the reigning favourite amongst the most distinguished females of his time. His grace is represented leaning against a pedestal, surmounted by a finely chiselled statue; the cast and pose of the head betoken an absorption of the mind, that, to those conversant in the histories of aristocratic life, might recall the beholder to a world of interesting retrospections. The details of this painting are correctly classic and well chosen. The artist, Bettoni, has selected in his dress all the *éclat* which constitutes the toilette of a man of distinction, but redeemed it from modern foppishness. Fragments of antique sculpture lie scattered at his feet; in the distance is a scene at Tivoli, with the matchless Temple of Vesta and the beauteous cascade. How sad are these lines that commemorate, but too truly, his conduct and his fate!

"Here lies entombed beneath this sculptured stone,
All that remains of princely Hamilton;
All that remains of beauty, strength, and health,
Graced by high lineage and the gifts of wealth!
Exulting nature, when the child was born,
Lavished her stores, her favourite to adorn;
And when the beauteous boy to manhood sprung,
Knit every joint, and every sinew strung;
Gave grace to motion, to exertion ease,
A mien unrivalled, and a power to please.
She clothed him with Perception's brightest beam,
She bathed his heart in Friendship's purest stream.
O'er his fine form her radiant mantle threw,
And with his strength her finest talents grew.
Ah! gifts neglected, talents misapplied,
Favours contemned, and talents unenjoyed!
At this sad shrine the serious man may find
A striking moral to improve his mind,
And the rash youth, who runs his wild career
May tremble at the lesson taught him here;
While baffled nature kneels desponding by,
And hails the shade of Douglas with a sigh."*

Opposite to this fine portrait, at the distant reach of the saloon, invincibly conclusive of the great contrasts of characters in christian life, is the intrepid figure of Marshal Conway, his keen eyes glancing towards the field of victory in the distance. The mingled looks of benevolence, energy, and resolution in his countenance, authorise and confirm the well-merited eulogium which Burke made on his appearance in the British senate on a well-known political occasion—"Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him, and his face, to use the expression of scripture of the first martyr, 'his face was as it had been the face of an angel.'"

The subject of the third picture is Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyll, clad as a Roman warrior, which produces a curious effect; a whim of a Flemish painter, John Baptiste Medina,† of whom the "thrice-told tale" continues to be circulated by the gossips at Inverary town, that, "to expedite the execution of his numerous orders from puissant personages, he journeyed from mansion to mansion with figures ready sketched, and costumé on canvass, to which, in all haste, he added the likenesses of the several individuals." The duke's two sons are represented reclining at his feet in this painting, the youngest of whom succeeded to the ducal honours, and built the present castle.

On the opposite side of the room are two tiers of ancient and modern portraits of the Argylls; silent witnesses, that connect the past and the present; and that led me to seek in the character of their several countenances those ominous presages of good or evil principles, those wondrous workings of mental thought and actions, that lured to happiness or to destruction, and decided the destiny of those

* As sad as they are appropriate! Mr. Duncan is the author of them, and of many works of the highest order of merit; but these stanzas are the most truthful and poetical he ever composed.

† A native of Brussels, settled at Edinburgh, knighted by his patron, the Duke of Queensberry.

already mingled with the dust, or which give a colouring to the daily life of the illustrious survivors, for the judgment, in their turn, of history; for 'tis a truth, "*La postérité rend chacun sa place, mais c'est au temple de la mémoire. Themistocle n'en meurt pas moins dans l'exil, Socrate en prison, et Sylla dans son lit.*"*

First in the lower tier, amongst the living line, in their nursery graces of childhood, is the most distinguished of females in every stage of her eventful life—alas! eventful only to herself—the Lady Charlotte Campbell, as a little girl, painted by Opie, who was wont, during his task, to give her kisses and sugar-plums to keep her quiet. She is seated beneath the umbrageous branches of an ancient oak, on a grassy knoll, caressing her lap-dog. The pink feather on her small dove-colour beaver, its streamers of rose-colour ribbons, appear to be waving in the morning's gale, while the gentle seriousness of her countenance appears prophetic of her fate. Near to her is the portrait of the present duke, in graver aspect and boyish costume, sketching a statue. Then did I contemplate awhile the resemblance of his grace's† younger brother and heir presumptive, in the occupation of leading his favourite dog by a string; a beaver hat and feathers set off an arch physiognomy, foretelling, in his earliest days, that pleasant vein of humour which gives a charm to intimacy, and that love of science, with many domestic virtues which leave the lasting impress of esteem. A beautiful likeness of their ill-fated but amiable and highly accomplished sister, the Lady Augusta, terminates this range of promising youth. Such a musician was this handsome lady, so sweetly she sang, so attuned to harmony was her soul in life, that during long hours she would stroll amid these solitudes on her ancestral domain, under the protection of these antique groves, pouring forth her mellifluous strains, as she were one of the choir of angels.‡

High above hangs the portrait of the unfortunate but gallant Marquis of Argyll, who suffered a tragic death in the reign of the luxurious Charles II.; a sacrifice, it may be called, that leaves a lasting stigma of inconsistency and ingratitude on that ill-counselled monarch's reputation, for having thus abandoned to the jealous machinations of his political adversaries a Protestant nobleman of the purest loyalty; who had been the foremost amongst his Scotch brethren to proclaim him king, after the illegal trial and death of his royal sire. This portrait is a companion to that of his son, the Earl of Argyll, by some historians erroneously styled "*the irresolute earl*"—a doleful sacrifice on the scaffold. He was seized on the banks of the Clyde, in arms against James Stuart. How emphatic was his exclamation on being arrested within view of a part of his hereditary demesne, the home of his youth—the verdant Roseneath—"Alas! unfortunate Argyll!"

But we must not fritter away the glory of this intrepid chieftain, as those chroniclers have attempted. He had been four years previously rescued from the scaffold by the address of his step-daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, who prevailed on him to assume the gallant character

* Madame Roland.

† Lord John Campbell, now Duke of Argyll, succeeded to the title in October 1839.

‡ The Lady Augusta married the present General Clavering, by whom she had several children, but only one daughter survives.

of her page, and in the act of holding that graceful dame's train he passed safely through the massive portal of Edinburgh prison. But recollections of iron bars and a threatened ignominious death could not stem the current of his devotion to the Protestant faith, and his brave compassion for his persecuted countrymen. The earl's poem, addressed to his fair preserver, Lady Sophia Lindsay, after his escape to Holland, is full of wild strains of piety, which should best set him off.

"You came an angel in the care to me,
Expressly sent to guide and set me free ;
The great gate opened of its own accord,
That word came to my mind, ' I praise the Lord !'

When I was out, I knew not where I went,
I cry'd to God, and he new angels sent ;
If ye do desire to know what pass'd since to me,
Read thro' the Book of Psalms, and think of me.

The world is here, as I have ever seen,
All do cry down what *is up*—what *hath been* ;
Debates for government on Church and State
Are still the devil's delight, and good men's hate.

All is but cheat till holiness get peace,
Till gospel laws be rules, and God give grace ;
God's secret laws are not yet understood,
The wrath of man may work the church's good.

Peace is not promised here, yet we may see
Religion flourish to a great degree,
And Zion freed from human tyranny ;
This may be here, but certainly above
There shall be always peace and always love.

O happy place ! where we shall always see
The blessed sight, perfect felicity !
A place beyond our panegyric far,
Where there is always peace, and never war.

I eat, and drink, and lodge so well,
It were a folly to attempt to tell
Such kindly care, for, furnished an' attended,
Were you to chalk it out, you could not mend it."

A magnificent portrait, by Gainsborough, of the grandfather of the present duke, seems to follow the spectator at every turn, with a stern and penetrating glance. Over the door, which opens into a small library, is a lustrous resemblance, in the French court dress of her day, of the Queen of Beauties, born in the Emerald Isle, and twice a duchess. And high above the mantel-piece appears a likeness of the late Lord Frederick Campbell, in his black robes, as Lord Keeper of the Records of Scotland.

But the portrait that longer riveted my attention in the second library, is that of Lady Charlotte Campbell in maiden womanhood, painted by Hopner. He has represented her as Aurora ; not an inappropriate character for her, whose complexion resembled the rose-ate flushes of the clouds of morn, who gladdened mortal sight by the

perpetual sunshine of her countenance; her rare simple-mindedness, her unworldly harmonious bearing, alike to the lowly and the great, when in the zenith of her loveliness and high prospectives; seem to challenge, as her lawful rights, an uninterrupted chain of the sweet courtesies of goodwill, even from the worldly world, with all the kind recompenses due to maternal love. But a pestilential breath sweeps o'er the land, and indurates the heart in domestic as well as in public life.

"What a misadventure in the wheel of fortune, that arrested the prosperity of this liege lady, for she was fitted to be a duchess endowed with wealth!" said an eminent literary character to me, not long since. Lady Charlotte's literary works are not duly appreciated. The fictions are realities; their moral tendency does not consist in sermonising or cant; but the lessons they inculcate are deduced from the facts narrated and the characters described: in proof of this, we would name the "Divorced" and the "Ensnared." Moreover, the work which will obtain for her hereafter very high consideration, both as a prose writer and a poetess, is "The Sanctuaries of Tuscany."

"Il ne suffit pas d'être aimé, il faut être apprécié."

Two brilliant specimens of the talents of Beechy, though in his usual hard style of colouring, are the portraits of King George III. and his scrupulously moral queen, a gift from their majesties to their well-beloved Duchess of Argyll, mistress of the robes.*

We turn from these proud memorials of justly acquired royal favour, into a small saloon: the walls are decorated with ancient tapestry, representing rural weddings and agricultural industry in the Netherlands. In the antechamber is the contrasting subject of a tournament, executed in body colours. But the state drawing-room is tapestried with splendid Gobelin, in the vivid colourings of actual life, as fresh as on the day it was removed from the looms. Representations of Arcadian scenes, such as pastoral poets made their themes, and bards did sing—Shepherds and Shepherdesses—Strephons and Damons with their Chloes, gathering the bounties of Ceres and Pomona—others reposing from their sunny toils in guileless simplicity and innocent playfulness, striking contrasts to the rustic tastes of our days, that might cause our boors to wonder; moreover, those of Scotia, inebriated, as they too frequently are, with "whisky toddy," their Annies, Jeanies, and Phemy's, in dirty garb, and Scotch slatternly household habitudes.

* This noble dame was the ambassadress from George III. to conduct the Princess of Mecklenburgh to England. The duke, loyal to the House of Hanover, was a great favourite, but took no active part in the political squabbles of the day.

To be continued.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"BUT, my dear Miss Wilmore, do listen to reason."

"No, Mr. Sterling," said the young lady, withdrawing her hand, "I will not listen to reason; and I think it rather unkind that you should make such a request of me."

"Pray forgive me; I thought that ladies were disposed to tolerate novelties, even when not of the most agreeable nature; and I am sure you were never asked to listen to reason till now. Miss Huntley has taken care of that."

"Do not wound my feelings, Mr. Sterling, by saying anything disrespectful of my dear governess. I owe the greatest obligations to her—she has made quite an idol of me."

"I agree in the last assertion, although not in the first. I do not want to make an idol of you, Selina, but to make a sensible woman of you."

"That is talking too much in papa's style to be acceptable to me."

"And is it proper, in a daughter, to allude thus contemptuously to the opinions of her father?"

"I do not know that there is anything improper in it. Dr. Johnson says, 'the moral right of a parent arises only from his kindness, and his civil right from his money.'"

"Then I am sure your father is entitled to respect on both grounds; his property is very large, he provided nobly for your education and comfort while he was in the West Indies, and he has loaded you with presents since he came over to England."

"Yes, but he is not willing to leave my heart and hand at my own disposal. Has he not told me that it is his unalterable will that I should marry the only son of his brother? Have I ever seen Horace Wilmore—how can I tell but that he is everything odious and repulsive?"

"I may answer your question by asking another—how can you tell but that he is everything attractive and fascinating?"

"Even supposing him to be so, it is painful that I should be contracted to him without seeing him."

"But you will see him before you marry him; your father will not require the ceremony to be performed by proxy, in the royal style. Will it not be time enough to form your objections against him, and to state them, after he has been introduced to you?"

"I shall be predetermined not to like him."

"Then you will be very unlike one of your favourite heroines; does not Juliet say, in regard to the County Paris,

'I'll look to like, if looking liking move!'"

"Yes; and you know how Juliet's engagement terminated."

"Very true, but there was another lover in the case. Now I am not aware that you have any Romeo, with whom you hold balcony colloquies by moonlight."

Miss Wilmore's cheek suddenly became crimson. "One reason for my conduct," said she, "is amply sufficient. I am actuated by the spirit of independence."

"No, you are not, Selina Wilmore, you are actuated by the spirit of contradiction!"

"And by what spirit is papa actuated, when he tells me that he will disinherit me, and turn me out of doors, if I refuse to give my consent to marry my cousin, whom I have never seen?"

"By the same spirit. I do not undertake to commend your father's conduct; but I do not think it so reprehensible as your own. It is his province to command, and yours, under certain limitations, to obey."

"And in what do these certain limitations consist?"

"I do not think any will exist. I am acquainted with Horace Wilmore, and I consider it very probable that you will like him so much, that you will give a ready and cheerful consent to the wishes of your father."

"I think parents might be satisfied to leave the choice of a lover to the discretion of their daughters."

"So they might; but, perhaps, they are not satisfied to leave it to their indiscretion!"

"A play upon words is no substitute for sound truth, Mr. Sterling."

"No, Selina, it is not; therefore I will give you sound truth in the shape of a piece of news; you will soon have an opportunity of judging of your cousin, for he is expected here the day after to-morrow."

"What a trial!" cried Selina, bursting into tears; "how awfully near the crisis of my fate approaches! The day after to-morrow did you say?—did I hear aright?"

"Miss Wilmore, I shall wish you good morning; I am not anxious to witness paroxysms, or listen to interrogations gleaned from second-rate romances. You have just inquired, 'Whether you have heard aright?' and I suppose, in a little while, you will ask, 'Why you were sent into the world,' and 'for what purpose you are permitted to live;' questions which I should be rather puzzled to answer. I hope all these delicate doubts will be thoroughly cleared up in your mind by the time I have again the pleasure of seeing you."

Mr. Sterling was quite right in his intimation that Selina Wilmore's mind had been contaminated by the designing flattery of an artful governess. Her father had sent her over, while quite young, from the West Indies, and directed that she should be placed at a fashionable seminary, and receive a first-rate education. When she attained the age of sixteen, it was his wish that a house and servants should be engaged for her, and that she should be established there under the care of a finishing governess. The bachelor friend, to whom this delicate commission was assigned, deemed himself particularly fortu-

nate when he engaged Miss Huntley, a lady-like, pleasing woman about thirty, who brought a long letter of recommendation from a viscountess, whose daughters she had finished to such admirable purpose, that they had all advantageous establishments during the first season of their introduction. Miss Huntley was determined to make herself agreeable to her young charge, and her fascinating manners met with their usual success. Soon, however, she began to think that she might render Selina's affectionate regard of use to her in more important matters than regarded her present comforts and consequence.

Miss Huntley had a brother several years younger than herself, who was clerk to a solicitor; he did not possess the talents or the manners of his sister, but he was remarkably handsome, and quite disposed to think that the easiest and best way of making his fortune in the world would be by uniting himself to a rich wife. Miss Huntley introduced him to her pupil—she carefully “crammed” him beforehand with compliments and love speeches from the minor poets and novelists, which he delivered with all the melodramatic grace that is to be acquired by a constant attendance at the minor theatres.

Selina had never been in habits of familiar intercourse with any other young man. She was pleased with his attention and admiration—touched by his sister's pathetic account of his devotion towards her—and if not talked into love, was talked into a feeling somewhat resembling it. It was not, however, the wish of Frederick Huntley, or his sister, to bind Selina by any serious ties till her father arrived in England. Frederick, as I have before said, was articled to a solicitor, and he knew many “o'er true tales” of disobedient daughters suddenly disinherited by unrelenting fathers; a running accompaniment of gallantry and flattery was therefore kept up by him towards Selina, but the important *finale* was delayed till “further notice.”

When Selina was about eighteen, Mr. Sterling, an intimate friend of her father's, who, with his family, had hitherto resided in Scotland, came to settle in London. He was anxious to show every attention to Selina, but his quick eye soon saw much that was objectionable and dangerous beneath the plating of Miss Huntley's highly polished manners. The lady, on her part, was quite sensible of the nature of the impression she had made, and forthwith pronounced Mr. Sterling a “bore,” and a “horror,” inducing Selina to coincide in her opinion, and also to despise the fashionless dress of Mrs. Sterling, and the quiet manners and moderate accomplishments of her daughters.

At length, Mr. Wilmore arrived in England; his health was bad, and he was ordered to proceed to Cheltenham; thither he was accompanied by Miss Huntley and his daughter, and the former soon found that her matrimonial scheming was likely to be ineffectual, for Mr. Wilmore, much in the style of a Spanish father in an old play, told Selina, almost as soon as he saw her, that it was his will she should bestow her hand on her cousin, his favourite nephew, who was shortly to follow him to Cheltenham. All that Miss Huntley could do, she did. She wrote immediately to her brother, who on the plea of indisposition obtained permission from his employer to visit Cheltenham, and had already had more than one private interview with Selina. Sterling, who was also at Cheltenham, endea-

voured, with unwearied activity and exemplary patience, to make peace between the father and daughter, and to impress each of them with a due sense of the good qualities of the other; but Selina and her father were too much alike to be very much attached; they were both fond of having their own way, hasty in forming an opinion, obstinate in adhering to it; in short, they were both deeply imbued with the spirit of contradiction.

When Sterling had left Selina's room, Miss Huntley flew to console with her pupil. She knew every word that Sterling had said to her, for Miss Huntley was one of that class of ladies who have a secret for assisting hearing, far superior to any ear cornets or voice conductors; she had a constant familiarity with the key-hole of every apartment in her vicinity, and many an important piece of news reached her by that easily-attained channel. She, however, affected to receive Selina's communication with the utmost surprise and horror.

"How deeply do I feel for you, my poor ill-fated girl!" she exclaimed, "the victim of tyranny dragged to the altar, compelled to pass a long life in the society of one repulsive and hateful to you. O what a lot is before you!"

Selina hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed bitterly. There is a story of a client, who, on hearing his counsel give a forcible description of his wrongs in court, burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "O dear! O dear! I never knew how much I had suffered till my counsel told me!" Such was the case with Selina; she had no idea, till informed of it by Miss Huntley, that she was the victim of so barbarous a system of oppression.

"Poor Frederick will break his heart when he hears of this," said Miss Huntley.

"I fear he will," replied Selina, "for he told me once that he should break his heart if anything deprived him of me; but I asked Mr. Sterling the other day if he thought people ever broke their hearts for love, and he said No, and that the medical men all laughed at the idea of such a thing."

"Ah, dearest Selina, this is a world in which everything tender and feeling is sure to be laughed at. I do not, however, think poor Frederick would have patience to wait and break his heart. I am of opinion he would lay violent hands on his life."

"O Isabella, do not talk in such a terrible manner—what a happy thing it is that the Chelt should be so narrow."

"It makes no difference, my love—the High Street is full of druggist's shops; you know Romeo destroyed himself by poison, and it is much more easy now to procure poison than it was in Romeo's time."

"Very true, so it is—oh! if Frederick were to destroy himself, I could never be happy again."

"You ought not to wish to be so, my dear," said Miss Huntley, gravely.

"Very true, I ought not—indeed a much less horrible thing than poor Frederick's death would suffice to render me miserable; just imagine him taking an eternal leave of me, and upbraiding me with my falsehood and inconstancy."

"I can well imagine it, my sweet girl; it would be just like the Master of Ravenswood receiving back his love-token from Lucy Ashton, and praying that she might not become a world's wonder for her deliberate perfidy."

"So it would," said Selina, shuddering, "and how dreadfully the story of the Bride of Lammermuir ends! But now, my dear friend, do leave me to my reflections—I am quite nervous and exhausted."

"I will with pleasure, my love," said the kind governess, impressing a tender kiss upon the cheek of her pupil; and for once Miss Huntley spoke with sincerity, for she was impatient to write an account of the whole matter to Frederick, and to impart to him some very luminous ideas which had flashed upon her mind while she was mounting guard at the keyhole.

Left to herself, Selina first bathed her eyes in rose-water, with a large quantity of which she had furnished her dressing-case, considering it indispensable to the stock in trade of a heroine; then she struck a few chords on a lute, then sang Sheridan's pretty song in the "Duenna," beginning,

"Thou can'st not boast of Fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call;"

and then opened a mother-of-pearl casket, and drew forth a packet of letters, tied with a blue and silver ribbon, which she began to peruse for the fifteenth time; they were love-letters from Frederick Huntley.

A word here on the subject of love-letters. The French have completely of late excelled themselves in the extreme beauty of their note paper, and the tender and appropriate mottos by which it is embellished; but there is a description of paper, of which I believe they know the secret, which I think far more desirable for love-letters than the most exquisite of their brightly-tinted sheets, embellished with laced borders, or painted wreaths. A gentleman of distinction in France once received a letter, warning him of some injuries intended towards him and his family; he placed it in his writing-desk, and the day afterwards wished to recur to it, when, to his great astonishment, he found it crumbled to atoms. The paper had been steeped in some chemical preparation that in a few hours had corroded and destroyed it. Now, if love-letters were always written on this paper, how much time would be saved! for young ladies must perforce compress their studies of these precious productions into a very short space of time—how many reputations would be saved, for destroyed letters, like dead men, can tell no tales—how many lawyers' fees would be saved, for the most skilful counsellors could never torture a heap of ashes into what they call "documents,"—how much patience would be saved, for although it is very delightful to read love-letters addressed to oneself, it is a painful effort of friendship to be obliged to listen to those addressed to other people—how unnecessary too would be the postscript, which is never attended to, "Burn this as soon as you have read it"—the "chemist's magic art" would make the request equal to a command sure to be obeyed.

I have heard the conundrum, "why is a love-letter like an Irish poplin?—because it is half stuff"—censured as very severe and misanthropic. In my opinion it is only too lenient and complimentary. What love-letter was ever only half stuff? Nine-tenths, at least, of their contents may be said to deserve that denomination. The letters of Frederick Huntley were wholly, solely, and decidedly stuff, made up of overstrained professions, flimsy compliments, hackneyed quotations, declarations of his hatred for money, and his adoration of beauty, and divers hints thrown together at random, in the kaleidoscope fashion, about parental tyranny, love in a cottage, roses, eternal truth, Gretna Green, and suicide. Selina read them all through, consigned them again to the casket, and then put her hand before her eyes, and fell into a kind of mournful reverie, in which prussic acid and coroner's inquests bore a principal part.

Sterling, on leaving Miss Wilmore's apartment, proceeded to that of her father.

"Well, have you made the communication I desired to my undutiful girl?" asked Mr. Wilmore.

"Yes, I have," replied Sterling, "and she has received it just as I expected, with tears and aversion—she requires patience, kindness, and argument."

"She requires a dark room, and bread and water!"

"Nay, Wilmore, you must have a little patience with her."

"I shall have no such thing—nobody ever had patience with me when I was young."

"And has that made you a more gentle and placable character now you are old?"

"I suppose," said Wilmore, evading an answer to the question, "that you would have me make over my property to Selina, and play the affectionate father-in-law to the first fiddler or dancing-master whom she chooses to present to me as a son."

"Now you do me injustice—I do not encourage Selina in rebellion—on the contrary, I have given her a lecture on the subject. I wish her to obey you."

"Very well; then why do you object to the means I have taken to ensure her obedience?"

"Because I think those means are not the best; if you had introduced your nephew to her without any comment on your intentions respecting him, the probability is that she would be pleased with his person and manners, and her heart would become interested in his favour; as it is, she has pictured him to herself as something repulsive and horrible, and the force of a predisposed fancy will induce her actually to consider him as such."

"What is that, but allowing that Selina is possessed with the spirit of contradiction?"

"It is a spirit too common in the world, Wilmore; nothing can exorcise it so effectually as reason."

"I shall not stoop to reason with a girl in leading-strings."

"Would that her leading-strings had been held by a wiser mistress—I do not think well of Miss Huntley."

"I do not know what fault you can find with her—I consider her

a very well-dressed, well-mannered, accomplished, polite woman, and if you say otherwise, I shall think you are yourself influenced by that spirit of contradiction of which you are so fond of talking."

"I am not going to say otherwise—I allow that Miss Huntley is all you assert, but I think her designing and artful."

"Very well, then there is the more reason to get rid of her, and on Selina's marriage she will of course leave her."

"And that Selina's marriage may be promoted, do, my dear Wilmore, let me prevail upon you to be kind and soothing in your manner towards her to-day; believe me, affection will do more with her than austerity."

Mr. Wilmore did not like either to refuse or to agree to this request; so he made an inarticulate sound, which might be supposed to mean whatever the hearer pleased, and Sterling, thanking him for his promise to be kind to Selina, left the room. Selina appeared at dinner, and her father kept his implied promise so well, that he did not say a severe word to her, contenting himself with talking at her, under cover of a brisk *piquant* sketch of the obstinacy, disrespect, and disobedience of the young people of the present day. Selina, by the advice of her affectionate preceptress, pleaded a headache, and retired early to her room, and then Miss Huntley, persuading her that the air would do her good, drew her into the garden, opened the garden gate, and led her to a quiet walk at a short distance, where they were joined by Frederick Huntley. The wily sister and flattering brother then proposed a plan to Selina, which the former had concocted that morning, and confided to Frederick in the hasty note she sent him; it was, that Selina should escape from her father's roof the ensuing day, to avoid the sight of the dreaded Horace Wilmore; not, however, with Frederick for her companion, for Frederick had no inclination for the lady without the fortune, and that depended entirely on Mr. Wilmore's caprice, but that she should accompany Miss Huntley to London, and go with her to the house of her mother, who resided in Somers Town, and there remain until she was invited home, with the permission of making her own conditions. It was arranged that Frederick should remain at Cheltenham, in order that no suspicion might rest on him; that he should furnish his sister and Selina with daily information of the manner in which affairs were progressing in Mr. Wilmore's house; and that if he found him so much oppressed with grief for his daughter's loss as to be anxious for her restoration on any terms, he would then hold out to him the hope that if Horace Wilmore were dismissed, and Selina permitted to make her own election of a husband, he would reveal to him the safe and honourable retreat in which for a time she had thought well to conceal herself with her governess.

Selina saw nothing in this plan but the most careful regard for her own reputation, and the most tender respect to the feelings of her father. In reality, however, it was a very selfish, artful scheme. If Frederick, who remained on the spot, saw any appearance of relenting in the old gentleman, he would be ready to make his own terms, and only restore Selina on the condition of receiving her back again with an appropriate fortune. If, on the contrary, Mr. Wilmore were violent

and threatening, and talked of search-warrants and the police, Frederick meant at once to reveal Selina's place of refuge, and to prove to Mr. Wilmore that, as she had never been absent from her governess since her elopement, and had gone directly to the house of that governess's mother, no stain could rest on her character, unless it were affixed there by her father giving injudicious publicity to her act of disobedience.

The next day the plan was carried into execution. Mr. Wilmore dined with a friend, and as soon as he had left the house, Miss Huntley and Selina followed him, leaving word that they should not return till late at night, and got into the postchaise which the latter had ordered to be in waiting for them at a little distance. They travelled till a late hour, took a few hours' rest on the road, and reached London the middle of the following day. Selina left behind her a brief note to her father, in which she said that she had withdrawn herself for a time, to avoid a hated marriage—that Miss Huntley had kindly acquiesced in her wish that she should become her companion, and that if her dear father only promised to show her the forbearance and kindness which it would be her study through life to deserve, she should be most happy at an early period to return to his protection.

I will pass over the rage of Mr. Wilmore when he discovered his daughter's flight, and follow Selina and her governess to Somers Town. All my readers who have been familiar with the various circles of life, must have observed the very great difference which usually exists between governesses and their connexions. The governess who has lived for some years in the families of the aristocracy, acquires not only their manners and habits, but their proud pity for those of an inferior station, and their horror of all the thousand and one contrivances of middling life; while the relations of the governess, it is probable, live in frugal economy, dine at two o'clock, and eat with steel forks, without a thought of the enormities they are committing, or the commiseration they are exciting. Now, Isabella Huntley had been a fashionable governess for ten years, and had shown wonderful facility in imbibing ideas of superfine luxury. On one occasion she thought of condescending to live in the family of a rich merchant, tempted by the magnitude of the salary she was to receive; but the negotiation was nipped in the bud by the lady mentioning arithmetic as a part of the instructions that she wished Miss Huntley to bestow upon her daughters.

"I could never think of teaching my pupils anything which would be so useless to them," replied Miss Huntley; "of course, the accounts of a lady's personal expenses would always be kept by her own maid, and those of general expenditure by her housekeeper; therefore, why should she waste her time in learning that which she could never be called on to practise in after life?"

The lady was a simple-minded, kind-hearted woman, and although she declined receiving Miss Huntley as a governess for her daughters, she made allowance for the absurd pretension of her speech, supposing that she had been reduced from elevated circumstances, and probably had been brought up in utter helplessness. Few household managers, however, were more accurately versed in the minutiae of accounts than

Miss Huntley's mother ; she resolutely refused to pay the odd halfpence of her weekly bills, and if a penny roll too much were charged in her baker's account, dire were the anathemas which descended on his devoted head, and endless were the suspicions which pursued him through subsequent weeks. Mrs. Huntley, indeed, was a thorough specimen of a "restless matron" in the lowest grade of middling life ; and Miss Huntley, as the post-chaise proceeded towards Somers Town, became deeply concerned that she had not had time to warn her mother of their visit, and nervously anxious as to the employment in which they should find her engaged, which she apprehended would certainly not be studying a poem, or sketching a landscape. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and Isabella felt as conscious as if she possessed the gift of second sight, that her mother would be performing some very atrocious act. She was startled from her reverie by the soft, sweet voice of Selina Wilmore. "How I long to see Mrs. Huntley !" said she ; "I am sure the mother of you and dear Frederick must be such a very delightful person ! I am prepared to admire and love her ; sometimes I fancy that she is stately and dignified, like the mother of Mortimer Delville—sometimes that she is gentle and melancholy, like——"

"My dear girl," said Miss Huntley, rather impatiently, "there is no resemblance in my mother to any lady of whom you have read in a novel ; you must not expect to see her polished and refined ; but she is a very good woman."

Selina looked as aghast and horrified at being told that her future mother-in-law was a good woman, as if she had been informed that she was precisely the contrary, but she was prevented from answering by the chaise drawing up to Mrs. Huntley's door.

An ingenious auctioneer, frequently, in advertising a house in the outskirts of London, says that "it combines the advantages of town and country ;" now Mrs. Huntley's domicile combined the disadvantages of both. It was a small house, in a newly-built row, which had been erected by an unfortunate speculator, who had been only able to complete half the houses ; the rest remained in their shells, till some economical house-agent should buy and finish them. Mrs. Huntley boasted of a garden behind her house, which, at the time of the visitors' arrival, presented an appearance of dazzling whiteness, not from the snowy blossoms of the fruit-trees, but from the long files of newly-washed linen that were hung on lines across it. Mrs. Huntley herself was inspecting, contriving, directing, and reproving ; and the lady who was to resemble the mother of Mortimer Delville came forward to meet her guests in a checked apron, a gingham gown with the sleeves turned up, and a close cap considerably the worse for wear, bound round her head by a faded apple-green ribbon. Everything turned out as ill as Miss Huntley's most gloomy prognostications could have shadowed forth.

Great was Mrs. Huntley's consternation at the sight of her ultra fine daughter, and the lovely young heiress whom she had been told she was likely to have for a daughter-in-law. But a few words from Isabella put her in possession of the facts of the case, and, like a skilful commander, she set herself, as quickly as possible, to change the

whole aspect of affairs by ordering the linen to be taken down and thrown into clothes-baskets, ushering the travellers into the best parlour, sending them up a particularly ill-cooked refreshment, and finally arraying herself in the glories of a cinnamon-coloured silk gown, and a turban-cap, bought three years ago, and still as good as new.

Selina was shocked at this specimen of her mother-in-law, and of her lover's early home—a cottage, with roses and jessamine twining round the casements, and a repast of brown bread and strawberries and cream, would have delighted her; but she was not prepared for the bustling penury of Mrs. Huntley's establishment, and not at all fascinated by the manners of that lady, or of her youngest daughter, a shy, frightened-looking girl of fourteen, who first met their eyes in curl-papers and a brown holland pinafore, and who now sat before them in all the uneasy primness of her dancing-school frock of stiff book-muslin. Mrs. Huntley's conversation, during great part of the evening, consisted of violent invectives against her maid of all work, who, strange to say, appeared rather disconcerted at the vast influx of business which poured in upon her in consequence of the arrival of the visitors; and Mrs. Huntley was still more unreasonable than the country manager, who expected a singer of two guineas a week to have the voice of one of twenty guineas. She fully expected the solitary servant, to whom she paid six guineas a year, to do the work of three clever and experienced domestics at high wages.

Selina arose the next morning languid and dispirited; and the coarse flattery of Mrs. Huntley, who praised her beauty, her elegance, and her singing, with unbounded prodigality, hurt and oppressed her. The polished manners of Isabella, and the lover-like devotion of Frederick, had made the same sort of flattery, it is true, very delightful to her from their lips, but when deprived of its extraneous garb of refinement, she felt the hollowness and worthlessness of it.*

* To be continued.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY 1840.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions. Part II.
By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

In his preface to the first three volumes of this work, Captain Marryat intimated that he had left untouched the most important parts of his subject, and that he intended to treat them at some future period, when he would give us the *rationale* of all—the philosophy of the thing, &c. In the three volumes now before us, the captain has scarcely realized any such plan: like the preceding three, they abound in striking sketches of scenery and outward manners, with little anecdotes that may assist the judgment; but as for philosophy, they lack it altogether. We doubt not that they will thus please a larger number of readers; but to come up to his first preface, Captain Marryat must try his hand at three volumes more. Probably it is his intention so to do—and yet we have some misgivings whether, were he to write thirty instead of three, he would achieve any political philosophy. Indeed, in the matter with which he now presents us, he seems somewhat incapable of taking wide views; and wherever he generalises, he follows de Tocqueville, or goes wrong. His mind is keen, but it requires something more than keenness to make philosophy. We are perfectly well aware that the captain will set us down as blockheads for this opinion, but we cannot help it; and, notwithstanding this certainty, we can warmly praise what is good in the book; and recommend it to our readers as being, in some parts, very light and very amusing. We are sorry to see that the captain most ungallantly perseveres in his animosity to Miss Martineau, omitting no occasion to pick a quarrel with her. What can Miss Martineau have done to the captain to excite all this wrath?

The first five chapters of the first volume of this Second Part are
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devoted to the way and means of travelling in the United States, and contain singularly little information that can be called new; though there are some good sketches, and one or two valuable additions to Joe Miller.

"When I was at Tremont House, I was very intimate with a family who were staying there. One morning we had been pasting something, and the bell was rung by one of the daughters, a very fair girl with flaxen hair, who wanted some water to wash her hands. An Irish waiter answered the bell. 'Did you ring, ma'am?'—'Yes, Peter, I want a little warm water.' 'Is it to *shave with*, miss?' inquired Paddy, very gravely."

The following is consoling, but the best part of it is M. de Tocqueville's; and the statistical figures have been given more correctly elsewhere.

"But the emigration from the old continent is of little importance, compared to the migration which takes place in the country itself.

"As I before observed, all America is working west. In the north, the emigration by the lakes is calculated at 100,000 per annum, of which about 30,000 are foreigners; the others are the natives of New England and other eastern States, who are exchanging from a sterile soil to one 'flowing with milk and honey.' But those who migrate are not all of them agriculturalists; the western States are supplied from the north-eastern with their merchants, doctors, schoolmasters, lawyers, and, I may add, with their members of congress, senators, and governors. New England is a *school*, a sort of manufactory of various professions, fitted for all purposes—a talent bazaar, where you have everything at choice; in fact, what Mr. Tocqueville says is very true, and the States fully deserve the compliment:—

"'The civilization of New England has been like a beacon lit upon a hill, which, after it has diffused its warmth around, tinges the distant horizon with its glory.'"

We are glad to see the Captain speaks rather respectfully of American cookery. Certes there is philosophy in what follows:—

"The cookery in the United States is exactly what it is and must be everywhere else—in a ratio with the degree of refinement of the population. In the principal cities, you will meet with as good cookery in private houses as you will in London, or even Paris; indeed, considering the great difficulty which the Americans have to contend with, from the almost impossibility of obtaining good servants, I have often been surprised that it is so good as it is. At Delmonico's, and the Globe Hotel at New York, where you dine from the Carte, you have excellent French cookery; so you have at Astor House, particularly at private parties; and, generally speaking, the cooking at all the large hotels may be said to be good; indeed, when it is considered that the American table-d'hôte has to provide for so many people, it is quite surprising how well it is done. The daily dinner, at these large hotels, is infinitely superior to any I have ever sat down to at the *public* entertainments given at the Free-Masons' Tavern, and others in London, and the company is usually more numerous. The bill of fare of the table-d'hôte of the Astor House is *printed every day*. I have one with me, which I shall here insert, to prove that the eating is not so bad in America as described by Mr. Cooper.

" ASTOR HOUSE, Wednesday March 21, 1838.

Table-d'Hôte.

Vermicelli Soup	Ronde de Bœuf
Boiled Cod Fish and Oysters	Fricandeau de Veau aux Epinards
Do. Corn'd Beef	Côtelettes de Mouton Panée
Do. Ham	Macaroni au Parmesan
Do. Tongue	Roast Beef
Do. Turkey and Oysters	Do. Pig
Do. Chickens and Pork	Do. Veal
Do. Leg of Mutton	Do. Leg of Mutton
Oyster Pie	Do. Goose
Cuisse de Poulet Sauce Tomate	Do. Turkey
Poitrine de Veau au Blanc	Do. Chickens
Salade de Volaille	Do. Wild Ducks
Ballon de Mouton au Tomate	Do. Wild Geese
Tête de Veau en Marinade	Do. Guinea Fowl
Casserolette de Pomme de Terre garnie	Roast Brandt
Compote de Pigeon	Queen Pudding
Rolleau de Veau à la Jardinière	Mince Pie
Côtelettes de Veau Sauté	Cream Puffs
Filet de Mouton Piqué aux Oignons	DESSERT

" There are some trifling points relative to eating which I shall not remark upon until I speak of society, as they will there be better placed. Of course, as you advance into the country, and population recedes, you run through all the scale of cookery until you come to the '*corn bread, and common doings*,' (i. e. bread made of Indian meal, and fat pork,) in the far West. In a new country, pork is more easily raised than any other meat, and the Americans eat a great deal of pork, which renders the cookings in the small taverns very greasy; with the exception of the Virginian farm taverns, where they fry chickens without grease in a way which would be admired by Ude himself; but this is a State receipt, handed down from generation to generation, and called *chicken fixings*. The meat in America is equal to the best in England; Miss Martineau does indeed say that she never ate good beef during the whole time she was in the country; but she also says that an American stage-coach is the most delightful of all conveyances, and a great many other things, which I may hereafter quote, to prove the idiosyncrasy of the lady's disposition; we will let that pass, with the observation that there is no accounting for taste."

The Captain assures us that the Americans drink a great deal more than the English, and that port-wine in America is seldom good. He gives a long list of wines, with their prices in column; but we omit this, and insert the following philosophical details:

"The quantity of champagne drunk is enormous, and would absorb all the vintage of France, were it not that many hundred thousand bottles are consumed more than imported.

"The small state of New Jersey has the credit of supplying the *American* champagne, which is said to be concocted out of turnip juice, mixed with brandy and honey. It is a pleasant and harmless drink, a very good imitation, and may be purchased at six or seven dollars a dozen. I do not know what we shall do when America fills up, if the demand for champagne should increase in proportion to the population; we had better drink all we can now.

"Claret, and the other French wines, do very well in America, but where the Americans beat us out of the field is in their Madeira, which certainly is of a quality which we cannot procure in England. This is owing to the extreme heat and cold of the climate, which ripens this wine; indeed, I may almost say, that I never tasted good Madeira until I arrived in the United States. The price of wines, generally speaking, is very high, considering what a trifling duty is paid, but the price of good Madeira is surprising. There are certain brands, which if exposed to public auction, will be certain to fetch from twelve to twenty, and I have been told even forty dollars a bottle. I insert a list of the wines at Astor House, to prove that there is no exaggeration in what I have asserted. Even in this list of a tavern, the reader will find that the best Madeira is as high as twelve dollars a bottle, and the list is curious from the variety which it offers.

"But the Americans do not confine themselves to foreign wines or liqueurs; they have every variety at home, in the shape of compounds, such as mint-julep and its varieties; slings in all their varieties; cocktails,—but I really cannot remember, or, if I could, it would occupy too much time to mention the whole battle array against one's brains. I must, however, descant a little upon the mint-julep, as it is, with the thermometer at 100°, one of the most delightful and insinuating potations that ever was invented, and may be drunk with equal satisfaction when the thermometer is as low as 70°. There are many varieties, such as those composed of Claret, Madeira, &c.; but the ingredients of the real mint-julep are as follows. I learnt how to make them, and succeeded pretty well. Put into a tumbler about a dozen sprigs of the tender shoots of mint, upon them put a spoonful of white sugar, and equal proportions of peach and common brandy, so as to fill it up one-third, or perhaps a little less. Then take rasped or pounded ice, and fill up the tumbler. Epicures rub the lips of the tumbler with a piece of fresh pine-apple, and the tumbler itself is very often incrustated outside with stalactices of ice. As the ice melts, you drink. I once overheard two ladies talking in the next room to me, and one of them said, 'Well, if I have a weakness for any one thing, it is for a mint-julep—' a very amiable weakness, and proving her good sense and good taste. They are, in fact, like the American ladies, irresistible.

"The Virginians claim the merit of having invented this superb compound, but I must dispute it for my own country, although it has been forgotten of late. In the times of Charles I. and II. it must have been known, for Milton expressly refers to it in his *Comus*:—

'Behold this cordial julep here
Which flames and dances in its crystal bounds
With spirits of *balm* and *fragrant syrups* mixed.
Not that *Nepenthes*, which the wife of *Thone*
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*,
Is of such power to stir up joy like this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.'

"If that don't mean mint-julep, I don't know the English language."

These details about travelling, eating and drinking, &c., are followed by chapters on emigration, the newspaper press, American authors, society, and the Mississippi. In his chapter upon "Authors," the captain seems to think that that class of men are underpaid everywhere, and that the best means of enlarging their profits would be to put an extinguisher upon all circulating libraries, book-clubs, and retail booksellers. Some of his remarks are more charitable and

more valuable, We cite the following upon the interesting subject of international copyright.

“ When I arrived at Washington, I thought it would be worth while to ascertain the opinion of any of the members of Congress I might meet ; and one fine morning I put the question to one of the Loco foco delegates ; when the following conversation took place : —

“ ‘ Why, Captain, there is much to be said on this subject. Your authors have petitioned our Congress, I perceive. The petition was read last session.’

“ (Many of the Americans appeared to be highly gratified at the idea of an English petition having been sent to Congress.)

“ ‘ I believe it was.’

“ ‘ Well, now, you see, Captain, what you ask of us is to let you have your copyright in this country, as you allow our authors their copyright in yours ; and I suppose you mean to say that if we do not, that our authors shall have no copyright in your country. We’ll allow that, but still I consider you ask too much, as the balance is on our side most considerably. Your authors are very numerous—ours are not. It is very true, that you can steal our copyrights, as well as we can yours. But if you steal ten, we steal a hundred. Don’t you perceive that you ask us to give up the advantage?’

“ ‘ O, certainly,’ replied I ; ‘ I have nothing more to say on the subject. I’m only glad of one thing.’

“ ‘ And what may that be, Captain?’

“ ‘ That I did not sign the petition.’

“ ‘ No, we observed that your name was not down, which rather surprised us.’

“ To this cogent argument of the honourable member I had no reply ; and this was the first and last time that I broached the subject when at Washington ; but after many conversations with American gentlemen on the subject, and examination into the real merits of the case, I came to the conclusion that the English authors never would obtain a copyright in the United States as long as the present party are in power.

“ Their principal argument raised against the copyright is as follows :—

“ ‘ It is only by the enlightening and education of the people that we can expect our institutions to hold together. You ask us to tax ourselves, to check the circulation of cheap literature, so essential to our welfare, for the benefit of a few English authors. Are the interests of thirteen millions of people to be sacrificed, the foundation of our government and institutions to be shaken, for such trivial advantages as would be derived by a few foreign authors? Your claim has the show of justice, we admit ; but when the sacrifice to justice must be attended with such serious consequences, must we not adhere to expediency?’

“ Now, it so happens that the very reverse of this argument has already proved to be the case from the denial of copyright. The enlightening of a people can only be produced by their hearing the truth, which they cannot and do not, under existing regulations, receive from their own authors, as I have already pointed out ; and the effects of their refusal of the copyright to English authors is, that the American publishers will only send forth such works as are likely to have an immediate sale, such as the novels of the day, which may be said at present to comprise nearly the whole of American reading. Such works as might *enlighten* the Americans are not so rapidly saleable as to induce an American publisher to risk publishing when there is such competition. What is the consequence?—that the Americans are amused, but not instructed or enlightened.

“ According to the present system of publication in America, the grant of copyright would prove to be of advantage only to a few authors—of

course, I refer to the most popular. I had free admission to the books of one of the largest publishing houses in the United States, and I extracted from them the profits received by this house for works of a certain reputation. It will be perceived that the editions published are not large. The profits of the American houses chiefly result from the *number of works* published, each of them yielding a moderate profit, which, when collected together, swell into a large sum-total.

	Copies printed.	Trade price.
Fielding	2,500	104 cents, many left unsold.
Prior's Life of Goldsmith	750	200 „ sold.
Arethusa	1,250	70 „ all sold.
Abel Allnutt	1,250	52 „ almost all sold.
Fellow Commoner	2,000	70 „ many on hand.
Rifle Brigade	2,000	37 „ many on hand.
Sharpe's Essays	1,000	54 „ one-half sold.

“ Now, as there are one hundred cents to a dollar, and the expenses of printing, paper, and advertising, have to be deducted, as well as the copies left on hand, it will be evident, that the profit on each of the above works would be too small to allow the publishers in America to give even twenty pounds for the copyright; the consequence of a copyright would therefore be, that the major portion of the works printed would not be published at all, and better works would be substituted. Of course, such authors as Walter Scott, Byron, Bulwer, &c., have a most extensive sale, and the profits are in proportion; but then it must be remembered that a great many booksellers publish editions, and the profits are divided accordingly. Could Sir Walter Scott have obtained a copyright in the United States, it would have been worth to him, by this time, at least a hundred thousand pounds.

“ The Americans talk so much about their being the most enlightened nation in the world, that it has been generally received to be the case. I have already stated my ideas on this subject, and I think that the small editions usually published, of works not standard or elementary, prove that, with the exception of newspapers, they are not a *reading* nation. The fact is, they have no time to read; they are all at work; and if they get through their daily newspaper, it is quite as much as most of them can effect. Previous to my arrival in the United States, and even for some time afterwards, I had an idea that there was a much larger circulation of every class of writing in America than there really is. It is only the most popular English authors, as Walter Scott, or the most fashionable, as Byron, which have any extensive circulation. The works which at present the Americans like best are those of fiction, in which there is anything to excite or amuse them—which is very natural, considering how actively they are employed during the major portion of their existence, and the consequent necessity of occasional relaxation. When we consider the extreme cheapness of books in the United States, and the enormous price of them in this country, the facilities of reading them there, and the difficulty attending it here from the above causes, I have no hesitation in saying, that, as a *reading nation*, the United States cannot enter into comparison with us.”

The second volume opens with a chapter upon “ Women,” in the course of which the captain falls with still increasing fury upon Miss Martineau. It is a strange way of showing his respect to the sex in general. Upon the whole, the chapter is complimentary to the ladies of the United States, notwithstanding a certain want of delicacy, and an occasional awkwardness of expression.

“ The women of America are unquestionably, physically, as far as

beauty is concerned, and morally, of a higher standard than the men; nevertheless they have not that influence which they ought to possess."

The following note is uncomfortable :

"Bigamy is not uncommon in the United States, from the women being in too great a hurry to marry, and not obtaining sufficient information relative to their suitors. The punishment is chipping stone in Sing Sing for a few years. It must, however, be admitted, that when a foreigner is the party, it is rather difficult to ascertain whether the gentleman has or has not left an old wife or two in the Old World."

The captain vehemently denies that the American ladies are addicted to tippling, and he says that it is a pity that they do not take more wine, as then "they would not suffer from dyspepsia, as they now do, as wine would assist their digestion." He seems to rejoice in a pleasant fact.

"In the United States, divorces are obtained without expense, and without it being necessary to commit crime, as in England. The party pleads in *forma pauperis* to the State Legislation, and a divorce is granted upon any grounds which may be considered as just and reasonable."

This chapter upon women is succeeded by chapters upon "Public opinion, or the majority," "Patriotism," "England and the United States," "General character," "Aristocracy," "Government," and "Constitution,"—in all which portions of his work the Captain's obligations to M. de Tocqueville are very obvious.

The third volume has nothing to do with the United States, either *philosophically* or otherwise. It is wholly devoted (with the exception of an Appendix of some fifty pages) to the Canadas and the Edinburgh Review, or rather to *Miss Martineau*. And here we think that we discover the cause of the Captain's wrath against that accomplished and original-minded lady; for it is made to appear that he believes her to be the author of the review of the first portion of this present work, which appeared some time ago in the "Edinburgh."

Captain Marryat is of opinion that the Canadas are most important possessions, which ought to be defended to the last. He has some excellent remarks on the causes of the late unhappy insurrection, and the present state of those provinces; but, upon the whole, we prefer Lord Durham's report, from which the Captain quotes very largely. He seems indeed, at the present moment, to be in a very quoting humour; for, at least one-third of what is now in our hands is made up of quotations from recent books, American reports, American newspapers, &c.

The Appendix is wholly occupied by a "discourse on the evidences of the American Indians being the descendants of the *lost tribes of Israel*," and on the possibility and probability of the restoration of the Jews, and the re-erecting one of the greatest kingdoms of the earth at Jerusalem.

Voyages of the Dutch Brig of War Dourga, through the Southern and little-known parts of the Moluccan Archipelago, and along the unknown Southern Coast of New Guinea, performed during the years 1825 and 1826. By D. H. KOLFF, Jun., Luitenant ter zee, 1^o klasse. Translated from the Dutch, by GEORGE WINDSOR EARL, Author of the "Eastern Seas."

The numerous islands lying between the Moluccas and Australia have hitherto been very little known to the world. Peter Peterson, a Dutch navigator, appears to have been the first European that ever visited them. In 1636, during a voyage to examine the northern coasts of Australia, which had been discovered thirty years before by a small Dutch vessel, Peterson touched at the Arru group; and six years subsequently to his visit, the islands were again visited by the Dutch, who induced the native chiefs to acknowledge the supremacy of the Dutch East India Company; and to bind themselves (according to the precious European system of that time) to trade with no other European nation. The Dutch monopolized the Pearl banks, and conveyed the produce to Japan, where they found a ready and profitable market. These advantages, however, were not to be secured without an armed force; and consequently they distributed among the islands small bodies of troops, who not only looked after the Pearl banks, but vigorously sought for and uprooted all the spice trees which grew there, in order to restrict that profitable trade within narrow limits, and to enhance the value of the commodity by limiting the production. Such was the blind, barbarous commercial policy of the good old times. It was common to all European nations, but we apprehend it cannot be denied that the Dutch distinguished themselves by carrying it out to its extreme latitude, and by enforcing it with unusual severity and cruelty. *Pour sourcroix de bonheur*, the Dutch, after destroying the spice trees, carried away the natives as slaves, to cultivate the clove and nutmeg trees in Banda and Amboyna, the only settlements in which their high mightinesses allowed spices to be grown. But smugglers, who are in some respects the greatest disciples and teachers of free trade and true political economy, crept into the Arru group; and, in spite of Dutch restrictions and Dutch muskets, other European nations got a share of the traffic, and carried off pearls, amber, tortoiseshell, and birds of paradise. Towards the close of the last century the Dutch withdrew their military establishments, and then the Bughis, an enterprising people from the island of Celebes, and Chinese merchants from Java and Macassar, engrossed the trade; being favoured by the wars which the French revolution brought upon all the nations of Europe. The British, in the course of those wars, seized the Moluccas, but apparently paid no attention to the Arru group. When by the great treaty of Vienna the Dutch were put in possession of the Moluccas, and their other settlements in those seas, their East India Company had ceased to exist; but their king—a great monopoliser and enemy to the doctrines of free trade—held the traffic with the Moluccas in fetters. His majesty, however, did

not grasp at the Arru islands, where the Chinese, the Javanese, and the Bughis continued their profitable trade with the natives.

In the year 1819, Sir Stamford Raffles, one of the greatest servants of that wonderful company which has produced and trained so many great men, founded Singapore, a most important era in the history of the Archipelago; for that settlement put a new life into commerce, and spread far and wide the seeds of civilisation. Among the first who profited were the enterprising Bughis, who flocked to Singapore by thousands, delighted at the opportunity of disposing of their produce, without being subjected to extortionate imposts, or the annoyances of custom-house officers, which had hitherto checked their enterprise. Still, however, Arru, and the islands in the eastern part of the Archipelago, were too remote to partake of the benefits offered, to any large amount. In order to remove these difficulties, and to establish an intercourse with the natives of the Arru group, a British settlement was formed in 1824 by Captain, now Sir John Bremer, on Melville Island, near the coast of Australia; and subsequently a settlement was formed at Raffles Bay. Unhappily the authorities at Melville Island were ill acquainted with the matter, and two small vessels, which they sent successively among the Arru islands, never returned; nor was it known what had become of them until this Dutch brig of war, *Dourga*, went thither, when it was learned that both these vessels had directed their course to barbarous parts of the group, previously unvisited by foreigners, and that the savage natives had attacked and plundered them, and murdered their crews. The object of this Dutch voyage, undertaken in the year 1825, shortly after the settlement of the British in Melville Island, was to ascertain the condition and resources of the Arru group, and whether the Dutch could recover their old ascendancy in that quarter. Lieutenant Kolff, like a good Dutchman, describes the people as entertaining a most grateful recollection of their old masters, and their willingness to submit again to their sway. To this we shall only say, in the words of Chancellor Eldon—"we doubt." About two years ago, the present British government resolved to found another settlement in that part of the world. H. M. ships *Alligator* and *Britomart*, under the command of Sir Gordon Bremer, were sent out; and during the voyage Mr. Earl, who was serving on board the *Alligator*, arranged for publication this translation of Lieutenant Kolff's book, which had been very properly consulted as a good guide, containing the most recent information.

The book is written in good plain sailor-like style, without any attempts at finery, and with a smack of that gusto which makes the books of the old voyagers such delightful reading. We have always been of opinion that Dr. Hawkesworth, and the other professional penmen who have at different times dressed up the plain narratives of our seamen, ought to be stript naked themselves and whipped, or, at the least, put in the pillory.

On some matters Lieutenant Kolff is rather droll. He always calls the natives who attempt to secure their independence, rebels, and he never admits that his countrymen have been hard taskmasters or abusers of their power. He, however, lets out that the Bughis, the

Javanese, and all the rest, are constantly taking up arms against the Dutch, nor was he himself without danger of being cut off by the *rebels*. We cannot help believing that Sir Stamford Raffles was right when he deplored, on the score of humanity, that the great island of Java should have been restored to these Hollanders, and that we should have contented ourselves with retaining the, in every sense, inferior island of Sumatra. But bygones will be bygones, and now we can only wish, for the sake both of the Dutch and the natives, that the former may exhibit more mildness, moderation, and liberality, than they have hitherto done.

It is said that the old Dutch settlers sowed the seeds of Christianity in the Arru islands. If so, they have produced no fruit among the people called Arafuras, the aborigines of the islands, who lived under the control of conquerors whose conquests date long before any European visited those islands. A Dutch officer, named Bik, who concluded that the Arafuras had no religion at all, attempted to convert them. He spoke of the immortality of the soul. They replied, "No Arafura has ever returned to us after death, therefore we know nothing of a future state, and this is the first time we have heard of it." Bik then asked upon whom they called for help in their need and danger. An elder of the party, having consulted the others, answered, that they knew not on whom to call for assistance, but begged him, if *he* knew, to be so good as to inform them. Bik told them that there was a God who had made everything, and who was everywhere. "This idea," says Bik, "was too abstruse for the Arafuras; for one of them answered—'Then this God is certainly in your arrack, for I never feel happier than when I have drunk plenty of it.'"

And yet Lieutenant Kolff says, "It is certainly worthy of remark, that these simple Arafuras, without hope of reward, or fear of punishment after death, live in such peace and brotherly love with one another, and that they recognise the right of property, in the fullest sense of the word, without there being any other authority among them than the decisions of their elders, according to the customs of their forefathers, which are held in the highest regard. During my stay among them I never perceived the least discord, either among themselves or with their neighbours, which, one would suppose, might naturally take place from the clashing of their interests in the Trepanng fishery, or from their appetite for strong drink. This last is the chief, if not the sole, vice which exists among them." We wish the lieutenant himself had had a little of this practical Christianity, for then he would have had a better notion of true political economy, which is only an application of the great lesson of the Founder of the faith—to live brotherly with one another, to do as we would be done by—and he would have spared us those anathemas against *English smugglers*, as he calls all our countrymen who attempt to trade with the natives. We suspect, however, that if this book had been written subsequently, instead of previously, to the events of the year 1830, the lieutenant would have been still more furious against the British flag. But, writing even when he did, he had the unblushing effrontery to lay it down as a positive fact that the English were considered as a barbarous people, who had caused the natives to retrograde in point of civilisation.

We quote part of his account of the Arru Islands.

"On the 26th we arrived off the Arru Islands. The westernmost islands of this group (Wama, Wokan, Maykor, and Wadia) are inhabited, the three first by Christians, and the latter by Mohammedans, the eastern isles being occupied by Arafuras, who live under the control of the others.

"Since our departure from the Matabella Islands, we had experienced a set of current to the westward of twenty-four miles, which would render it impossible for an inferior sailing vessel to beat up to the Arru Islands during the east monsoon. Under the guidance of our pilot, but with the precaution of having our boats a-head, we ran along the west coasts of Wadia and Wokan; and on the 27th came to an anchor off Wokan, about cannon-shot from the shore, opposite the village of Wanla. The chiefs of the people came on board to welcome us, as well as those of the neighbouring islands, all of whom evinced the liveliest joy at our arrival.

"Were I to describe the different islands as I visited them, I should be betrayed into unnecessary length, as the islands so much resemble one another; I will, therefore, by way of shortening the narrative, enter at once into the description of the Arru Islands generally, omitting those particulars connected with channels, currents, &c., which would be of use only to the navigator.

"In the time of the old East India Company, the Arru Islands were garrisoned by a party of Dutch soldiers; and on Wokan there was then a fine fort. While Amboyna and Banda engrossed the entire trade of these islands, the inhabitants of the two settlements were in a state of great prosperity, but now the Arrus are visited yearly by about thirty paduakans of from fifty to one hundred and twenty tons burthen, (twenty-five to sixty lasten,) from Macassar, Boni, and other places, from whom the natives obtain goods by barter, and at so cheap a rate, that the traders of Amboyna and Banda are unable to compete with them.

"The Arru Islands, when viewed from a distance, appear low, but small green elevations occasionally show themselves among the limestone rocks. These islands, in all probability, owe their origin to a small archipelago of limestone rocks, between which the *polypes*, uninterrupted in their labour by heavy seas, have built up their coral branches to the surface of the water, during the prevalence of the westerly monsoon; and drying during other monsoons, owing to the tides being much lower, their habitations have formed a coral bank or reef. Some of the masses of plants, which are always floating about these seas, may have lodged on the reef and taken root, in which case the decayed vegetable matter, arising from their fallen leaves, together with sea-weed and other rubbish which may be washed upon them, would soon form a low morassy soil. The islands are separated from each other by channels of salt water. The centre of these is called *Sunghy Kobi-Wato*, the northernmost *Sunghy Maba-Wato*, and the southernmost *Sunghy Maykor-Wato*.

"Little or no information can be gathered from the charts, concerning the position, the number, or the names of the Arru Islands. Valentyn laid them down very incorrectly, and was uncertain how far they extended to the eastward.

"The Arafuras, who are the aborigines of the islands, form a numerous body of people. They are not, as is generally supposed, entirely uncivilised, since they live in villages, containing ten or twelve houses each, under the control of their elders. Their food consists chiefly of fish and hogs, which they shoot with iron-pointed arrows. They also grow excellent vegetables, Indian corn, *labu*, (a sort of pumpkin, resembling the turnip in flavour,) sugar-cane, together with a little red and white rice. Their clothing is not more costly than their food. The men wear a strip

of white, blue, or coloured calico round the waist, one end being brought between the legs, and fastened on one side with a knot ; and adorn themselves with armlets made from white shells, with small pieces of brass wire in four or five holes, pierced above one another in the ears, and with beads around the neck. Their hair is usually black, and strongly curled. As I have remarked elsewhere, they wash it with ash or lime-water, which imparts to it a lightish colour and causes it to appear rough, both these peculiarities being considered very tasteful by the Arafuras, and also by the Papuas, the inhabitants of the coasts of New Guinea. Some of these, who have very long hair, twist it up into a knot at the back of the head, confining it by means of a bamboo comb. Nearly all their head-dresses are adorned by some strings of coral beads extending from both ears, and meeting over their forehead. They always carry a chopping knife thrust through their waistcloth.

"The women wear a chain girdle, made of thick brass wire round the waist, the ends fastened by a hook, from which a small piece of cloth, generally of Macassar *sarong* stuff, hangs down in front, a square piece of fine matting depending in like manner from behind ; these forming their sole covering. The numerous strings of coral beads, which they wear round the neck, hang down upon the breast, and are triced up to each ear, which has by no means an ungraceful appearance. The entire lobe of the ear is pierced with numerous holes, through which are drawn pieces of copper and tin, and sometimes a species of marine plant, this last being also often used as armlets. Under the knee and above the elbow they wear bands of fine plaited cane, through which they often draw the leaves of a certain plant. The hair of the women is very long and fine, and in general but slightly curled. They plait it in different sections, and twist the whole up into a knot on the top of the head. The colour is black or transparent brown, (*doorschijnend bruin*.)

"Among the Arafuras the greater portion of the labour is performed by the women ; they carry water, cut wood, cure trepang, catch the crabs and shell-fish, and prepare the meals, carrying their young children at their back while pursuing their avocations."

* * * * *

"No Arafura can take unto himself a wife until he has delivered the marriage present, which consists of elephant's teeth, brass gongs, cloth, &c., which is not usually all paid at once, but by instalments during several years. A father, who has many daughters, becomes a rich man by the presents which he receives for each on their marriage. If a young man wishes to marry, and is possessed of nothing, it often occurs that he makes a voyage of a year's duration among the other islands, and making known his purpose, demands contributions from those he visits, to enable him to make up the instalment of goods which it is necessary to place in the hands of the parents. The ceremony of betrothing is celebrated by a feast, at which arrack forms a very necessary adjunct.

"It is not lawful for a man to enter the house of a neighbour during his absence, and if any one offends in this particular, he is obliged to pay a piece of cloth, or some other goods, to the owner of the house. The sentence is passed by the elders, who openly call upon the offender to pay the fine, which makes him so ashamed, that he either does so immediately, or leaves the village. This fine is called '*Pakul Dende*' by the natives. Should any one even touch the wife of another, he must make a large atonement for the offence. The Macassar traders informed me, that they were always obliged to watch their people narrowly to keep them from approaching too near to the married women, as the least touch would render them liable to a fine, and unless this was paid, the Arafuras would not be satisfied.

"They pride themselves much in the possession of a number of elephants' tusks and brass gongs; the value of the first being determined according to their length, and of the latter by their weight and circumference. They formerly obtained these articles from the Banda traders, who themselves procured them from Batavia; but now they are brought by the Macassars from Batavia, Malacca, and Singapore. These articles do not form for them a necessary article of life, but are put to a more worthy use, which one would scarcely expect to find among such uncivilised people. They have a very excusable ambition to gain the name of rich men, by paying the debts of their poorer fellow villagers. The officer, whom I quoted above, related to me a very striking instance of this. At Affara he was present at the election of the village chiefs, two individuals aspiring to the station of Orang Tua. The people chose the elder of the two, which greatly afflicted the other, but he soon afterwards expressed himself satisfied with the choice the people had made, and said to M. Bik, who had been sent there on a commission, 'What reason have I to grieve; whether I am Orang Tua or not, I still have it in my power to assist my fellow villagers.' Several old men agreed to this, apparently to comfort him. Thus the only use they make of their riches is to employ it in settling differences, and as this is essentially necessary in an Orang Tua, none but wealthy villagers can aspire to the office.

"The following occurrence gives a remarkable proof of the mildness of their laws. An Arafura, who had gone out fishing, intending to be absent eight days, did not return, and his wife, who had no more provisions at home than would last for this period, requested assistance from her neighbour. Hence arose a mutual friendship, which, however, at first only showed itself in little attentions, the man drawing water, cutting wood, and providing fish for his fair neighbour, who could not avoid feeling grateful for the kindness; and no one will be surprised at their friendship at length ripening into love, when, conscious of their guilt, they took flight to one of the neighbouring islands. The husband, who had been detained by contrary winds, returned at the end of two months, and demanded his wife of her brothers, who were therefore necessitated to go in search of her, when the guilty couple were soon discovered and brought back to their village. The injured husband demanded an enormous fine from the seducer of his wife, which the latter refused to pay, stating that during his entire life he should not be able to collect a sufficient quantity of trepang to make up the sum. An appeal was therefore made to the elders, and on the woman being questioned, she frankly stated the kindness of her neighbour in supplying her wants had called forth her gratitude, and this ripened into love—she had made the first advances. The elders considered this mode of proceeding on the part of the wife rather strange; and taking it into consideration that it was very difficult for any one to withstand a declaration of love from a young woman, they lost sight of the severe laws respecting the conduct of men towards married women, and determined that the offender should only pay a small fine, and advised the husband never again to leave his wife at home without provisions. The lady returned home with her husband, who was wise enough never to mention the subject, following up the old proverb—

• Men moet geene aude
Koeijen uit de sloot halen. •

"Among the Arafuras the treatment of their dead betrays, in the greatest degree, their uncivilised condition, and the uncertainty which exists among them as to their future state. When a man dies, all his relations assemble and destroy all the goods he may have collected during his life; even the gongs are broken to pieces and thrown away. In their villages I met

with several heaps of porcelain plates and basins, the property of deceased individuals, the survivors entertaining an idea that they have no right to make use of them.

"After death the body is laid out on a small mat, and supported against a ladder until the relatives of the deceased assemble, which seldom takes place until four days have elapsed; and as decomposition will have commenced before this, the parts where moisture has appeared are covered with lime. Fruitless endeavours to stop the progress of decay! In the mean time damar or resin is continually burnt in the house, while the guests who have already assembled regale themselves with quantities of arrack, and of a spirit they themselves prepare from the juice of a fruit, amid violent raving, the discord being increased by the sounding of gongs and the howling and lamentation of the women. Food is offered to the deceased, and when they find that he does not partake of it, the mouth is filled with eatables, siri, and arrack, until it runs down the body and spreads over the floor.

"When the friends and relatives are all collected, the body is placed upon a bier, on which had been laid numerous pieces of cloth, the quantity being according to the ability of the deceased; and under the bier are placed large dishes of China porcelain, to catch any moisture that may fall from the body. The dishes which have been put to this purpose are afterwards much prized, and it is for this reason that dishes of an enormous size are so much prized by the Arafuras. A portion of the moisture that has exuded is mixed with arrack and drunk by the guests, who think that they thus show the true affection they bore to the deceased. During two or three days the house of the dead is constantly full of drunken and raving guests.

"The body is then brought out before the house, and supported against a post, when attempts are again made to induce it to eat. Lighted segars, arrack, rice, fruit, &c., are again stuffed into its mouth, and the bystanders, striking up a song, demand whether the sight of all his friends and fellow villagers will not induce the deceased to awaken? At length, when they find all these endeavours to be fruitless, they place the body on a bier unadorned with flags, and carry it out into the forest, where it is fixed upon the top of four posts. A tree, usually the *Pavetta Indica*, is then planted near it; and it is remarkable that at this last ceremony none but women, entirely naked, are present. This last ceremony is called by the Arafuras '*Sudah Buang*,' by which they mean that the body is now cast away, and can listen to them no longer."

* * * * *

"For many years since the inhabitants of the Arru Islands have been uncontrolled by Europeans, and have been without Christian instructors, so that they have advanced but little in civilisation. They have also been considerable sufferers from not having the protection of the Dutch authorities, as the Bughis and Macassars, who come here to trade, are great extortioners, and appeared more in the light of plunderers than of friendly traders; which, indeed, is the case with all the people of India when they are the strongest, and are not controlled by our government.

"The Arru Islands have, however, always been much visited by native merchants, chiefly on account of the trepang, tortoise-shell, edible birds'-nests and pearls which they afford. It will be useful here to give rather a full account of the first of these products, since it is from this that the natives derive the greater part of their riches.

"The trepang, which is a species of *holothurie*, is found chiefly on banks composed of clay mixed with fine sand, and covered with slimy sea-weed, which, at low water, appears above the surface of the sea. Those engaged in the trade are acquainted with no less than twenty dif-

ferent sorts, besides which there are several others which are not eatable, having a very bitter taste."

"After the trepang is caught, it is immediately boiled in sea-water, in which the leaves of the papaya are steeped, to take off a thin skin which covers it. It is then placed in baskets or holes, and covered up with earth until the following morning, when it is washed repeatedly, to deprive it as much as possible of the disagreeable taste of coral which it possesses, after which it is spread out on mats, and dried. Even then it is not entirely free from the unpleasant flavour which is peculiar to all holothuries or polypes; for which reason the Chinese, before making it up into soups or ragouts, boil it with sugar-cane.

"The Arafuras sell the trepang to the Bughis and others by the ukar, a measure containing about half a picul. The traders sort the trepang, there being a great difference in the value of the various kinds. The price of the first sort in China is one hundred and twenty Spanish dollars the picul, while the various sorts mixed together can be purchased at the back of the islands, as the eastern parts are called, at the rate of ten to fifteen Spanish dollars the picul. The number of the traders who now visit the Arrus, has caused the price of this article to increase considerably above that which was formerly given. When the people of Banda had the trade exclusively in their hands, a picul of trepang might be obtained for a carong, or piece of cloth of the value of eight guilders, and twenty birdsnests for a chopping-knife; while now the latter, which will weigh less than a kati, or one pound and a quarter, cannot be purchased for less than from fourteen to eighteen guilders. These articles would, however, still yield a large profit, were it not necessary to remain among the Arrus for a period of four months to collect a cargo of any importance. On this account small brigs and paduakans only are employed in the trade, as their expense is less than that of larger vessels.

"Vorkay, an island lying exposed to the ocean at the south-eastern extremity of the group, is of great importance from its pearl fishery. At a distance of eight miles to the eastward lay several small islands, between which and Vorkay the trepang banks are situated. At low water, hundreds of men, with their wives and children, may be perceived wading from Vorkay towards these islets, (the water being only two or three feet deep,) carrying a basket at their backs, and having in their hands a stick provided with an iron point. When the water is deeper than this, they make use of canoes. For fishing on the banks situated at a greater distance, the Arafuras use a prahu, constructed for the purpose, in which they embark their entire family. These vessels have a very strange appearance. They have great beams, and the stern runs up into a high curve, while two planks project forward from the bows. The family resides in three or four huts, composed of atap or palm leaves, erected within the vessel, and a railing runs entirely round it, apparently to prevent the children from falling overboard. The prahu is propelled by a large sail made of rushes, which folds up like a fan, (in a similar manner to the sails of the Chinese junks,) set upon a tripod mast of bamboos, while it is steered by two rudders. Two other masts are also erected, which answer no purpose but that of displaying several small flags.

"As I have already stated, it is almost impossible for a large ship to approach the eastern side of the Arrus, as in all parts banks and reefs stretch far out to sea. There are, however, a few small openings, through which a brig may enter; but it is absolutely necessary to have an Arafura pilot on board.

"Among the chief villages on Vorkay are Old and New Affara, Longa, Uri, and Goor, before the last of which lies a great pearl bank. The

natives informed me that it was exhausted, and that they had not fished it for two years ; but this was probably a misstatement, which they were induced to make, owing to the difficulties attending the fishery. They said that they only obtained from it large mother-of-pearl shells for the Chinese market, and that they did not find pearls inside them. The true pearl oyster is small, with a thin shell.

"The pearl fishery is carried on in the following manner. The trader makes an agreement with the Arafuras for so much a hundred, paying an advance of a certain quantity of arrack, cloth, &c. When the price is agreed on, the fisher goes to the bank, and dives for the oysters, which are mostly small and black, in from twenty-four to thirty feet water, selecting the best he can find. The diving is attended with much difficulty and danger, as, from the time he remains under water, the blood often bursts from the nose and mouth of the diver, while he is also liable to be destroyed by the numerous sharks which are to be found there.

"The chiefs informed me, that in the time of the (Dutch) East India Company the pearl fishery was carried on by their order ; but when the Arafuras found themselves becoming more and more independent of the Christians, and the chiefs were no longer incited by our government to carry it on, it was very naturally discontinued, as the labour attending it is much greater than that of the trepang fishery. Small quantities of pearls are still obtained in shallow water for the Bughis traders, but these are of little value, and are chiefly disposed of to the Chinese, who use them as an ingredient in some of their medicines."

The following adventures which happened among the Papuas on the coast of New Guinea are in no sense very honourable to the captain, officers, or crew of his Netherland Majesty's brig-of-war *Dourga*.

"The friendly meeting with the chiefs, coupled with the assurances of the interpreters, who had been in the habit of making yearly visits to the coast, determined me to obtain here a supply of water, this necessary of life having become scarce on board. On the morning of the 20th, therefore, I caused the empty casks to be put into the tender, which was armed with a one-pounder gun, and manned with an European warrant-officer and a seaman, eighteen rowers, and a corporal with six soldiers. The chief command was given to a midshipman, who, with six European and four native seamen, went in a jolly-boat in company with the tender.

"The command of the armed party, who were to cover the waterers, was entrusted to the corporal, who had been highly recommended to me at Amboyna, and to whom I gave a written order to guide his proceedings. As I wished to superintend the watering in person, and also to visit the village, I caused another of the boats to be lowered, and sent, in the first place, to examine the depth of water to the north-east and north-west, the result proving the impossibility of approaching nearer to the land with the brig. An affection in the chest, with which I had been afflicted since my voyage to the Bay of Boni, being more than usually troublesome in the morning, forced me, however, to defer my visit to the afternoon.

"About noon, hearing guns fired on shore, I sent an officer with an armed boat to inquire the cause, furnishing them with ammunition for the tender. When close to the island he encountered the boats returning, and remarked that great disorder prevailed among their crews, three of the number being badly wounded. They stated that all their cartridges being wet, and some of the soldiers having thrown away their arms, they had nothing remaining with which they could defend themselves. Although the officer sent to their assistance had with him a dozen good

muskets, and cartridges both for them and the small cannon, he thought it best to return on board, which I did not regret when I heard of the events that had occurred. It appeared that our people met with a friendly reception from the Papuas, who showed them the watering-place, while those who had visited the brig the previous night brought them presents of cocoa-nuts and *sagoweer*, or palm wine. On his first arrival the midshipman made arrangements according to his instructions, and had scarcely finished filling his casks in readiness to be put on board the tender, when the natives suddenly attacked our party with a shower of spears and arrows. The Javanese seamen, who had been stupid enough to leave their arms behind them, immediately left the water-casks, and fled towards the tender, while the corporal, who should have been the last to retreat, left his post at the first shout of the Papuas, and throwing away his musket and sword, followed their example. The Javanese Mandor, however, took up the musket and fired it at the attackers. The shameful flight of the corporal created great confusion among the covering party, to whom the former cried out that they were to follow him, which they did, after making a short stand. The Papuas naturally acquired fresh courage on seeing this, and fell on the hindmost, whom they could easily wound as they fled, while little opposition could be made on our side, as the tender had already shoved off, and the muskets of the people in the boat had become useless from their being wetted as their owners waded on board.

"The soldiers and seamen made heavy complaints against the corporal, to whose cowardice the unfortunate result of the affair was to be attributed, he having caused the greatest confusion by cutting the grapnel rope of the tender, and shoving her off. Concerning the conduct of the midshipman I would rather be silent. On subsequent examination I discovered, alas! that my orders had not been followed, and that some had thought more of amusing themselves than of executing the duty on which they had been sent.

"At the commencement of the attack, H. Smit, a seaman who was sentry at the well, was wounded by two spears; and Ziengo, a soldier, who had stoutly maintained his post, was dreadfully injured, being pierced with no less than two-and-twenty wounds; while another of the seamen, Van Grieken, was wounded slightly by an arrow in the shin-bone. The courageous Ziengo died immediately after his arrival on board, while under the hands of the doctor.

"Several small casks, a couple of muskets, some cartridge-boxes, and a quantity of clothing, having been left on shore, I determined to send the tender (into which a carronade had now been placed) and an armed boat to bring them off, and to efface the shame which our people had brought upon them. Being still too unwell to leave the brig, I entrusted the command of the boats to one of the officers, with orders to obtain the last articles if possible; but should circumstances render this inadvisable, he was to keep the natives in check during the night, and await my arrival in the morning with additional force. A strong easterly wind, accompanied by heavy showers of rain, prevented them, however, from reaching the island; and at daylight the signal for their return to the brig was made, and they came alongside. The carronade was now taken out of the tender, and two one-pounder guns placed on board her in its stead, when we stood towards the island, the tender and the boat carrying in all thirty men. We soon reached the shore, when the spot on which the encounter had taken place was pointed out to me. I landed with a portion of the men, and reached the thick forest that bounded the path to the well, this being about a pistol-shot distant from the beach. Everything that our party left on shore was found, but several of the casks were in pieces. Much blood was seen scattered about, especially near the well, where the natives had probably washed their wounds.

"From the information I could collect concerning this unfortunate occurrence, it appeared that the Papuas, who were probably unacquainted with the deadly effect of our weapons, attacked our people in great numbers when the latter were off their guard, and probably without arms. Several shots were fired at them from the muskets, and from the one-pounder loaded with grape-shot, which must have done great execution. The courageous Javanese Mandor, who had remained ashore with the jolly-boat for some time after the midshipman had retreated with the tender, in order to bring off the wounded men, had kept up a constant fire at the natives with two muskets, and declared that he had seen three fall, who were carried into the forest by their companions. The unfortunate soldier, Ziengo, had been set upon by a number at once, and had received the most deadly of his numerous wounds from an axe that had been thrown away by some of our party. The natives would not have left him but for the continued fire from the jolly-boat. Notwithstanding the superior numbers of the natives, our people would never have been routed had they been on their guard. Unfortunately, my orders were not followed, and they separated from each other, thinking more of amusing themselves by bathing and walking, than of preparing against attack, which gave the natives an opportunity of falling upon them unawares, and had the latter known how to avail themselves of the confusion they had created, our loss must have been much greater than it was. The conduct of my countrymen grieved me deeply.

"At the watering-place we could find no traces of people having been there since the previous night. The arms that had been thrown away, and the clothes left by the bathers, remained untouched. The ground, from the beach to the forest, was strewn with arrows and spears, among which were two intended for striking fish; these were provided with iron points, but the others were merely bamboos, the ends of which had been pointed and hardened in the fire. The arrows had wooden points and barbs; the bows, by which they were discharged, being formed merely of a bamboo stick with a string of rattan. The force with which these arrows were shot was so small, that even from a short distance they scarcely did more than penetrate the clothes of our people, many of whom found the wooden points of the arrows sticking in their garments after the affair was over.

"As the cocoa-nut trees are not numerous on the coast, while their produce forms an indispensable article of subsistence, I caused those scattered along the coast to be cut down, partly to show that we had not been driven away by fear, and partly to deter them from committing similar misdeeds in future. The interpreters assured me this would be a severe chastisement, and that they were in the habit of killing the relatives of those who injured the cocoa-nut trees.

"We now went further into the bay to Kayu Merah, and pulled down some huts we found standing at the bottom of the heights, immediately behind the island. Men were occasionally seen, who took flight on our approach, and climbed into the trees, the better to observe our motions. Having rowed round the bay without meeting with any occurrence, we turned towards the brig, on which a number of the natives made their appearance on the beach, who took flight, however, when we turned the boats' heads to the shore."

Chapters of the Modern History of British India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq., Author of "*India, its State and Prospects.*"

The object of this work is to furnish an account of the most interesting events in the history of British India, during a period of

nearly thirty years, which elapsed between the close of the administration of the Marquess Wellesley, and the relinquishment of trade by the East India Company. Few subjects can be greater or more interesting than this; and we find not its parallel either in ancient or modern history. Mr. Thornton has treated it with admirable brevity and perspicuity, and he has evidently had access to the very best sources of information. We have only to regret that he does not more frequently point out these sources of information, and cite his authorities. The Nepaul war, the suppression of those marauding tribes the Pindarrees, the Burmese war, the siege of Bhurtpore, which was first erected by Aurengzebe, are all given with excellent spirit. The adventures of Cheetoo, the Pindarree chief—the Rob Roy of the Indies—are as amusing as a romance.

Mr. Thornton is of course a partisan; yet, though we may disagree with him as to the effects of throwing open the trade of the East, we can scarcely venture to assert that he overrates the mighty doings of the Company, or the inestimable benefits conferred upon civilisation in the East by that wonderful and anomalous body of chartered merchants. We know many quarters where Mr. Thornton's volume will be most acceptable.

A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity. By J. RAY, M.D., with an Introductory Essay by D. Spillan, M.D.

Dr. Ray, a gentleman most highly esteemed by all who know him, has devoted the best part of his life to the study of Medical Jurisprudence, which in this country has not yet received the attention to which it is entitled by the magnitude of the interest it involves. Notwithstanding the great prevalence of insanity, the continual presentation of doubtful criminal cases, and a vast amount of property affected by legal regulations and decisions respecting it, the English language has not, till now, furnished a single work in which the various forms and degrees of mental derangement are treated in reference to their effects on the rights and duties and the very life of man. Dr. Haslam's tract on Medical Jurisprudence, as it relates to Insanity, (first published in 1807,) is altogether too brief and general to be of any practical service as a book of reference. Dr. Conolly, late professor in the London University, made a step in 1830 in his "Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity;" and the suggestions contained in the chapter on the "Duties of Medical Men, when consulted concerning the state of the patient's mind," are excellent as far as they go; but Dr. Conolly did not intend to enter upon Medical Jurisprudence, and this inquiry is neither entirely, nor even chiefly, devoted to the legal relations of the insane; which have been left in a lamentable state of uncertainty, and, in a manner, to the caprice of ill informed judges, jurymen, and commissioners. Sir John Nicholl's judgments in the ecclesiastical courts, which have been published in Haggard, Phillimore, and Addams' Reports, are exceedingly admirable in the portions bearing upon insanity, and will be consulted by all

lawyers. But these *disjecta membra* are nearly all that we possess. From the essentially metaphysical nature of the subject, it was sure to attract the attention of our German brethren; and yet Dr. Ray only cites one complete and methodical treatise on insanity in connexion with its legal relations; and this was published in 1809 by J. C. Hoffbauer, a doctor of laws and professor in the university of Halle, under the title of "Psychology in its chief applications to the administration of justice." Dr. Ray says, that this work bears the impress of a philosophical mind, accustomed to observe the mental operations when under the influence of disease; that it contains a happy analysis of some states of mental impairment; and that its doctrines are generally correct, and in many instances in advance of his own and even our time. But he adds that Hoffbauer was not a practical physician, that he considered insanity less in its pathological, than its psychological relations, and that his work is too deeply imbued with the peculiar metaphysical subtleties of the German, to suit the taste or convenience of the English reader. It has been translated into French by Dr. Chambeyron, with many valuable notes by Esquirol and Itard. But the French have done more than translate and annotate; and Monsieur Georget, having long been devoted to the study of insanity, has produced several most valuable works upon this subject, which are generally known on the continent; though, until lately, very little known in this country. His work, entitled "*Des Maladies Mentales, considérées dans leur rapports avec la législation civile et criminelle,*" (1827,) is described by Dr. Ray as an admirable manual; and, though only a pamphlet, as rich in information and sound philosophical views. But the works of Georget, which are best known to unprofessional readers, and which are interesting enough, from their striking facts, to amuse all classes of readers, are his "*Examen médical des procès criminels des nommés Léger, Feldtman, Lecouffe,*" (1825;) and "*Discussion médico-légale sur la Folie,*" (1826,) with the sequel, entitled, "*Nouvelle discussion médico-légale sur la Folie,*" (1828.) In these books Georget has collected accounts of numerous criminal trials, in which insanity was pleaded in defence of the accused, and has taken occasion to discuss the many important questions to which they give rise. Dr. Ray, apparently, has not looked into Italy, where, if we mistake not, several works exist on different branches of the same important and difficult subject. We have heard, in more than one of the Italian universities, lectures upon Medical Jurisprudence, and the students of the law there seemed generally bound to devote some part of their time and labour to this branch.

Dr. Ray's first notion was merely to make a translation of Hoffbauer's work, or of Georget's works; but considering that the numerous notes which would be required to bring it up to the present state of the science, and adapt it to our own laws, would prove inconvenient and embarrassing, besides not fully accomplishing the object, he wisely abandoned this project, and prepared the present work which is original in plan and in many of its general views, but which of course makes a free use of the materials collected by the German and the French author, or by others. And, in our humble opinion, he has produced a book which ought to be in the hands of every lawyer, every

physician, every citizen of England; for each of us may sit upon a jury, where property, character, life, depend upon a proper discrimination as to sanity and insanity. The volume is small, compact, and cheap—circumstances which, in connexion with the curious and exciting stories it contains, will be pretty sure to obtain for it an extensive circulation.

The most dreadful impression left upon our minds, after an attentive perusal, is the vast amount of human life that has been sacrificed in former but not remote times, through an utter ignorance of this subject.

Bacchus. An Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects, and Cure of Intemperance. By RALPH BARNES GRINDROD.

“The New British and Foreign Temperance Society” gave notice, last year, that they had come to a resolution to offer a premium of one hundred sovereigns for the best essay on the benefits of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks whatever. But, apparently, not relying on the judgment of the candidates that might take the field, tempted by the gold or their dislike to strong drinks, they laid down a plan according to which the work was to be written. They, in fact, cut out the cloth, and only trusted the essayist with the sewing, and seaming, and hemming.

1. The essay was to be written in a Christian spirit, with reference to the souls as well as bodies of men.

2. It was to contain the origin, progress, and consequences of drinking and drunkenness, both from sacred and profane history.

3. It was to comprise the medical opinions of the faculty, ancient and modern; with the sentiments of magistrates, judges, and the most eminent literary, scientific, and theological writers.

4. It was to produce Scripture testimony, that although the use of wine is not prohibited, except in certain cases, *total abstinence* from all intoxicating drinks is encouraged.

(This we take to be rather rigmarole. The Scriptures encourage sobriety, but never suggest anything like total abstinence from that wine which maketh glad the heart of man, and cheers old age. We presume that these total-abstinence men, these tea-totallers, who have doubtless by tempting Providence produced that storm in China which threatens to leave us without a cup of good tea to drink, do not pretend to know more of Scripture than was known to St. Paul. And what says Paul?—But we will not bandy texts with them.)

5. It was to contain statistical accounts of the civil effects of drinking;

6. And police details of committals, punishments, and miseries.

7. It was to present the amount of loss of property, time, and intellect, to the British nation, caused by drunkenness.

8. It was to show how the various religious societies of the world are impeded by drinking habits.

9. It was to present, *in an inviting manner*, the vast blessings result-

ing to families, masters, mistresses, servants, fathers, mothers, and childrens, from the total disuse of intoxicating drinks.

10. It was to show the advantages that must accrue to trade and the shipping interest, to the arts and sciences, &c., if all men would only become tea-totallers.

Mr. Grindrod (not a bad name for a schoolmaster) did the sewing work—put all these pieces together—and, be it said, in a workman-like manner—and gained the hundred sovereigns.

But if Mr. Ralph Barnes Grindrod had travelled, he would hardly have placed such implicit reliance on the statements of Mr. Silk Buckingham, whose inventive faculties were always more actively employed in the composition of his books than his observing ones, and who, when he fell in with the tea-totallers, put no bounds to the flight of his imagination. Buckingham, however, was right when he suggested that the best means for making the English people drink less was to provide them with other and cheaper sources of amusement. The tea-totallers begin at the wrong end: they insist upon sobriety as a means to education, whereas education ought to come first, and when the poor are educated like men, they will cease to drink like beasts. We are *temperance* men ourselves, and we have not been inattentive observers of these things. We know that as education has advanced, drinking has declined; and it is a palpable absurdity to state, as Mr. Grindrod does, that the passion for strong drinks is on the increase. We admit, indeed, with him, and with those that devised this Essay, that there is still too much drinking amongst the poorer orders; and that “the land mourneth because of drunkenness;” but still we hold total abstinence to be ridiculous, and in many cases dangerous, and feel convinced that the great mass of the people will never refrain from over-drinking until they are better educated, and until they have other cheap amusements, besides reading, put in their way.

At present the only place really accessible to the poor is the tap-room, and the only excitement they can buy is gin or beer. Many of the quotations scattered through Mr. Grindrod's book are very amusing. He has not been very fortunate in his attempts to prove the antiquity of *Temperance* Societies. If he had sought for *Total Abstinence* Societies, he would have found no precedent ten years old. He says that Temperance Societies were first established (in Germany) in the sixteenth century; but the only rules he can find to quote, certainly do not help to make out his case. He says that by the rules of the Order of Temperance, which was formed A.D. 1600, by Maurice, landgrave of Hesse, every knight was allowed at each meal (twice a day) to drink seven bocals, or glasses, of wine! Now this is a good deal more than we would allow ourselves. The wine meant was probably Rhine wine, which is far less heady than the wines generally used in England; but then the old German bocals were at least three times as big as the glasses we generally use. Putting this and that together, we should say that in strength the German knights of the Order of Temperance were allowed to drink what is quite equal to a bottle of sherry per diem! Knights of Temperance forsooth! why, they ought to have been called the Knights of Intempe-

rance! At least, it is a fundamental point of our philosophy, that no man ought to drink wine more than once a day; and then not more than three or four of our modern glasses.

The Rock. Illustrated with various Legends and Original Songs and Music, descriptive of Gibraltar. By MAJOR HORT, 81st Regiment. *With Drawings taken on the spot,* by WILLIAM LACEY, Esq., Lieut. 46th Regiment.

Among all the places on the globe over which the flag of England floats, there is scarcely one spot more interesting than Gibraltar; or, as it is called by the inhabitants, and by soldiers and sailors, "The Rock"—the rock *par excellence*. Its history, from the time when El Tarif, the conquering Moor, first planted the crescent on the heights, down to the memorable siege of which old Elliot was the hero, is exceedingly striking: its excavations, its fortifications, and natural caverns, are all curious in the extreme; as a bold picturesque object, it is very remarkable; and it commands some of the most lovely scenery in the world, almost constantly lighted up by a most glorious sun. As it lies out of the beat of our troops of tourists, we have heard less of these beauties than of those of the Rhine, and Switzerland, and Italy; but the man that knows what the picturesque and beautiful really are, and that has stood on Europa Point at sunset, looking towards the magnificent mountains of Africa, and the scarcely less grand sierras of Spain, or that has seen the sun rise from the signal-house on the top of the Rock, or from O'Hara's Tower, will never forget the glorious sight, and will agree with us in affirming that there is and can be nothing more grand and beautiful upon the face of this beautiful earth than that commingling scene of Europe and Africa, mountain and plain, land and water, straits, ocean, and Mediterranean. It will sound like a bathos to speak of the dear monkeys; yet these monkeys (found wild in no other part of Europe) would in themselves furnish matter for a little book. The human population of Gibraltar—English civilians and red-coats, Catalans, Andalusians, Portuguese, Genoese, Minorcans and Majorcans, Moors, Barbary Jews, skippers, smugglers, bare-legged African porters,—form altogether a most varied and amusing picture. Some few of these things are happily hit off by Major Hort; and the sketches, nicely done in lithograph, are admirably like the places they represent. We have the Rock drawn in various parts and from various points of sight, extending from the Neutral Ground, as they call that narrow sandy isthmus which connects Gibraltar with the continent of Spain, to the hills in the rear of the old Moorish aqueduct behind the romantic Spanish town of Algeziras. There are, besides, within the limits of the Rock, very pleasant views of the Exchange and Spanish chapel, the quarters of Prince George of Cambridge and Trinity Church, the Moorish mosque and old castle, and the large and moresque-looking convent, which has been converted into the palace of the residing governor, and which is one of the most commodious and picturesque dwellings we ever chanced to enter. Our recollections date from the time when

the good and frank old General Don (peace to his honoured ashes!) made it a place of ease and happiness to every one that entered its gates. And, in addition to all these, we have views of Castellar, a small hill-town, which resisted the French invaders for months, and then drew them off to be cut to pieces by the guerillas; and of the famed old convent and the cork wood, where, in our time, there was more feasting than fighting, for it was the chosen spot of all pic-nic-ites from the Rock, whether civilians or military, or mixed. The natives from St. Roque also feasted there, as well as prayed. Near at hand there was a glorious valley for mushrooms; and well do we remember how the pury old corregidor of St. Roque was scared away one fine evening, after a pic-nic, while gathering wherewith to make a supper, by the sudden descent of a pack of wolves, that ate one of the hind legs of his borrico. But we must not get into old stories. Our business is to describe what is in Major Hort's book. We fear, however, that we have mentioned all that is good. The songs, both words and music, are third-rate, having nothing to do with the Rock, and being awkwardly introduced by a he-soldier. Some of the prose, as we have hinted, is pleasing; but the Major would have made a much better book if he had adopted a wholly different plan, or kept more to narrative and the description of real objects. Still the book will be acceptable to all who know the localities. There is one little fact which we have learned from it, that may interest our readers. It is, that the young Prince George of Cambridge was very popular with the garrison of Gibraltar, where he was serving, and very fond of shooting over the romantic country which adjoins our possessions.

The Essays of Elia. (First Series.)

In these long winter nights only give us two of Mrs. Battle's *desiderata*, a clear fire and a clean hearth, and let us add to them the delicious Essays of Elia, or Charles Lamb's equally delicious Letters to his Friends, and we are happy as heart can wish. Mr. Moxon, to whom the reading public is indebted for other good services of the like kind, has taken the proper method for extending this happiness, and making the books of Charles Lamb as universally known as they ought to be. Here he gives us, for two shillings and sixpence, the whole of the First Series of Elia, elegantly printed in double column, in a clear type, and upon unexceptionable paper: and, no doubt, persevering in this good and wise system, he will soon furnish us with the Second Series at an equally low price. We cannot allow ourselves to doubt for a single moment its success as a commercial speculation. If ever there was an author fitted for the middling and humbler classes of English society, it is Charles Lamb—the most English of Englishmen, the most London of Londoners. Eighteen shillings kept him at a distance, but two half crowns will bring him home to the clean hearth of thousands and tens of thousands.

Tea ; its Effects, Medicinal and Moral. By G. G. SIGMOND, M.D.

It has been the custom of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society to invite one of its professors to deliver an introductory address at the opening of each session. This year the task devolved upon Dr. Sigmond, who took up the interesting subject of the recent discovery of the tea-plant in British India. That learned society was so well pleased with the paper he read, that they unanimously called upon him to make public the information concerning tea, and its effects, which he had collected with so much care. Dr. Sigmond very properly considered that for general reading the paper ought to be stripped of its technical terms, and couched in simple language ; and he submitted it to this process, and has thus produced a little book which will be intelligible to all classes of readers. Those who wish for those details which bear more immediately a scientific character, are referred to the Transactions of the Medico-Botanical Society.

We have looked through the little volume with both pleasure and profit. It contains much information about the growth and the different qualities of tea, and about the tea trade, which were new to us.

Dr. Sigmond confirms the high character given to the teas used by the Russians. We have drunk of that tea where it had never been exposed to the deteriorating effects of a sea-voyage ; and we should say that no one knows what tea really is that has not done the same. This tea of the Russians is as superior to the very best of our London teas as champagne is to gooseberry wine. The colour of green tea was, and we believe still is, a *questio vexata* among housewives.

Dr. Sigmond gives a very clear account of the spurious compounds which are sometimes sold in London as genuine tea.

The doctor also gives us some very consoling proofs that we may rear the tea-plant in our own possessions, instead of depending for it upon the insolent and obstinate Chinese. Upper Assam, it appears, approaches, in its Flora, to a very considerable extent, to the Flora of certain portions of tea-bearing China. All this portion of the little book, from page 61 to page 86, is exceedingly interesting, comprising an account of all that has been done in the way of raising tea in our possessions. It seems that the Dutch have succeeded in growing excellent teas in Java ; but we might almost as well depend upon the Chinese, as upon the grasping Dutch, for that essential necessary of life—for such tea is now become—even to those who are not tea-totallers.

We observe with satisfaction that Dr. Sigmond sets his face against that idle and deceptive innovation the tea-urn, which has driven from us the old national kettle, once the pride of the fire-side. The doctor is quite right. With the kettle we had hot tea, and plenty of opportunities of showing our gallantry—with the urn we have cold tea, and an encouragement to indolence. In treating of the medicinal and moral effects of tea, the doctor says many good things in a clear and convincing manner. Taken in moderation, tea is the best of all beverages ; but the doctor raises his warning voice against excess. As a medicine, green tea, properly administered, has many virtues ;

but, as he observes, its administration must be carefully watched ; and though good for some, it is bad for others. The regular offspring of very strong green tea, taken late at night, is incubus or night-mare. It is quite certain that old Jonas Hanway will be a favourite with the tea-totallers, for he published his series of letters, in which he coupled tea with gin as a mortal enemy to mankind. According to Jonas, tea and gin, gin and tea, were the causes of misery, poverty, suicide, and murder. Doctor Sigmond attributes the diminution of scurvy to the increased use of tea. Jonas and his followers insisted that tea-drinking would make us all scorbutic ; and one Dr. Hales carefully inserted the thickest end of a small sucking pig's tail into a cup of green tea, to show how hurtful that mixture must be to the human stomach. If the doctor's cup was very hot, his small sucking pig got his tail scalded, and ended all that philosophy with a squeal. Doctor Sigmond knows both the body and mind of man too well to recommend that fanaticism of the day, *the total abstinence system* ; but he of course shows, in almost every page, the vital importance of temperance and moderation in all drinkables and eatables too. We earnestly recommend what follows to the consideration of Mr. Ralph Barnes Grindrod, and all the members of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.

“But good wine is a good cordial, a fine stomachic, and taken at its proper season invigorates mind and body, and gives life an additional charm. There can be found no substitutes for the fermented liquors, that can enable man to sustain the mental and bodily labour which the artificial habits of society so constantly demand. Temperance and moderation are virtues essential to our happiness, but a total abstinence from the enjoyments which the bounteous hand of Nature has provided, is as unwise as it is ungrateful. If, on the one hand, disease and sorrow attend the abuse of alcoholic liquors, innocent gaiety, additional strength and power of mind, and an increased capability of encountering the ever-varying agitation of life, are amongst the many good results which spring from a well-regulated diet, in which the alcoholic preparations bear their just proportion and adaptation.”

And here we would suggest, that in addition to an improved plan of national education, and the forming or encouraging some accessible places of amusement for people who are not rich enough to pay for the present theatres, operas, and concerts, the government should at once lower the enormous duties upon cheap wines, so as to make wine, in a measure, the drink of the people. A wine-drinking people are never a drunken people—it is the gin, the whisky, the arrack, and the other fiery drams, that do most of the mischief. We will conclude with a cordial recommendation of the whole of this short but valuable treatise.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Nothings. By E. DARBY, jun.—They are well named. There is nothing in them. Of course they are in rhyme.

Faust: a Tragedy. By GOETHE. *Translated into English verse.* By JOHN HILLS, Esq.—There is merit in this new version, and good feeling in the notes ; but the fine parts of Faust have been done better

by other hands. It can never be sufficiently lamented that Shelley did not do the whole of it.

Goethe's Faust. Part II. By LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS, Scholar of St. John's College, Oxford.—This is the first English translation we have seen of the second part of Goethe's wondrous and unearthly drama. It is thus entitled to attention. Some of the minor poems, translated from Goethe, Schiller, Hebel, and others, have considerable merit.

Extracts from Holy Writ and Various Authors. By Captain Sir NESBIT J. WILLOUGHBY, R.N., C.B., K.C.H.—This little volume, for gratuitous circulation, is intended principally for soldiers and seamen.

The Jewel: being Sacred, Domestic, Narrative, and Lyrical Poems, selected from the most eminent authors. By THOMAS SLOPER.—A very fair selection. The authors drawn upon are all modern, and most of them living.

Hints for an Essay on Anemology and Ombrology, &c., with a Weather Almanac for 1840. By PETER LEGH, Esq., M.A.—A hum. Murphy has had his day. We want no more of these weather guessers. Observations on the instincts of animals, and the ordinary indications, are the only guides which can be relied on.

The Comic Almanack, with Illustrations. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.—Not very comic this year.

The Sporting Almanack.—Not so good as last year. The errors are numerous. No sporting man can rely on it.

The British Almanack and Companion of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—This continues to be the best and most generally useful of all almanacs and works of the kind. The Companion part is this year unusually interesting. Among the valuable articles is the History of the Post Office.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S WORKS.—The new and uniform edition will be commenced on the first of February. RIENZI, his popular classical romance, will be the first. The three volumes complete in one, beautifully illustrated, price Six shillings. The paintings for the first volume are by M'Clise and Creswick. There will, no doubt, be a very great demand for this new edition in Monthly volumes.

Mrs. Jameson has, we understand, nearly completed her new work, "SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY ILLUSTRATED," which is to appear in a few days. There will be an introduction, we hear, containing some interesting particulars respecting the illustrious lady whose dramas Mrs. Jameson presents to her readers.

Major Patterson is considerably advanced in printing his new work, "CAMP AND QUARTERS, OR SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE."

Mrs. Colonel Hartley has just committed to the press a series of tales collected during her residence in India, and connected with some remarkable events of which she had a personal knowledge.

"MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE, FOR 1840," is now ready. Such is the estimation in which this valuable work is held, that a large portion of this new edition has, we learn, been already disposed of.

Mr. Reeve, the translator of the former volumes, is engaged in

preparing the second and concluding portion of M. De Tocqueville's popular work, "DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA." From the high character of the first, great interest will be excited towards this second part. The whole will form one of the most valuable standard works we possess on the subject of America, as well as on that great abstract question of government which divides the world.

A neat little poetical volume, entitled "THE RECANTATION, AND OCCASIONAL VERSES," is nearly ready for publication.

Two other poetical works are about to be published, one entitled "MORE NIGHT THOUGHTS;" the other "THE TIMES," a satire.

A new work, by a gentleman of distinguished talent, is in the press, entitled "THE REAL AND THE IDEAL."

A work of a somewhat mysterious character is spoken of as in progress, entitled "TIMON, BUT NOT OF ATHENS." We hear it is to comprise some extraordinary and authentic documents.

Miss Pigott's new work, "RECORDS OF REAL LIFE IN THE PALACE AND IN THE COTTAGE," is now completed, and may be expected very speedily.

Mrs. Jameson has just completed a new and compressed edition, in two volumes, of her "VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD."

Lady Charlotte Bury's new work, "FAMILY RECORDS," is proceeding.

A new work of unusual ability has just been committed to the press, entitled, "ARUNDEL, A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

In the press, "AN OUTLINE OF A SYSTEM OF NATURAL THEOLOGY." By the Rev. George Crabbe, Vicar of Bredfield.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Maiden Monarch, or Island Queen. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
 Imperial Court Calendar, 1840. 5s.
 Newbold's Account of the British Settlements in the Straits of Malacca. 2 vols. 8vo. 26s.
 Tidd's Practical Forms. Eighth edition. 8vo. 25s.
 The Rock. By Major Hort. 4to. 2l. 2s.
 The Governess. By Lady Blessington. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.
 Davy's Agricultural Chemistry. Sixth edition. 15s.
 Milner's Church History, continued by Stebbing. Vol. II. 8vo. 2s.
 One Fault. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s.
 Shelley's Poetical Works. Royal 8vo. 12s.
 Brunner's Excursions in Norway, Denmark, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
 Froude's Remains. Part II. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.
 Joyce's Scientific Dialogues. New edition, by Dr. Gregory. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
 Sir A. Cooper on Dislocations. Tenth edition. Royal 4to. 22s.
 Ball's Life of Christ. Small 4to. 15s.
 Johnson on Manures. 8vo. 12s.
 Kelland's Elements of Algebra. 8vo. 9s.
 Walker's Gleanings from Grave Yards. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Chavasse's Advice to Mothers. Fcap. 5s.
 Lectures on Unitarian Controversy at Liverpool. 8vo. 14s.
 Excitement for 1840. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
 Arago's Life of Watt. Second edition. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. CXIX. "British Poets, Vol. II." 6s.
 Jamieson's (Rev. Robert) Manners and Trials of the Primitive Christians. 5s. 6d.
 Galignani's New Paris Guide. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Windell's Hints and Descriptive Notices of Cork. Fcap. 7s.

Montgomery's Poetical Works, Vol. V. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Comic Almanac for 1840. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Paxton's Letters from Palestine. 12mo. 6s.
 Evans's Tales of the Ancient British Church. 12mo. 5s.
 Jarman's Voyage to the South Seas. 12mo. 4s.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23 45 28	30,14 30,10	N.	Generally clear.		
24 51 29	30,07 29,73	S.W.	Cloudy, rain fell in the morning and evening.		
25 55 45	29,61 29,31	S.W.	General overcast.	,0625	
26 43 34	29,35 29,32	S.W.	Gen. clear, except the morning, when rain fell.	,25	
27 38 22	29,39 29,33	N.W.	Cloudy, snow in aft. & raining from 4 till 10 p.m.		
28 46 32	29,47 29,42	S.E.	Cloudy, raining heavily all the morning.	1,195	
29 48 38	29,26 29,17	S.E.	Cloudy, raining nearly all the day.	,3	
30 45 38	29,58 29,48	S.	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.	,3375	
Dec.					
1 34 29	29,69 29,62	N.	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.		
2 43 29	29,84 29,74	N.	Cloudy, rain in the morning.		
3 41 31	29,84 29,80	N.	General overcast.	,05	
4 36 25	29,79 29,71	N.	Generally clear.		
5 36 30	30,08 29,96	W.	Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.		
6 37 29	30,24 30,20	N.E.	General overcast.	,225	
7 37 30	30,23 30,13	E.	Generally clear, except the morning.		
8 37 28	29,99 29,91	E.	General overcast.		
9 37 30	29,78 29,65	N.E.	Gen. overcast, small rain fell during the even.		
10 37 30	29,55 29,53	N.E.	Cloudy, raining during the evening.		
11 47 37	29,53 29,24	E.	Gen. overcast, rain fell between 8 and 10 p.m.	,04	
12 46 40	29,24 29,11	S.E.	Gen. overcast, rain falling from 5 till 8 p.m.	,075	
13 46 35	29,22 29,18	S.	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain about 4.	,065	
14 56 41	29,45 29,20	S.W.	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.		
15 43 33	29,49 29,37	N.E.	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.		
16 42 38	29,95 29,53	N.W.	Generally cloudy.	,3625	
17 41 32	29,96 29,77	S.E.	Generally clear.		
18 44 31	29,48 29,34	E.	Gen. overcast, rain during the afternoon & even.		
19 51 37	29,34 29,31	S.	Cloudy, rain fell in the morning and evening.	,35	
20 54 49	29,28 29,24	S.	Morning cloudy, a very heavy shower of rain about half-past 10 a.m., otherwise clear.	,3875	
21 50 43	29,43 29,39	S.	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.	,2125	
22 51 44	29,42 29,32	S.W.	General overcast, rain at times.	,075	

Rain fallen 1 inch and ,195 of an inch during the evening of the 27th ult. and the following morning, causing floods to a greater extent than has occurred during many years.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

Nov. 19.—J. Man, Brickhill-lane, Upper Thames-street, wholesale ironmonger.—C. Prockter, Bridge-road, Lambeth, hotel keeper.—E. C. Hooper, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, commission agent.—W. Cowderoy, Bell-street, Edgware-road, horse dealer.—J. Tozer, Duke-street, Grovenor square, carver and gilder.—W. Killick, jun. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, hosier.—C. James, sen., and H. G. James, Lower Thames-street, porter and ale merchants.—H. Hall, Lamb's Conduit-street, ironmonger.—J. Naylor, Heckmondwicke, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturer.—W. Waddell, Liverpool, Merchant.—J. Moore, Brighthelmstone, lodging-house keeper.—J. Stevens, Brighton, carpenter.—D. Keighley, Rawdon,

Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—W. Hayward, Winchester, tailor.—T. Taylor, Bolton-le-Moors, builder.—N. Batho, Salford, tool maker.—J. Potts, New Mills, Derbyshire, engraver.—J. Moore, Bath, mealman.—J. V. Storey, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linendraper.—R. Marsh, jun., St. Helen's, Lancashire, chemist.

Nov. 22.—W. Tomblinson, Stoke Newington, tavern keeper.—J. Maughan, Percival-street, Clerkenwell, hardwareman.—J. C. Dear, High-street, St. Marylebone, ironmonger.—T. Thwaites, Devonshire-street, Portland-road, Middlesex, cabinet maker.—E. Benassit, Lime-street, wine merchant.—J. Oliver and J. Oliver, Duke-street, St. James's, plumbers.—H. Nicholl, Greetland, Yorkshire, worsted

spinner.—R. Waite, Barnard Castle, Durham, grocer.—T. Mousley, Ellesmere, Shropshire, surgeon.—H. J. and C. Ebsworth, Coleman-street, City, wool brokers.—S. Taylor, Castle-street, Holborn, hat manufacturer.—R. West, Fleet-street, medicine vender.—M. Potter and J. Lever, Manchester, commission agents.—N. Mathews, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, iron-founder.—G. Wood, Manchester, drysalter.—J. Gizard, Bristol, clothier.—W. Kington, Bristol, builder.

Nov. 26.—J. Robersshaw and J. Rutherford, Oxford-street, hosiers.—S. Dalton, High-street, Aldgate, straw bonnet manufacturer.—J. B. Morgan, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, lace-man.—J. Groombridge, Abbey-street, Bermondsey, licensed victualler.—J. Saunders, Strand, hotel keeper.—D. D. Alves, J. Steele, and W. Harrison, Lime-street Square, merchants.—C. Boyd, sen., Victoria House, Kensington Gravel Pits, picture dealer.—A. L. Franklin, Liverpool, bullion merchant.—E. Walker, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, fell-monger.—W. Greenwood, Rochdale, innkeeper.—W. Yates, Manchester, commission agent.—J. Butterworth, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton spinner.—C. Watson, Braintree, Essex, carpenter.—J. C. Nicholson, Liverpool, merchant.—W. C. Thompson, Liverpool, attorney-at-law.—J. B. Nicklin, Wolverhampton, iron-monger.—M. Hart, Northwich, mercer.—J. B. Partridge, Birmingham, dealer.—H. Kirby, Birmingham, railway contractor.—T. Hastings, Birmingham, brace manufacturer.—B. John, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, general shopkeeper.—T. Nicholl, jun. Redruth, Cornwall, grocer.—B. Thompson, Great Yarmouth, steam-packet proprietor.

Nov. 29.—J. Waddell, Lime-street, ship and insurance broker.—H. S. Knowles, Moolham, Somersetshire, silk throwster.—W. B. Perry, Croydon, Surrey, linen draper.—W. Wilkins, Crown-street, Soho, tallow chandler.—S. H. T. Bishop, Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars, iron merchant.—J. Ram, Queen's-buildings, Brompton, upholsterer.—W. H. Wilson, Eton, tavern keeper.—E. Smith, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, grocer.—S. Gowar, Regent-street, printseller.—J. Allen, Drury-lane, tea dealer.—J. Marshall, Colchester-street, Whitechapel, boiler maker.—W. Luxford, Trosley, Kent, butcher.—A. Gullaway, jun., Holloway, chemist.—J. Elliott, Northampton, builder.—J. Ryding, Westbromwich, iron founder.—R. Heard, Manchester, wine merchant.—J. Dudley, Redcliff-crescent, Bristol, builder.—H. Lloyd, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, surgeon.—W. Thawcross, J. Greenalgh, and J. Shawcross, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton spinners.—T. R. Moseley, Pyes Mill, Cheshire, cotton spinner.—J. Ahrenfeld, Manchester, manufacturer.—G. Parsons, Worthing, Sussex, wine merchant.—P. Gregory, Downhall-green, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. T. Barker, Birmingham, plater.—J. P. Butler, Cheltenham, wine merchant.—P. Roberts, Exeter, broker.

Dec. 3.—J. C. Matthew, Croydon, grocer.—J. Jones, Maddox-street, Regent-street, tailor.—J. Harding, Middleton-street, Clerkenwell, jeweller.—J. A. Carson and J. F. Fink, New Bond street, milliners.—J. L. Marchant, High Holborn, oilman.—J. Whiteley, Halifax, machine maker.—E. Booth, Birmingham, victualler.—G. T. Bolton, Manchester, wine merchant.—T. Waller, S. Waller, T. Waller, jun., W. Waller, and R. K. Waller, Manchester, cotton spinners.—W. and J. Taylor, Macclesfield, silk manufacturers.—S. Bagnall, Cheadle, Staffordshire, grocer.—J. Broadhead, Wooldale, Yorkshire, clothier.—D. Glasgow, Birmingham, engineer.—J. G. Jenkins, Sidmouth, scrivener.

Dec. 6.—G. T. Simpson, Lower-road, Isling-

ton, surgeon.—E. Humphreys, High-street Lambeth, engineer.—R. Hunt, Sandling Mills, Maidstone, paper manufacturer.—W. Bridger, Uxbridge, draper.—A. Rabett, and S. Fuller, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, warehousemen.—R. Broster, Bermondsey, victualler.—H. and E. W. Trent, Old Ford, rope-makers.—J. Spencer, Winlayton, Durham, tailor.—J. Brown and T. B. Powell, Stubbins, Tottington, Lancashire, calico printers.—T. and W. Wilson, Liverpool, merchants.—W. Jones, Oxford, shoemsmith.

Dec. 10.—E. Flint, Ludgate-hill, hosier.—E. Saunders, Chesham, Buckinghamshire, grocer.—H. T. Ryall, York-street, Portman-square, engraver.—D. Humphreys, High-street, Lambeth, engineer.—J. W. Hall, Diggle, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, paper manufacturer.—S. Jones, Ardwick, Manchester, machine maker.—M. and J. Meads, Woodborough, Nottinghamshire, hosiers.—R. Pickering, Birmingham, victualler.—J. and J. and T. Buxton, Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—C. Webster, sen., Manchester, banker.—T. Simons, Exeter, builder.—J. Dickings, jun., Bourne, Lincolnshire, grocer.—R. Weakley, Devonport, hotel-keeper.—J. L. James, Durham, bookseller.—J. Saint, Haltwhistle, Northumberland, builder.

Dec. 13.—J. W. Llewellyn, Cow-cross, West Smithfield, iron founder.—H. G. Gowar, Church-row, Aldgate, coachmaker.—G. C. Yeld, Market-street, Edgeware-road, iron merchant.—W. Bullock, Newcastle-under-Lyme, ironmonger.—E. Hughes, Llandderfel, Merionethshire, linen draper.—J. and J. G. Court-Glastonbury, cattle dealers.—E. Carven, Nantwich, banker.—W. Hart, Manchester, banker.—W. and J. Wilkins, Ifley, Oxfordshire, timber merchants.—J. Jones, Liverpool, limestone dealer.—W. Triance, South Lyon All Saints, Norfolk, builder.—T. Witks, Walsall, tailor.—J. Elsworth, Padsey, Yorkshire, cloth maker.—D. Hodgson and J. Wright, Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton spinners.

Dec. 17.—S. Isaacson, Stoke Newington-road, bookseller.—C. Hart and T. Llewellyn, Newgate-street, woollen warehousemen.—T. B. Lawford, Fenchurch-street, wine merchant.—E. Hodson, Birmingham, linen draper.—T. Bell, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cheese and bacon factor.—A. H. Tulk and E. Banks, Gateshead, Durham, soap manufacturers.—J. A. Ewan, Fishergate, Preston, linen draper.—G. Schofield, Limefield, Lancashire, linen draper.—H. B. Burwood, Lowestoft, Suffolk, fish merchant.—W. McClellan, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, innkeeper.—R. Gates, Steyning, Sussex, wine merchant.—W. Woodcock, Deal, straw hat manufacturer.—G. Maddison, Reedham, Norfolk, merchant.—B. M. Ryder, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer.—R. P. and W. Westall, Birmingham, drapers.—J. Thornton, Bradford, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—C. Evans, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, innkeeper.—C. Oldham, Newton-green, Longdendale, Cheshire, innkeeper.—J. Thompson, Liverpool, grocer.—D. Robinson, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, coal dealer.—J. Richardson, Hyde, Cheshire, shopkeeper.

Dec. 20.—J. Innes and C. S. Bracher, Star Brewery, Earl's-court, Old Brompton, common brewers.—J. Gough, Newent, Gloucestershire, victualler.—J. S. Bevan, Bristol, confectioner.—J. T. Higginbotham, Manchester, wine merchant.—J. Butterworth and T. Readeyoff, Heyrod-mills, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton spinners.—A. Howard, Portwood, Stockport, cotton spinner.—J. Moores, Witton, Norwich, shopkeeper.—G. S. Wells, Ripponden, Yorkshire, cotton spinner.—H. Byrom, jun., Leamington, banker.—A. Ellis, Mexborough, Yorkshire, grocer.—T. P. Thomas, Cheltenham, plumber.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We regret that we continue to receive discouraging accounts from our manufacturing districts. The consequences of recent events have also painfully appeared in the stoppage of several large houses. Monetary affairs on this as well as the other side the Atlantic are doubtless producing much difficulty, which will, however, we hope, not extend further.

Parliament is to assemble on the 16th for the despatch of business, when some important subjects will be brought under discussion.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 26th of Dec.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 187 to 187½. Three per Cent. Consols, for opening, 92 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98½ to seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 3s. 5s. dis.—India Bonds, 9s. dis.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent., 31 seven-eighths.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 52½ to one-fourth.—Spanish Bonds, 25 three-eighths to one-eighth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Money, without being in any great request, still commands interest at the rate of six per cent. Great disappointment was felt in the city at the non-arrival of the American President's speech.

NEW PATENTS.

S. G. Dordoy, of Blackman Street, Borough, Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of gelatine size and glue. October 31st, 6 months.

D. Greenwood, of Liverpool, Millwright, and W. Pickering, the same place, Merchant, for improvements in engines for obtaining power. November 2nd, 6 months.

S. Morand, of Manchester, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for stretching fabrics. November 2nd, 6 months.

T. Wahl, of George Yard, Lombard Street, Engineer, for improvements in boilers applicable to locomotive and other engines. November 2nd, 6 months.

A. A. Croll, of Greenwich, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of gas, and in reconverting the salts used in purifying gas, and improvements in the ammoniacal salts. November 2nd, 6 months.

J. Cutten, of Margate, Coal Merchant, for improvements in garden pots. November 2nd, 6 months.

W. H. Taylor, of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, Esquire, for improvements in obtaining power by means of electro-magnetism. November 2nd, 6 months.

F. A. Glover, of Charlton, near Dover, Clerk, for an improved instrument for the measurement of angles. November 2nd, 6 months.

H. V. Cocks, of Birmingham, Iron Founder, for certain improvements in stoves and furnaces. November 2nd, 6 months.

H. Crosley, of Hooper Square, Leman Street, Civil Engineer, for an improved battery, or arrangement of apparatus for the manufacture of sugar. November 7th, 6 months.

J. Murdoch, of Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in marine steam-engines. November 7th, 6 months.

T. Yates, of Bolton-le-Moors, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving, and also the application of the same in order to produce certain description of goods or fabrics by steam, or other power. November 7th, 6 months.

G. Hanson, of Huddersfield, Plumber and Glazier, for certain improvements in the construction of cocks or taps for drawing off fluids. November 7th, 6 months.

T. Whiteley and J. Whiteley, of Stappleford, Nottingham, Lace Makers, for improvements in warp machinery. November 7th, 6 months.

J. T. L. L. Goddard, of Christopher Street, Finsbury Square, Merchant, for improvements in looms for weaving, to be worked by steam or other power. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 7th, 6 months.

J. Jones, of Westfield Place, Sheffield, for an improved knife. November 7th, 6 months.

E. Moody, of Maiden Bradley, Wilts, Yeoman, for improvements in machinery for preparing turnips, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, and all other bulbous roots as food for animals. November 7th, 6 months.

T. Edmondson, of Manchester, Clerk, for certain improvements in printing presses. November 9th, 6 months.

J. White, of Lambeth, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for moulding clay to form bricks and tiles, and also for mixing, compounding, and moulding other substances. November 12th, 6 months.

W. Chesterman, of Burford, Oxford, Engineer, for improvements in stores. November 12th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in making nails, bolts, and spikes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 12th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in looms for weaving. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 12th, 6 months.

W. Wiseman of George Yard, Lombard Street, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of alum. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 16th, 6 months.

J. B. Smith, of Salford, Manchester, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, roving, spinning, and twisting cottons, and other fibrous substances. November 16th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for an invention or discovery, by which certain textile or fibrous plants are rendered applicable to making paper, and spinning into yarn, and weaving into cloth, in place of flax, hemp, cotton, and other fibrous materials, commonly used for such purpose. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 19th, 6 months.

F. W. Stevens, of Chigwell, Essex, Schoolmaster, for certain improvements in apparatus for propelling boats and other vessels on water. November 19th, 6 months.

J. Parsons, of the Stag Tavern, Fulham Road, Victualler, for improvements in preventing and curing smoky chimneys. November 21st, 6 months.

R. Hawthorn and W. Hawthorn, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Civil Engineers, for certain improvements in locomotive and other steam engines, in respect of the boilers, and the conveying of steam therefrom to the cylinders. November 21st, 6 months.

J. Faram, of Middlewich, Chester, Gentlemen, for certain improvements in the mode of constructing, applying, and using railway switches, for connecting different lines of railway, or two distinct railways, and for passing locomotive, steam, and other engines, and railway-carriages, and wagons, from the one to the other of such railways, and for certain apparatus connected therewith. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

P. A. Ducote, of Saint Martin's Lane, for certain improvements in printing china, porcelain, earthenware, and other like wares, and for printing on paper, calicoes, silks, woollen, oil-cloth, leather, and other fabrics, and for an improved material to be used in printing. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

W. D. Holmes, of Lambeth Square, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of iron ships, boats, and other vessels, and also in means for preventing the same from foundering, also in the application of the same improvements, or parts thereof, to other vessels. Nov. 23rd, 6 months.

J. Hunt, of Greenwich, Engineer, for an improved method of propelling and steering vessels. Nov. 23rd, 2 months.

R. Hornsley, of Spittlegate, Lincoln, Machine Maker, for an improved machine for drilling land and sowing grain and seeds of different descriptions, either with or without bone, or other manure. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Sutton, of John Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Machinist, for improvements in obtaining power. November 25th, 6 months.

J. Craig, of Newbattle Paper Mill, Edinburgh, for an improvement or improvements in the machinery for manufacturing paper. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

A. Collen, of Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk, Plumber, for improvements in pumps. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Matley, of Manchester, Gentlemen, for improvements in apparatus or instruments for the cutting of cotton or wicks of lamps. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 25th, 6 months.

G. Rennie, of Holland Street, Blackfriars, Civil Engineer, for certain improved methods of propelling vessels. November 26th, 6 months.